WEEK ENDING FEB. 6, 1926

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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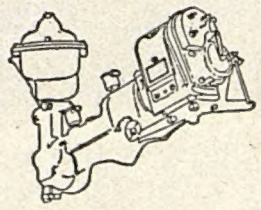

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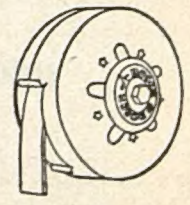

"BUILDERS OF BOSCH RADIO-RECEIVER, REPRODUCER, POWER UNITS."

If every married woman *had a trained nurse for a sister*

Some women receive wrong or incomplete advice . . . but science has developed a safe antiseptic comparable in strength with carbolic acid. An antiseptic that is absolutely non-poisonous . . .

Some of the most important things in a woman's life are the most difficult to discuss and one of them is the subject of feminine hygiene. Thousands of women today are running continual risk through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid.

Physicians deplore the use of these dangerous germicides, but many women are too shy or timid to ascertain the real facts. Others receive wrong or incomplete advice from people who are no better informed than themselves. If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister, there would be far less misery from this source, because nurses, like physicians, are well aware of the dangers that lie in every bottle that displays the deadly skull-and-crossbones on its label.

Safety for little children

Besides the caustic, corrosive effect which carbolic acid compounds possess when in contact with delicate membranes, there is the constant danger of accidental poisoning, especially with little children in the house. The tragedies growing out of such accidents are common enough, as every newspaper reader knows.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. Science has at last developed a true antiseptic, a real germicide, that is *powerful and effective, but safe*. It is called Zonite, and while it is comparable in strength with the poisonous antiseptics already discussed, it can be applied without danger to the most delicate membranes and tissues of the body.

Zonite is in reality a scientific marvel. It is *more than forty times as effective* germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen. It is *far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid* that can be safely applied to the human body. And yet Zonite, powerful as it is, can actually be held in the mouth. In fact, dentists are recommending it freely for oral hygiene.

Welcomed by women

No wonder Zonite has been welcomed by refined, enlightened women, as well as the medical and nursing professions. For Zonite has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of feminine hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

Zonite is fatal to germs, but safe for human beings. It will not burn, harden nor scar the delicate tissue-linings, as the old poisonous antiseptics do, even when they are greatly diluted. Zonite is clean and wholesome and perfectly safe to have around the house. It is safe in the hands of a child.

Zonite can now be obtained at practically every drugstore in the United States. Knowledge has spread rapidly of its splendid qualities, especially its safety in use. Probably women in your own circle are using it.

Send for this booklet

Full directions for the use of Zonite accompany every bottle, but if you are interested in the subject of feminine hygiene you will want to have the special booklet which the Women's Division has prepared. It deals also with other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is daintily illustrated and the information it contains is concise and to the point. It is frankly written but delicately treated. It is a book every mother will want to show her daughter. Mailed in tasteful "social correspondence" envelope. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is *non-poisonous* and absolutely safe to use.

In bottles, 25c, 50c and $1 at drug stores

Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 25c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

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Western Electric

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FEB. 6, 1926 **Liberty** *A Weekly for Everybody* VOL. 2 NO. 40

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE TWO GREATEST AMERICANS—*An Editorial*

The anniversary of the birth of the two greatest Americans comes in this month, that of Abraham Lincoln, February 12, and that of George Washington, February 22.

We believe that a majority of the American people would agree that these two are, in character and accomplishments, the greatest Americans. There can be many definitions of greatness and many qualifications of it and frequently the true essence of it is more readily known to the intuition than to the mind. The majority of Americans feel, and we believe truly, that Washington and Lincoln were the flower of American life.

They seem to be men far from any common meeting ground. Washington's was one of the first families of a landed, slave-owning aristocracy. His breeding had given him distinction, place, imposing character, and command. He was accustomed to make decisions, give orders, and receive obedience in the private life which he greatly preferred to any public service.

The migrations of Lincoln's people indicate lack of success. His father was born in Virginia, emigrated to Kentucky, where his son Abraham was born, and from there to Indiana, always going toward cheaper land. The United States got a great deal of good from this migrating current of citizenship, but much of the current was pressed out of more settled and more comfortable regions by inability to make ends meet where there was competition. It wasn't always the particularly daring who were found on the frontiers. It frequently was the incompetent.

Washington and Lincoln seem to touch elbows at no place until they are found in the Presidency and there saving the Union from the forces of disintegration that were in it.

Washington is thought of popularly as memorable for the winning of independence, but what he did to bring the Union under the Constitution and out of the chaos of the confederation, to give it a government and make that government endure, was probably the most valuable of his public service. The character of the soldier might have conducted the war successfully. It was the character of the statesman that made the government of the new free country endure.

He was, as his letters show, in as great distress and anxiety for the permanence of the Union as Jackson was later and as Lincoln was still later.

Washington was a man of the soil. Lincoln came from it although he did not work on it after his youth. Neither was in breeding a man of the cities. The soil teaches logic as nothing else can do. Its law is the law of cause and effect, wholly unescapable.

Nothing can intervene to save a man living on the soil from the consequences of his negligence. If he does not plow his field he does not get his crop. He cannot hide a mistake from immediate discovery. He cares for his stock or he loses it. If he cross-cultivates he gets one result. If he does not he gets another.

That is the training of men who make a success on the soil and when it is carried into great affairs of state with the intelligence to make the transfer from one domain to the other the consequence is found in the logic of the state papers of Washington and the great speeches of Lincoln.

In later issues Liberty will publish in this space some of the utterances of the two great Americans which reveal their comprehension of the effect American decisions would have on America's future. They knew cause and effect.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Who Belongs to American Society?

WHO decides whether you can get into society or must stand outside? Who has the power to banish a man or woman who has broken the unwritten and secret laws of the social realm? A startling article called THE "INS" AND "OUTS" OF AMERICAN SOCIETY, by NORMAN S. HALL, answers these questions and reveals the inner workings of the social register.

KONRAD BERCOVICI contributes a touching story of a man who fled from the girl he loved only to learn a lesson in devotion from a dog. It's called WHAT LOVE IS.

The first of a series of selections from THE DIARY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON tells the story, in Washington's own words, of his early life as a youth, a Colonial soldier, and a Virginia squire.

There is also an article on SHARP TRICKS IN SPORTS, by HUGH FULLERTON, and another of the inimitable MR. DOOLEY stories on EDUCATION AND FOOTBALL.

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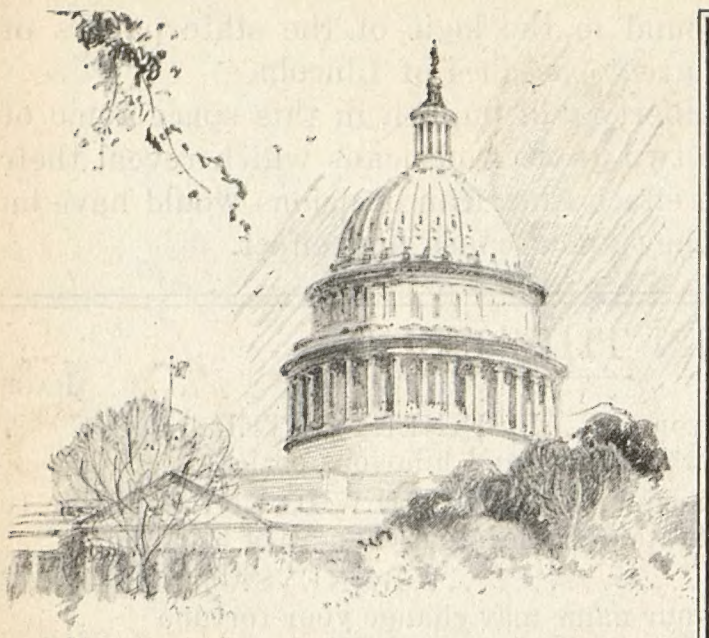

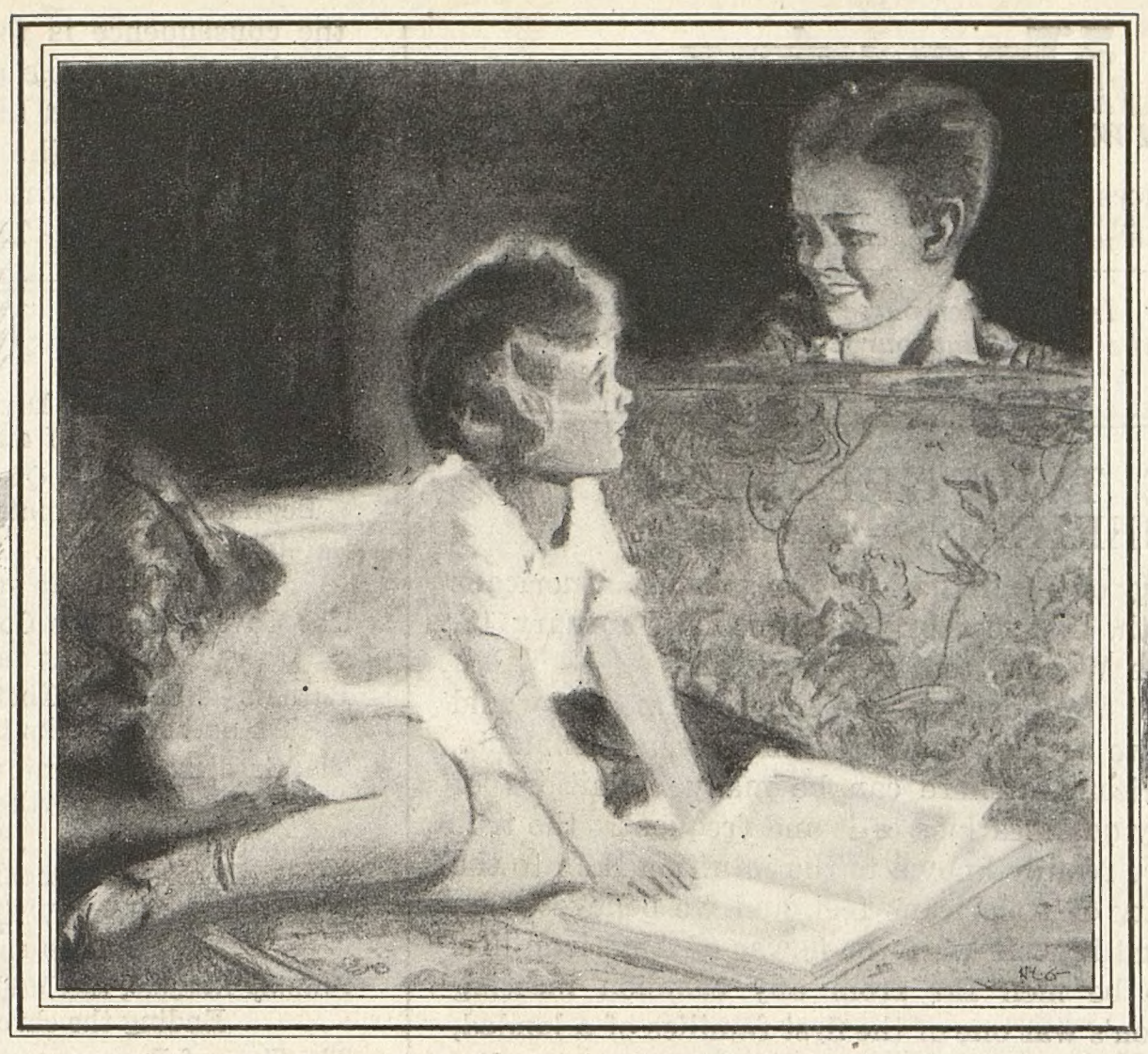

A GREAT NATIONAL MOVEMENT to safeguard *your* children's health

READ WHAT 365 HEALTH OFFICERS ADVOCATE

ALL over America mothers, teachers, doctors and public health officials are waking up to the vast and unnecessary ravage of disease. 3,000,000 people are ill at all times in the United States. *Most of these illnesses are preventable.*

Throughout the country great health campaigns are being started, in homes, in schools, in women's clubs, with the idea of stamping out these dangerous infections and working towards a healthful United States free from germs of disease.

The Health Officers of many of our cities believe this is possible. They are working with might and main, by education and organization, to bring it to pass. In a recent resume of programs for promoting the movement, 365 of them advocated, as an *important* part of this health campaign, *the regular use of a reliable disinfectant in your weekly cleaning water* to safeguard the health of your children.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is the standard disinfectant for this important weekly cleaning, the disinfectant used by physicians everywhere. Three times stronger than powerful carbolic acid, yet so carefully is it blended that in proper proportion it is not harsh for the most sensitive hands.

How to use a disinfectant for this important weekly cleaning

USE one tablespoonful of "Lysol" Disinfectant to a quart of water. Its deodorant qualities and soapy nature help to clean as it disinfects. And it is absolutely reliable. Put into your cleaning water, you *know* that it will destroy the germs which endanger your family's health.

Get "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's. The 16-ounce size is most economical. Be sure you get the genuine. Made only by Lysol, Inc., *Sole Distributors:* LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J. *Canadian Agents:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

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***The Health Officers say* these are the special danger-spots**

Many of the Health Officers indicated special danger-places where disease germs congregate. Of course you disinfect toilet bowl, garbage pail, drain pipes, but do you also safeguard these places:

Telephone mouthpieces
Door-knobs
Door-jambs
Banisters
Chair arms
Tables
Rugs and floors

Hands, big and little, touch these places every day, and carry germs to eyes, ears, nose and mouth.

Keep your home *alive* with fresh clean air, *happy* with sunshine, and *safe* with "Lysol" Disinfectant in your cleaning water every time you clean.

TO CHECK DISEASE IN 1926
disinfect your home with Lysol Disinfectant *every time you clean*

FREE "Lysol" Health Library

Three helpful, interesting volumes on keeping well: "Health Safeguards in the Home," "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty," "When Baby Comes." Send coupon for free set to* LEHN & FINK, *Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. NI, Bloomfield, N. J.

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Mr. Dooley *on* Paris Divorces

The Most Fashionable Way to Lose Husband or Wife Inspires the Famous Old Irishman to the Funniest Cracks of His Long Career

First of a New Series of Weekly Articles Written Exclusively for Liberty

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE

Pictures by ALBERT LEVERING

"IVRY day," said Mr. Hennessy, "I read iv this wan or that goin' to Paris to get a divoorce. I shud think it wud be as aisy to get wan over here an' as cheap too, instead of pathronizin' foreigners an' with th' Fr-rinch owin' us all that money, too, an' havin' no home life like ours."

"I don't s'pose," said Mr. Dooley, "ye recognized anny wan ye knew in th' list. No, an' ye won't. If ye'er good wife wanted to put in th' coort record what she ra-aly feels about ye, she wuddn't anny more think iv goin' to Paris to say it thin she wud'v buyin' her stockin's there. Divoorce is aisy enough in this counthry an' cheap, too. Ye might say it's within th' reach iv all. It's convanient but uncomfortable, like wood alcohol. Th' Fathers iv th' Counthry were wise ol' birds.

"They knew that most iv their married friends wud like at laste a vacation fr'm connubial bliss an' fixed th' laws accoordingly. They made divoorce aisy but they didn't make it gay an' cheerful. An', what ivrybody has been kickin' about f'r years, they didn't make it unnyform.

"A man that was free in Ioway was a slave whin he wint to Ohio, or vicy varsa. Ye cud stamp on ye'er lovin' wife in th' Empire State an' she wud still be ye'er lovin' wife while she was in th' hospital an' ye were on Blackwell's Island, but if ye give her even a shove in Little Rhody ye'd have no home.

"'TIS th' same way abroad. Ivry nation has its own idee iv why th' hearth shud be wrecked. In England whin a lady wants a chanct to lead her own life in her own way with another man she has to plead with her helpmate to give her a punch in th' eye an' go an' live with another lady who wants to live her own life in her own way with somebody besides her husband. If she can't prove he whaled her th' other piccydillo don't count. In Turkey divoorces are arranged be a stout Nubyan slave. An incompatible wife is incompatible just wanst too often with th' ol' man an' th' nex' thing Bulbul knows she's floatin' down th' Bosporus in a meal sack. No divoorced woman can marry again in Turkey. In Fr-rance, I've heerd tell, divoorce was little known till our pluthycrats inthrajooced it. Hogan says th' raison there are few native divoorces in Fr-rance is because Fr-rance has no home life. But th' marredge tie is sacred. No wan thinks iv bustin' it. Th' lord an' masther says wan mornin': 'Cherry, if that markee is comin' to supper again I think I'll spind th' avnin' with Feefy.' An' that's all there is to it.

"In my day divoorce was considhered not entirely rayspictable, d'ye mind. It put th' black spot on both parties an' on th' childher if anny. But they didn't count. Death didn't make anny orphans half as forlorn as th' childher iv divoorced people. Whin ye see thim playin' around apart fr'm th' others ye always thought they'd look more cheerful in black. But nowadays 'tis diff'rent. 'Why ar-re ye all dhressed up like that on a week day, Cyril?'

"I r-read th' other day iv a lady that'd been divoorced sivin times an' remarried six. None iv her husbands iver married more thin th' wanst.

"'I'm goin' to Mama's divorce.'

"So divoorce has always been wan iv th' most popylar iv our free institootions. But th' home-made American divoorce was niver ra-aly fash'nable. Anny wan cud get a divoorce an' manny did whose names niver come out in th' American Peerage, or Income Tax List, edited be A. Mellon. If ye p'inted out a lady ye knew to a fri'nd an' said: 'She's divoorced,' like as not he'd come back at ye with, 'So's me Aunt Eliza.' Rather thin put up with th' vulgarity iv' th' divoorce coorts men an' wives wint on livin' together as man an' wife no matter how much money came between thim.

"BY an' by they thried to put a little romance into th' ceremony be havin' it performed in th' wide-open spaces in Reno. But dilicate ladies, who'd been used to th' refinemints iv life in Chicago, New York, an' Janesville, were shocked be th' coarseness iv this refuge iv th' misundherstood. Ivrybody they met was intherested in divoorce as a business, their hands grimy with their daily toil. Th' motto iv th' village was 'Divide an' Conker' an' in th' coorthouse was a statue iv Justice with a red cap on her head, a bandage over wan eye an' a cleaver in her hand. Ye cudd'nt have much iv a good time escapin' fr'm a gilded cage in a community where aidin' an' abettin' this here jail delivery was as much a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"An' he comes down off th' bench an' kisses th' bride, th' bridegroom, th' counsel, an' th' bailiff, an' th' counsel kiss each other an' the bailiff kisses th' clerk."

[MR. DOOLEY ON DIVORCE
Continued from Page Seven]

matther iv th' day's wurruk as sellin' gasoline. Besides, it was no sure thing if ye got a divoorce in Reno it was good as a rain check f'r another marredge.

"Manny an onfortchint female, who'd had th' gyves knocked off her be th' blacksmith iv this Gretna Green, wint home to be pinched f'r bigamy. So afther a while Reno stopped bein' what Dock O'Leary calls 'th' afther cure f'r Newport,' an' ye heerd iv it no more.

"I'm glad to say that in me own well beloved city iv Chicago an' County iv Cook, it's niver been much harder to get a divoorce thin a dog license. But New York is a veritable hell upon arth f'r a man whose wife wants to jettison him. No millyonaire who is a gintleman—an' what millyonaire is not a gintleman in New York?—will iver get a divoorce fr'm his wife be she iver so humble.

"Whin he discovers ten or more years too late, be th' way she throws things at him, that love has turned to ashes in her mild bosom, he don't go around boastin' iv it like a goluf-score. He does not. Whin th' erstwhile or quondam pearl iv rare price tells him to get to hell out iv here, he has to pretind to live a life iv shame. He is compelled to be a make believe divvle among th' girls, a home wrecker, a light iv love, a Don Joon with lumbago an' horn spectacles. He has to tell his fri'nds: 'It's tough, but th' ol' lady has caught me at last. Well, what's th' odds? Here's to a career in crime.' F'r th' rest iv his life he goes about with a repytation iv havin' been chased out iv Hollywood f'r misconduck, while all th' time he's wishin' he was home settin' in front iv th' stove with his slippers on sayin' 'Huh?' afther his good woman has been tellin' him somethin' f'r a quarther iv an hour.

"I KNOWED a man iv that kind wanst whin this speakaisy was a rayspictable liquor store an' club f'r gintlemen with a taste f'r the lush. I didn't encourage divoorced men to come here. They gave th' place a bad name and not havin' no place where they didn't want to go they didn't stay long enough to be ayther coin or company. But this poor derelick, I cudden't no more refuse him hospitality thin if he'd been carried to th' dure on a sthretcher.

"'P'raps ye've heerd iv me,' he says. 'Me name is Percy Van Steynevant an' I'm fr'm Noo Yawk.' 'What,' says I, 'ar-re ye that corrupter iv homes, that reckless fly-be-night, that bethrayer iv youth, that onscrupulous scamp I've read so much about? 'Well,' says I, 'I'm glad to meet so famous a charackter, though,' says I, 'ye change me idee iv what a man iv sthrong passions shud look like. I wondher a woman cud iver glance at ye twicet.'

"'None niver did,' says he, pushin' a false tooth into place. 'Th' pa-apers called me a Minataur. I don't know what it manes but that's what I am. Th' on'y other nickname I iver had was Molly. I was born with a aversion to s'ciety, especially female s'ciety. Whin I was a little boy I cudd'nt talk to a girl without blushin' an' gettin' all damp in th' palms iv me hands. I don't know now how I come to get marrid. I niver ast nobody. Some wan must've put something in me coffee. But afther I was abducted I took courage. It wasn't so bad. I made up me mind that I'd be th' ideel marrid man.

"'I'm a gr-reat admirer iv Edward Bok's. I read his book "Home Life iv a Lambrequin" where he says a man shud share th' responsibilities with his beloved an' I done so. I was a thrue mate. I advised me bride on all domestic subjicks, wint shoppin' with her, counseled her in matthers iv dhress, hooked up th' back iv her blouse. I exercised th' dog, turned out th' lights an' wound th' clock. I arranged th' doylies on th' supper table an' wathered th' geeranium in th' window box. I niver missed a meal at home an' frequently dhropped in between meals. I left th' house arly in th' mornin' an' seldom wint out at nights excipt to walk th' Pom through th' bleak, oncharitable sthreets. I had me shavin' glass moved into her room so we wudd'nt be apart aven f'r those few delicious minyits befure breakfast.

"'Judge iv me s'prise whin this Siren on who I'd lavished all th' affiction iv a sthrong nature, give me th' air. I'd noticed she'd put me phottygraft in th' little room upstairs with th' thrunks an' stepladders that is saved f'r Aunt Lucy whin she comes on fr'm Galena. I was took aback whin I was ast not to come home f'r supper. An' I was sorely puzzled whin she tol' me fr'm now on I must sleep on th' lounge in th' hall. But I suspicted nawthin. I thought these were merely woman's whims, an' wud pass away, as Edward Bok says, like April showers. So I was dumbfoundhered whin th' blow fell.

"'Wan mornin' while I was washin' th' dog, she rung f'r th' butler an' says: "Stiggins, pack up Its thrunk. It is goin' away." I must tell ye that "It" is a diminutive iv "Itsy," which was her name f'r me arlier in our marrid life. "How long will he be gone?" says Stiggins. "What d'ye think I am?" says she. "A life insurance achury? He'll be gone as long as he lives an' I hope he'll live as long as th' Pyramids in Agypt," she says, an' she handed me th' card iv a divoorce lawyer down town. "I've paid in advance," she says.

"'I've niver known to this day what turned her against me. Had her ears been pizened be some false fri'nd? Did she suspict me iv carryin' on with other ladies? Impossible. She knew too well th' ruggedness iv me nature. It cudd'nt be money.

"'It is thrue I had been onforchint in business. Siv'ral bucket shops that was s'posed to be like th' Rock iv Gibberaltar failed on me. Me horses got their noses caught in th' netting at th' start an' finished there. Vallyable thracks iv land I'd bought in Floridy turned out to be located in th' Gulf Sthream an' are iv no present worth, though th' boom is sure to reach thim sooner or later. But she niver cared f'r money. Besides, her father has plenty f'r both iv us. No, I don't know what caused th' rift in th' loot, as the pote says. But me heart tells me that some day she'll tire iv th' lumberin' attintions iv th' piannymover who succeeded me. Some day she'll call me back again.'

"WHIN he had dhried his eyes he resumed:

"'Iv coorse I obeyed her insthructions. Faithful to th' end I wint to see th' lawyer. I thought that was all I had to do. But it turned out that was on'y th' start. In Noo Yawk th' lady gets th' divoorce but th' husband does all th' wurruk. Such is life. "Well," says th' barrister, "I s'pose ye know ye'er part as th' guilty wretch. Let's go downstairs an' see th' ditictive." "What f'r?" says I. He whispered something that made me blush to th' roots iv me hair. But I was game. F'r ginerations th' Van Steynevants has been facin' divoorce without a quiver. Wud I be th' first to put a scut on th' blotcheon?

"'I was inthrajooced to th' fly-bob. She was a lady ditictive. Did ye iver see a lady ditictive, Misther Dooley? Well, I'll say this f'r thim, they may be good women but they ain't picked out f'r their resimblance to anny Mona Liza. Ye niver heerd iv wan iv thim bein' in th' money at Atlantic City. This fair slooth, I'd say, favored Jack Demp-

"'But she spurned me with both right an' left an' as I sank to th' flure, I heerd th' lawyer say, "Percy, ye'll have to get out iv here right away."'"

"In my day divoorce was considhered not entirely rayspictable, d'ye mind."

sey rather thin Mary Pickford. "So this is th' Sheek," she says laughingly. "Come on, Sheeky, an' lave us go to our love nest," she says, rattlin' th' han'cuffs in her pocket.

"'I followed her to a hotel that I'd often seen noticed in th' polis news where, accordin' to her insthructions, I registhered as "Jawn Smith an' Wife, Kansas City, Kansas." "Ah," said th' clerk. "Pleased to meet ye, Misther Smith. An' ye, Mrs. Smith. It's always nice to have ye come here on ye'er honeymoon. Front!" says he.

"'An' afther we had our pictures took, we followed th' bell-hop an' a pitcher iv ice-wather to our arbor.

"'AS a love nest it was a good dale iv a bust. All th' furniture was a bed an' two chairs. Me Delilah made me set in a corner on wan chair an' she took another chair in another corner. We set there f'r some time not sayin' annything. It was very embarrassin'. Fin'lly I says: "Can I take off me hat?" I says. "Ye ought to've thought iv that long ago in th' prisince iv a lady," she says peevishly. "I wondher where ye were brought up. But don't go a step farther," she says, dhrawin' a slung shot fr'm her hand bag. "I want ye to undherstand I'm a rayspictable widow with four childher' an' if me husband was alive I wudd'nt be 'arnin' a livin' settin' here with a amalook that's lost his latch key," she says. "I wondher why they don't come," she says, tappin' th' flure with her foot. "They oughtn't to l'ave me alone with this brute. It's now three o'clock an' I have an engagemint to rob another ingle-nook at half-past," she says.

"'Thin she begun to fidget an' I thought she was goin' to break into tears.

"'"Madam," says I, "do you expict callers?" I says.

"'At that I heerd a commotion in th' hall, th' dure was bust open an' in come th' lawyer, two polismen, th' bell-hop, th' hotel clerk, twinty innocint bystanders, th' pianny-mover an' me Beloved. It was th' last mintioned that broke th' silence. She broke it good, I'll say that f'r her. "Scoundhrel," she says, "not on'y," she says, consultin' her notes, "have ye desthroyed my happiness, but ye have rooned th' life iv this poor girl," she says. "Divvle th' lie is that, madam," says me victim. "I was lured away fr'm a happy home be th' artful guile an' goold iv this monsther. But th' sight iv ye'er beautiful face has tore th' veil fr'm me eyes. I will be wayward no longer. Let's go, boys," she says.

"'I threw me arms around me spouse an' cried: "Mercedes, I am innocint. Take me out iv this. Take me home with ye!" But she spurned me with both right an' left an' as I sank to th' flure, I heerd th' lawyer say, "Percy, ye'll have to get out iv here right away. We've only hired th' room f'r an hour." So we were put asunder.'

"An' I thrun him out. I can't bear to see a customer in tears an' I don't intind to.

"YE can see fr'm this, th' hardships that some iv us had to put up with whin we felt th' need iv tearin' loose fr'm th' martial ties.

"An' as I've told ye th' lowliest cud grab a decree fr'm th' coort. What wud a lady do if she see her hired girl go out with th' kind iv a hat she'd just bought? She'd give th' lid to her best an' poorest fri'nd an' go to Paris f'r a new wan. An' that's what she did about her divoorce.

"Some bright woman says to hersilf: 'Why not get unhooked in gay Paris? I must go there annyhow f'r me winther clothes an' I'll have lots iv time whin I'm not thryin' thim on. Besides, Harold needs a change. I'm sure a week in Paris wud do him good. I'll speak to him about it nex' time he comes home f'r his mail.' An' soon th' tortured pair are on their way to th' Reno iv Europe.

"They do things betther in th' capital iv Fr-rance thin in th' capital iv Nevada. They don't sling th' divoorce at ye. Not be no manes. Divoorce is new in Fr-rance an' they injye watchin' it.

No Fr-rinchman iver thinks iv gettin' a divoorce. He wudd'nt know what to do with wan. It wud take all th' spice out iv life. They look on it as a new spoort iv those dhrole Americans.

"Hogan, who's a gr-reat Fr-rinch scholar, read me all about it fr'm a Fr-rinch pa-aper. Th' coort-room was crowded with fash'nable fr'inds iv th' charmin' bride an' th' popylar groom. Th' tables iv counsel were covered with flowers—gates ajar in blue immortelles, pansies f'r remimbrance, et cethry an' so forth.

"Th' mismated couple appeared arm in arm, th' victim iv woman's worse thin weakness wearin' a gardeenya in his buttonhole while th' prey iv man's perfidy was simply attired in a green goin'-away gown iv more anteek, pink cuticle, an' runnin' shoes. There was a ripple iv applause as they shook hands an' took their corners.

"Th' judge soon hopped in trillin' a little song, 'Bong jour, mess enfants'—good-day, me babies. What can I do f'r ye, little pets? Ye want a divoorce? How dhrole. Why shud two amiable little cabbages want to split out? Hein! No, it wud be sacrilege. I wud not be a party to such a omelet. What lovin' wife cud l'ave such a handsome husband? What bong vivong abandon such a gladiolus iv a woman? Come, come, littles. Embrace ye'ersilves. Go to ye'er charmin' shayvoo,' which is Fr-rinch f'r home.

"'But,' says wan iv th' lawyers, 'they ar-re no longer in love.' 'Th' coort overrules th' objiction as immateeryal, incompetint an' ondacint.' 'But they ar-re not aven on fri'ndly terms.' 'Ain't ye told me already they've been marrid a year?' 'Wait a minyit,' says th' l'adin' counsel f'r th' offense. 'They're in love with some wan else an' want to marry thim.' 'Why didn't ye tell me that before, kind iv a onion?' says th' judge. 'D'ye want to make a fool iv this honorable coort? Sacred name iv a pipe! Tare an' oundhs, be this an' be that, f'r two pins I'd have ye up f'r contimpt iv coort. Th' coort grants a decree on th' solemn grounds that both parties want to take another chanst. Fly, my littles, to ye'er new dove cotes. Jine th' objicks iv ye'er hearts' desire. Niver can it be said that a Fr-rinch coort let mathrimony intherfere with love.

"'Go,' he says, 'to injye th' ecstasy iv companionship with those who undherstand ye,' he says, 'an',' he says, 'I'll recommend ye f'r th' Craw de Guerre,' he says.

"AN he comes down off th' bench an' kisses th' bride, th' bridegroom, th' counsel, an' th' bailiff an' goes out singin', 'Lamoor, lamoor,' which is Fr-rinch f'r 'Love, love,' an' th' counsel kiss each other an' th' bailiff kisses th' clerk.

"An' th' bride an' groom shake hands an' th' bride says: 'I hope ye an' Myrtle will dhrop in often durin' th' winter an' make up a four.'

"An' th' bride tells th' shover iv th' autymobill to dhrive to quatravangsankroodelapay.

"An' th' groom says: 'Cochon, American bar, veet,' which is Fr-rinch f'r, 'Hurry up, I'm as dhry as a hod iv quick lime.'

"Maybe, Hinnissy, 'twill be th' end iv divoorce among th' humble. In this land iv akel opporchunity f'r all iv us to make fools iv oursilves, th' poor, th' lowly, an' th' obscure don't want to be onfash'nable.

"An' how can th' wife iv a stevedore hope to compete with a lady who gets all her divoorces fr'm Paris? Annywan can tell an American divoorce th' minyit she sees it. It don't fit right.

"Bimeby, who knows th' wives iv th' poor will give up thryin' to compete an' will go on wearin' their ol' husbands till they wear thim out."

You've enjoyed this rare sample of Mr. Dooley's rich brogue and spicy wit, but there is a greater treat in store for you. In the next issue of Liberty the humorous Irish philosopher turns to the burning question of "Education and Football" and has a hilarious time with college faculties, coaches, and old grads.

The Heartbreak *of a* QUEEN

By One Who Knew Her

THE most tragic figure in Europe is dead—Alexandra, Queen Mother of England.

Never can I think of her that memory does not carry me back to a night, long ago in Paris, when she appeared as the loneliest, loveliest, most courageous figure in a ballroom of awed and uncertain notables.

It was at the golden Louis XIV palace of the Prince de Sagan in the Faubourg St. Germain.

As consort to Edward, Prince of Wales, she had come with him to Paris on a visit of goodwill—a mission that did not, however, preclude His Royal Highness from an appreciative and—at times—surreptitious enjoyment of the follies of the French capital. For Edward, it will be remembered, had earned the title of "the Beau of Europe" by a series of romantic adventures to which Alexandra long since had become, perforce, accustomed.

Before the invitation of the Princess de Sagan was issued, scandal had lightly but definitely touched the latter's household. It was known that she had quarreled with her husband and that he had taken rooms at the Club de la Rue Royale, with no thought, it was said, of returning to his wife.

Perhaps because of the initial uncertainty attached to her position—she was of obscure Seilliere parentage—perhaps for other reasons, she sometimes made her entertainments attractive by bringing them perilously close to the risque. She was, however, truly beautiful, enormously rich and—in 1873—a leader of the Parisian social world.

I do not believe Edward ever betrayed bad taste in all his scintillant career. His Victorian upbringing, if nothing else, would have deterred him. But he was often careless, and the mistakes into which this shortcoming led him were aggravated by his zest for popularity.

Edward accepted the invitation. He was assured that the Prince de Sagan, in spite of his estrangement from his wife, would be present to do homage to the future King and Queen of England; and he forbore to exercise his royal prerogative of censoring the guest list.

The Princess de Sagan threw into the scales all her talents, all her ingenuity, to make the night a memorable one—a fitting climax to her career. The interior of the palace—itself a marvel of artistic taste—had been made resplendent by decorators who were masters of their craft; and when the festivities opened, afforded, indeed, a startlingly gorgeous background for as distinguished an assemblage as had ever gathered under its roof.

Queen Alexandra does homage at the soldiers' cenotaph in London on Bastille Day, 1921. She is being greeted by the Duke of Portland.

Mirror Photo

Silence—immediate and complete—came on the throng when Edward and Alexandra entered. The great, the noble, and the beautiful of France crowded to the balconies to view the royal party as it ascended the staircase.

Edward—Teutonic in appearance and mannerism, a heritage from Victoria and Albert—smiled graciously as he crossed the threshold to the ballroom. Alexandra was radiantly beautiful, composed, charming, but somewhat inscrutable, as she always was. The Princess de Sagan was living her moment of triumph.

Suddenly a change came over the face of Edward. His smile faded. For a moment he seemed to hesitate. Then, frowning, angry, he resumed his step. A chill settled on the gathering. The life, the brilliance of the pageant vanished. A whisper swept over the vast hall, but fell abruptly to silence as all

Beginning the Intimate Life Story of Alexandra of England—Europe's "Fairy Princess"—to Whom Destiny Gave Everything Except Happiness

P & A Photo

Lady Warwick, whose companionship King Edward found charming.

Princess Alexandra at the time of her wedding to the Prince of Wales.

eyes turned in the direction that Edward's had taken.

From Brussels recently had come clandestine reports that he had spent much time in the apartment of one of King Leopold's most ravishing subjects. Nor had the fact that this lady was married prompted her to deny these whispers. Rather she seemed to glory in them and was even indiscreet enough to boast of the many courtesies showered on her by the Prince of Wales.

It was on this beautiful Belgian that the eyes of Edward rested as he had entered the ballroom. She had been among the first to applaud his entry, she and her husband, a not-too-exacting Russian, whose own unconventionalities were internationally known. Everyone in that ballroom seemed to sense the meaning of the scene—except Alexandra. She remained composed, apparently oblivious, charming still.

There were more specters of scandal abroad that evening. The Prince de Sagan did not appear—well, perhaps, for him. The Princess, determined as she was daring, called upon her brother, the Baron Raymond de Seilliere, to give his arm to Alexandra. The music started and the hostess dared to hope that the ghosts were laid; but she had not counted on the satanic humor of her courtiers.

The dashing Count de Chapponay, once secretary of the French embassy in London, led the cotillion. Gracefully he guided the dancers through the maze of dainty measures, and gaiety was conquering repression, until there came that figure in the dance,

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[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN
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where a chosen lady sits in the center of the ballroom, while the leader conducts gentleman after gentleman to the back of her chair.

She glances at them one by one in a mirror—each gallant a candidate for her favor—and waves them all away with a flirt of her fan or handkerchief until her favorite appears.

During a brief interlude, as flushed couples chatted vivaciously, the chair was placed. Then gasps of amazement were uttered as de Chapponay escorted to this position of honor the beautiful and gifted lady of Brussels.

ONE may well imagine what sardonic possibilities this episode held, when it is remembered that Edward, in the presence of his consort, would have had to petition her for recognition. His face became black with rage and then turned deadly white.

Yet he stood his ground—with the lovely and regal Alexandra at his side. One by one, gentlemen were led across the room, to be waved away by the lady.

And then de Chapponay extended his hand to the Prince of Wales.

Edward drew back, ignoring the outstretched hand.

"You are an insolent cad, sir!" he almost shouted. Then he bowed to Alexandra, offered her his arm, and stalked from the room.

It is to the Alexandra of this moment that my thoughts always return. Her face betrayed nothing. She was still smiling, charming, gracious—still outwardly oblivious to the meaning of the episode that could have had but one meaning. She was, as she had been during the entire evening of hideous strain, the most composed person in the room.

Yet her attitude suggested something more. It had in it an element of nobility, which seemed to raise her above such tawdry things as scandal, to invest her with a dignity which was beyond even the suggestion of reproach.

The ball was over. Its aftermath was a none-too-delicate elaboration of the affair in the Parisian press. But Alexandra, if she saw it, gave no sign; and it was this brave poise that carried her, serenely and with upraised head, to the end of the chapter.

Now she is dead.

A million words and phrases, inspired by her passing, have been written to review her life: Her simple childhood, her brooding adolescene, her romance with Edward, their triumphal marriage, their coming to the throne of England, and, finally, her great motherhood, not only of a royal family, but of a nation.

As I glance over these biographies, I am impressed by their ridiculous inadequacy.

These writers have described a queen—a symbol. But the real story of Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie, eldest daughter and second child of an obscure princeling, whom an accident of politics made a king, is something quite different. It is an absorbing document, singular, not only for its dramatic properties, but because it reveals the essential kindship of humanity.

Let me say at the outset that those who read these lines in quest of the conventional, historical data, are doomed to disappointment.

To me, it makes no difference whether, on the morning of November 10, 1870, Alexandra took breakfast with the grim Victoria, or had her tea in bed. Yet many of her subsequent biographers will be tortured, no doubt, to discover, in these reminiscences, a woeful lack of such detail. Poor fellows! Their pages are as full of figures as a ledger.

I knew Alexandra as a woman—in her younger days, as a vital, changing, and beautiful woman. As such I shall describe her; and since my repute as a technical biographer is thus to be sacrificed to my appreciation of the picturesque, I may add that I am happy that it is to be in her cause.

Among all the members of royal families with whom I have been privileged to come in contact during an eventful three score of years, I know of no career more replete than hers in those bizarre by-plays of circumstance which render us credulous of fiction.

She was a prodigy of beauty, who, in the great theater of life, rose from comparative poverty and shabbiness to unimagined wealth and power, because her face captured the vagrant fancy of the heir to the British crown.

As you will recall, when she ascended the throne, with Edward, a quarter century ago, she became the outstanding female figure of the world.

Sometimes I forget that people do not know these things as they used to know them. What with half the courts of Europe broken and scattered, and the newspapers no longer carrying, as they did in my youth, accounts of the births and marriages and the comings and goings of royal personages—the present generation has little familiarity with the history of yesterday's crowned heads. So perhaps it is best that I first sketch in something of Alexandra's background.

She was, as I have said, the daughter of a poor nobleman. Some nineteen years after her birth and within a few months of her marriage, her father ascended the throne of Denmark as King Christian IX.

You might say that Christian became a King and Alexandra a Queen equally by accident; for had their cousin, Frederick VII of Denmark, not been an infamous blackguard and a rake, it is altogether likely that Alexandra and her father (as well as her sister, Dagmar, who married the Tzar of Russia, and her brother, George, who was elected King of Greece) would have lived and died in their shoddy Gule Palace, where Alexandra was born on the first of December, 1844, near the shores of the Baltic Sea.

BUT Frederick was a drunkard, and more than half mad. His first wife, Princess Wilhelmine, who was also his cousin, had divorced him, and her successor, Caroline, daughter of the sovereign Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, had abandoned him almost altogether to his own devices when the incident occurred which sealed his fate.

Oddly, it had its inception in a matter so trivial as Caroline's desire to buy a hat. Madame Charpentier, the most celebrated modiste in Paris, had opened a shop in Copenhagen, in charge of a comely young woman whose name was Louise Rassmussen.

As she came to the Palace one day to offer a number of bonnets for Caroline's inspection, she encountered Frederick outside his wife's apartments. Being totally unbridled, Frederick began an immediate affair which even Caroline—as accustomed as she was to such effronteries—refused to countenance.

The scandal was noised about the courts of Europe, and coming to the ears of the diplomatists, offered them a pretext they had long been seeking.

Although Frederick's numerous escapades with pretty women had resulted in several children, he was without a legitimate heir—a situation which promised to produce serious complications upon his death. England, France, and Russia were moving

At Easton Lodge, the country seat of the Earl of Warwick, in 1888. In the front row, left to right, Lady Charles Beresford, Sir William Gordon-Cumming, Viscountess Mandeville, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Langford, Earl of Warwick, Baron de Rothschild, Lord Gordon Lennox, Hon. H. T. Wilson. Second row: Lady Kingscote, Lord Chaplin, Queen Alexandra, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Warwick, Countess Cadogan, Prince Hohenlohe, Duchess of Manchester. Third row: Lady Gordon Lennox, Princess Victoria. Fourth and fifth rows: Earl Cadogan, Marchioness and Marquis of Ripon and Edward, Prince of Wales. [P and A Photo]

together, even then, to resist the ambitions of Prussia. And Prussia looked upon the Danish provinces of Schleswig and Holstein with evil intent because they offered an outlet to the sea.

After Frederick's estrangement from Caroline, these powers foresaw that—lacking a direct heir—the throne of Denmark eventually would be the object of a general scramble, in which, for all they knew, a pretender favorable to Prussia would run away with the prize.

For some time Frederick had been engaged in a series of escapades with Mlle. Rassmussen—who was later to become an instrument of destiny, in so far as Alexandra was concerned. It was not generally believed that he would marry her. Nor, if he did, could their issue be considered for the sovereignty because of her lowly birth and the scandalous circumstances of their alliance.

So, in what seemed the best interests of all concerned, the representatives of the powers met in London, when Alexandra was eight years old, and designated her father the heir apparent.

Meanwhile Caroline divorced Frederick, and the latter married Mlle. Rassmussen, for whom he appears to have had a sincere, unselfish affection. He made her the Countess of Danner, and would have elevated her to be the Duchess of Schleswig, but his relatives and the Danish aristocracy objected with such vigor that he refrained. In the general outcry that surrounded the whole transaction, Frederick all but lost his throne.

UNDETERRED, however, he next attempted to further an alliance with France by taking his little milliner on a private visit to Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie at the Palace of St. Cloud.

Notwithstanding the visit was desirable in a political way—because an understanding between Denmark and France would have tended to discourage Prussia in its ambition to seize Schleswig and Holstein—the empress nipped it in the bud.

Over the anguished protests of Napoleon's ministers, who were anxious to checkmate Prussia at any cost, she flatly refused to "debase" herself by receiving as a guest the former "saleswoman from the Rue de la Paix."

After Frederick had been warned that his wife's presence would be unwelcome at St. Cloud, he took up arms in her defense, and engaged in a series of intrigues which threatened to plunge Europe into war. As I have said, he was more than half mad.

Yet to placate him became essential; and the powers sued for peace by influencing Christian and Louise to receive the Countess of Danner into their home.

Frederick's wife, I have always thought, was a much traduced soul. To be sure, her morals were unconventional; but, as I shall point out in a later chapter, it is a most unusual woman who can remain indifferent to the romantic advances of a king.

These details are tedious, and might be omitted, were it not for one thing—a curiously inconsequential and yet a fateful thing. It was Charpentier's former *premiere demoiselle* who taught Alexandra and her two younger sisters, Dagmar and Thyra, the art —so essentially Parisian!—of trimming their own bonnets; and it was one of these home-made bonnets which Alexandra was wearing when Edward first set eyes on her.

P. & A. Photo

Queen Alexandra, in her royal robes of state, about to grant an audience to a distinguished assemblage of Britons at Buckingham Palace.

To suppose that her hat influenced her destiny becomes ridiculous only when one remembers imperfectly the character of the Prince of Wales. Had she appeared frumpish, England might have had another queen.

And she might well have appeared frumpish, because of the rigid economies which had to prevail in Christian's house, had she not gone to meet Edward fortified by the countess' sound taste in millinery.

Let me also say that the style in hats which Alexandra adopted at that early day, never entirely lost its fascination for her. Throughout her life she was noted for refusing to follow the vagaries of the mode—which may, or may not, have been the last trace of her youthful romanticism.

Her father became the Crown Prince of Denmark when she was eight yers old, but the family remained in straightened financial circumstances until Frederick died and Christian succeeded him, a year or a year and a half after Alexandra's marriage to Edward. The family life was what one might expect.

Servants were few; appearances hard to maintain—harder even after the powers had brightened Christian's expectations than before, because Frederick had come to hate him.

INTO this humdrum existence came Hans Christian Andersen, spinner of fairy tales; and many were the hours which Prince Christian's children spent about his knee. "Once there was a fairy prince," he would begin—and little did any of them guess how closely those fictions were to be fulfilled in the family destiny.

To be fulfilled, and yet not to be fulfilled—in the case of Alexandra. Her career followed Andersen's fabulous heroines through their princes' wooing and their joyous marriages. But then the parallel was broken. Not of Alexandra could it be said, "She lived happily ever afterward."

That love plays no part in most royal marriages is well understood. It should be equally obvious that whether a king is welcome in his wife's apartments depends in this, as in every case, upon her fancy. Quite true, the women of royalty are trained to endure the prospect of a distasteful alliance, but that training can hardly make the reality less endurable.

Alexandra was almost fortunate in that Edward came into her life when the nebulous romantic imaginings of her girlhood were preparing to crystallize. Because he was versed in those artifices of deportment which have always rendered men fascinating to women, he might even have achieved the conquest of her heart, and the prophetic recitations of Andersen been entirely fulfilled. But he doomed her to disappointment.

A succession of scandals marked his career. The little flame of tenderness which the circumstances of their courtship and marriage could hardly have helped but stir in her, went out in the repeated breaths of rumor. For Alexandra there was no escape; and it has often been said that she had no desire to escape—that she was unimaginative; that she was content with the externals of respect which Edward unfailingly accorded her.

Perhaps, but what woman is able to follow her in such an attitude? I prefer to regard

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[THE HEARTBREAK OF A QUEEN
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it as a tribute to Alexandra's character that she held herself above revenge; and her fortitude is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that, in the early days of her marriage, she was subjected to the ill-concealed hostility of Victoria, her mother-in-law, and later to the almost patronizing attitude of her intimates.

She was fortunate, however, in possessing the friendship of the late Sir Augustus Paget and his still surviving widow, Lady Walpurga Paget. The Pagets were notably prominent in promoting the match between Edward and Alexandra, and they counseled her afterward.

Combining her own cultivated passiveness with their excellent foresight, she met her marital problems with a cleverness that invoked the unwilling admiration of Europe, which was more inclined to be indulgent of her husband's jovial intriques. Repeatedly, although by nature she was one of the most exclusive of persons, she invited to Sandringham the very women with whose names his was associated. And she was at some pains to show these ladies manifestations of her goodwill in other and equally significant ways.

It was her purpose thus to announce to the world that her husband's flirtations with this or that beauty were regarded by his family as harmless and innocent pastimes—matters for pleasantry rather than dark criticism.

FOR example, she made much of Mrs. George Keppel, and the two women were, to all appearances at least, the most congenial of friends. Mrs. Keppel, one of the most delightful women of her time, was frequently and openly portrayed in Europe and America as Edward's favorite during the last ten years of his life.

Repeatedly Alexandra invited Mrs. Keppel to Sandringham House; invariably this charming lady was bidden by the Queen to the intimate family parties held every ninth of November to celebrate Edward's birthday. And always Mrs. Keppel accepted.

Mrs. Keppel was an exceedingly gracious and handsome woman. She had wit, agility of mind, gay repartee, a sprightly sense of humor and above all a sunny nature. Always she had an amazing store of gossip which was never ill-natured nor unkindly, even when it had to do with women she had no reason to love.

During Edward's declining years, he was frequently restless and irritable. The homely administrations of Alexandra could not give him the solace that he found in the brillance of Mrs. Keppel's presence. She was capable of pulling the king out of the slough of despond when others seemed to mire him the deeper. In this role she was heartily welcome at Sandringham—welcomed not only by Edward and Alexandra but by all their relatives and their entourage. To be sure, Edward was extraordinarily fond of Mrs. Keppel, but Alexandra never permitted the world to believe she was less fond.

On the night of the fifth of May, 1910, Edward died. Mrs. Keppel had been summoned by Alexandra. The queen took her hand and led her to the deathbed. There, together, they knelt and prayed.

Alexandra was less tolerant of Lady Warwick. Like Mrs. Keppel, Lady Warwick was quite easy to admire—having a fine wit, keen intelligence, and beauty. Perhaps Alexandra was more jealous of Lady Warwick because, unlike Mrs. Keppel, Lady Warwick was quite unlikely even to simulate appreciation of the queen's proffers of favor.

For example, Lady Warwick was never deeply impressed by invitations to the Queen's presence. She treated Edward with some condescension which had the effect of making him the more eager for her company.

Indeed, it was her independence of manner, her unconventionality of speech, and wholehearted devotion to originality that caused British society to proscribe her.

Alexandra was coldly polite to Lady Warwick but, well advised, insisted upon having the world understand that she was not capable of resenting Lady Warwick nor the stories which linked the latter's name with Edward's. She chose the countess's brother-in-law, Sir Sidney Greville, for her private secretary, and added to her household several other members of Lord Warwick's family.

EDWARD, while extremely popular, was no mental giant, a statement which might be made in truth about rather a large majority of this world's rulers—kings, emperors, and presidents. Among the various elements of greatness, he lacked the minor one of discretion. Alexandra suffered consequently.

It is a strict rule of the English court that when a royal visit is being paid the door of the honored house shall be closed to all other callers; and a king or prince has need to be cautious with whom he secludes himself and in what circumstances.

As Prince of Wales and husband of the mild-mannered Alexandra, Edward often thoughtlessly made it easy for those who found it agreeable to gossip. A more discreet man might, for example, have avoided identification with the Mordaunt divorce case. Notwithstanding a jury rendered a verdict completely exonerating Edward (then Prince of Wales). This scandal hurt Alexandra a little more than any other.

P. & A. Photo

The Prince of Wales and Lady Warwick at a royal picnic in 1893.

The trial, which some of the older generation will remember, occurred in February, 1870. The prince, it was conceded, visited young Lady Mordaunt frequently prior to the birth of the child, whose advent prompted the proceedings. Six or seven letters from Wales to Lady Mordaunt were found in her desk, but they have long since been described by Edward's biographers as "perhaps the most innocent ever a gentleman wrote a lady."

Lady Mordaunt and Edward had been friends since childhood. His fondness for her was as little secret as was his name. Immediately following the baby's birth, she made a confession to her husband, implicating the Prince of Wales, Lord Cole, Sir Frederick Johnston, and others.

The world shook with the scandal. Would Edward testify? Could he be compelled to? How would the counsel treat the heir to the British throne once he was on the stand? Edward eased some of the tension by volunteering to testify, and while it is clear he was not cross-examined with the ferocity others suffered, his statement was frank enough.

The trial finally degenerated into an inquiry into poor Lady Mordaunt's mental condition. Sir Charles Mordaunt had instituted the proceedings to fix the paternity of the child, but the upshot of it was that his wife was found insane and set down as "unable to answer the citation or to instruct an attorney in her defense." Certainly, she was overwrought.

Sir Charles never definitely accused Edward of anything. In his complaint, he named Cole and Johnston, later amending it to include the name of Captain Farquhar.

PRESSED for more definite wording in her confession, Lady Mordaunt finally specified Lord Cole as the father of the baby.

Sir Charles hastened to say that a material difference existed between the prince's case and the others. As for Cole and Johnston, said he, there could be little question of guilt; but Edward, in spite of Lady Mordaunt's confession, had only been indiscreet.

Nevertheless, went on Sir Charles, he had been at some pains to tell his wife to discontinue her acquaintance with Edward, because there had been things in Edward's career which made him consider it unwise for the relationship to continue.

Be sure that Alexandra winced at that.

The evidence, while not searching, revealed that Edward had visited Lady Mordaunt only two or three times in 1867, but that in 1868 he had called at her house once a week and sometimes twice. And always the two were alone. Too, his visits were lengthy—from one to three hours each.

It would be interesting, had Alexandra written a journal, to have read her own comments upon those days.

The shattering of Alexandra's illusions followed almost immediately on her marriage to Edward. When she was only twenty, the greatest crisis in her career befell her. These things will be told in the next installment of these intimate reminiscences.

The writer will show how the drama of Alexandra's life at this period was played against a background of fateful political intrigue. By her marriage to Edward, she became a pawn in the great scheme of empires. How the scales in which the destiny of the whole world was eventually to be measured came into the hands of the little fairy princess of Gule Castle; and how, in her perplexity and distress, she failed to do those things which might have averted the world's greatest calamity will be revealed in the next part of this narrative.

Watch for next week's issue of Liberty on the news stands.

This crisp, delicious food makes a small breakfast a safe breakfast

—and any breakfast a better breakfast

GENERALLY SPEAKING, the modern breakfast is small and growing smaller. Yet this lesser quantity of food must be made to supply abundant nourishment, or health suffers.

Choose your breakfast with care! The stomach is empty The body craves nourishment. Appetite must be tempted.

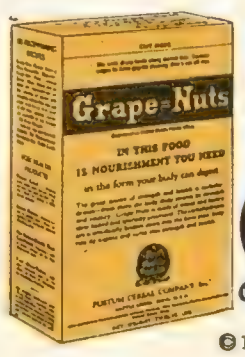
The food expert who originated Grape-Nuts had all these points in mind. This food, made of wheat and malted barley, has an enticing, nut-like flavor. It is prepared for ready digestion by a special baking method. And a single serving supplies your body with more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal!

Grape-Nuts contributes dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration. And it is a *crisp* food! Remember that foods which must be chewed do much to preserve the health of teeth and gums.

Try Grape-Nuts for tomorrow's breakfast! Get it to today from your grocer—or accept the offer below.

A series of health breakfasts—with two servings of Grape-Nuts, FREE - - MAIL COUPON NOW!

Mail the coupon and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

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G.—LIB. 2-26

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

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Nature's Gift to Beauty

is embodied in this gentle, daily care that has brought the charm of natural loveliness to millions

OLIVE TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—pictured above — and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.

Retail price

10c

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Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurement.

Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both the washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away

Sallow, unattractive skin no longer excusable

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SAFETY in Numbers

Illustrated by the AUTHOR

By NEYSA MCMEIN

Famous Artist Tells About the Strange Effect the Letters of Your Name Exercise Over Your Fate

Perhaps if Bill Biff had consulted a numerologist he would have changed his name to Gerald and become a famous interior decorator.

WOULD you like to know whether your name is favorable to your success? Perhaps I can help you. I'm not sure that I believe what I preach, but, at least, I practice it.

Call it coincidence if you like, but I know any number of people who were unsuccessful until they altered their names according to the dictates of Numerology. Then success came. It happened to me and it has happened to many men and women of my acquaintance who could certainly not be accused of harboring the ordinary type of superstitions. Believe in it or not, you will find it a fascinating game.

Modern Numerology is based upon a system of number vibrations worked out by Pythagoras, the great Greek philosopher, four centuries before the birth of Christ. Old dyed-in-the-wool scientists object to the word "science" as applied to such a system of numbers, but Numerology may have some scientific value and, at any rate, is decidedly fascinating.

For instance, by this use of numbers we can find our Birth number and our Name, or Destiny, number, and determine how these vibrate to each other and what influence they have upon our lives. We can carry this still further and discover whether our given names are in harmony with our family names and birth dates, or whether, to achieve success, our names should be changed. By simple calculations we can tell how best to apply our efforts and in what field of endeavor we are most likely to succeed. Numerology can be used to influence our choice of husband or wife and to select suitable names for our children.

I am simply going to try to sketch briefly the salient points, or perhaps the more interesting points, which a not very profound study of Numerology has brought out.

All numbers, or combinations of numbers, can be reduced to the single digits; for instance, number 49 is a combination of 4 and 9 and their sum is 13; 13 is a combination of 1 and 3, the sum of which is 4; therefore, the single digit of 49 is 4. Similarly, the single digit of 4739 is found in the following manner: 4+7+3+9=23, which is 2+3, or 5.

In applying numbers to names each letter of the alphabet is given a number. These numbers are not placed at random above the letters to which they correspond; their position has been accurately determined. As an instance, the letter N is 5, because N is the fourteenth letter in the alphabet, and 1+4=5.

Here is a little chart upon which almost all the necessary calculations are based:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

Your Birth number is almost the most important thing in Numerology because it tells you what you are and what you are capable of. The number corresponding to your name, which is called your Name or Destiny number, indicates the line along which you are most likely to succeed and your best medium of self-expression. The Birth number, then, is the measure of your force and ability, while the Name number shows how these qualities should be applied. All numbers, of course, do not vibrate harmoniously with all other numbers, and it is therefore important that the Name and Birth numbers should be in harmony. This point should never be overlooked in naming children, for a strong Birth number can so easily be impaired by a weak, inharmonious Destiny number.

The Birth number is the digit that results when the year, month, and day of birth are added. For example, the Birth number of December 13, 1904, is found like this:

December—the 12th month	1+2= 3
13th day	1+3= 4
1904 year—1+9+0+4=14	1+4= 5
	12

The Birth number is 12 which, reduced to its simplest form, is 1+2, or 3.

THE nine digits as applied to the Birth numbers have the following characteristics:

1—A strong, active number. Logical, daring, selfish, domineering.

2—A more receptive number—more feminine in its quality. It is apt to lack initiative but has great charm. Kind, peace-loving, even-tempered.

3—This is the number of the fine arts. It is also the number of joy and good cheer.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

Millionaires *in* Health

Rich in vitality, energy. They conquered their ills, found new joy in life—with one Simple Food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-26, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"AFTER MY RETURN from the World War, I suffered with stomach trouble. After meals I had severe pains in my stomach, later turning into periods of constipation. I went to U. S. Veterans' Hospital at Jefferson Barracks. A fellow patient told me what great results he had gotten with Fleischmann's Yeast. I started this treatment. Now I feel like a new man. No more stomach pains. My bowels are regular. I'll tell the world I owe it all to Fleischmann's Yeast."

THOMAS F. SCULLY, St. Louis, Mo.

LEFT

"I WAS DEPRESSED, morbid, desperate. I suffered from insomnia and constipation; my body was covered with eruptions. I began taking yeast. I persisted. Wonder of wonders, my eruptions disappeared, my appetite increased—I became myself again. Two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day had performed the miracle."

ALEXANDER H. SCHULLMAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

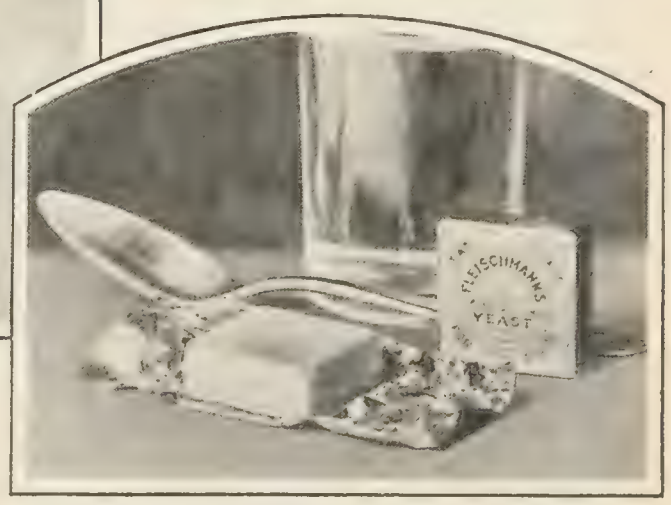
"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I have been subject to nervous indigestion and chronic constipation. My complexion was poor—I did not relish meals. I was blue—was losing interest in life. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a thorough trial. For six weeks I have averaged three cakes a day. Now my appetite is returning, my complexion is much better and, last but not least, my constipation is gradually leaving."

MRS. BESSIE A. WRIGHT, Chicago, Ill.

LEFT

"I SUFFERED through loss of sleep, nervousness—general run-down condition; I endured boil after boil on neck and back. Naturally I looked a wreck. A physician recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. In a week I felt a change in my system. Every boil disappeared, my skin cleared, my strength increased. I feel different, and look it. And life now seems to hold more 'pep' for me than it ever has held before."

ROBERTA O'BRIEN, Montreal, Canada.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

4—Indicates tenacity and creative power. An intensely physical number. If not properly controlled it is inclined to be coarse and material.

5—A fickle, changeable number which has something of both the spiritual and the material. A person born under this number is likely to have great physical attraction but not much depth.

6—Denotes comfort, repose, confidence. Six is the marriage number. It is said to exercise a strong influence in philanthropy and certain branches of art.

7—A person born under 7 usually has great poise and self-confidence but should be wary of treading unknown paths or tackling new enterprises. A somewhat mysterious number.

8—The number of commercial achievement. Denotes mental capacity of a practical kind. It is a number of accomplishment.

9—Is said to be the most highly developed number. It indicates virtue and integrity. People born in this number have enormous capacity for facing and conquering the circumstances of life. Nine is considered to be the number of personal and universal love.

Your Name number, indicating what path must be followed if success and happiness are to be achieved, is found by adding together the numerical value of the letters in your name and reducing the result to its digit, thus:

ETHEL	GORDON	ALLEN
5 2 8 5 3	7 6 9 4 6 5	1 3 3 5 5
23	37	17

23+37+17=77 and 7+7=14 and 1+4=5

THE nine Name or Destiny numbers whose characters I will briefly summarize below are essentially similar to the Birth numbers, but their application is somewhat different.

ONE: The bearer of this number is inclined to attempt to do things too much on his own. He is much more apt to meet with success by combining his talents with those of others, by working in company and in harmony with carefully chosen associates.

TWO: The diplomatic number. Its bearer will succeed by ingenuity rather than force. A *two* obtained, however, through an eleven—that is, 1+1=2—is a greater number. It usually denotes service to mankind. Many great clergymen, writers, doctors, and nurses have been *TWOS*.

THREE: The destiny of the bearer of this number is to bring joy and laughter into the lives of those with whom he comes in contact.

FOUR: The holder of this Name number will seldom obtain success by any sudden coup. His aims and ambitions will be achieved only by patient, persistent work. His path of life may be beset with many obstacles, but it is fairly straight and the goal is always in sight though at times it may seem far away.

FIVE: This number denotes a certain amount of force, both mental and physical, but it is essentially a number of uncertainty. Its keynote is change.

© Bachrach photo

Neysa McMein, the famous artist who won success after she changed her name.

To know real and permanent happiness a *five* should be backed up by a strong Birth number.

SIX: Is the number of service—the more intimate personal kind of service whose inspiration is love. The bearer of this number may have great, if undeveloped, musical talent.

SEVEN: People whose Name number is *seven* are apt to be shy and retiring which, unless overcome, is likely later in life to lead to introspection and even morbidness. This is a curious number with a tendency toward the occult and the mystic.

EIGHT: The number of business and finance. It is a strong number and an individual one. Bearers of this number are most likely to attain success in the realm of commerce. It is interesting to figure out the names of great captains of industry and leaders of men and see how often they add up to *eight*.

NINE: Denotes achievement in something more than a material way. It is thought to be the greatest of all numbers. Its bearers have sympathy and understanding to an unusual degree. The names of leaders of human thought and those who delve in the pure sciences are likely to sum up to *nine*.

Unlike the Birth number, your Name number is not a fixed thing. It may be changed if your experience in life has shown you that your Destiny number is out of harmony with your Birth number.

I AM often asked whether I believe that by changing my name from Marjorie to Neysa I altered my destiny. Frankly, I don't know. I do know that at the time I decided to try it I was on the stage with no real histrionic ability and—as I see now—no future. It may be the merest coincidence, but almost immediately on taking my new name I quit the theater for good and began to draw pretty girls for a living with a certain facility which made me realize at once that I had hit upon the thing I could do best.

Many of the best known artists, actors, and writers will admit that their success first became apparent, to themselves at least, with the adoption of the new name. Take Irving Berlin, for instance. As Israel Baline he had taken his maiden effort to a music publisher. After he had played the piece over they asked him what name he wanted to sign and he, so overcome with this evidence of their approval and lacking the courage to tell them his real name, invented the name of Irving Berlin on the spot. His success has been remarkable. Coincidence, you say. Ask Mr. Berlin what he thinks.

It is said that in the days of his obscurity as a struggling writer, Winchell Smith consulted a numerologist, who advised him to reverse the order of the words, "Smith shall win" and take the result as his pen name. Curiously enough this adopted name figures out to a *Two*, the special kind of *Two* obtained by combining 11, and a number under which so many writers have won enduring fame. Smith's subsequent career as a highly successful dramatist certainly gives me one more peg on which to hang my theory.

Another shining example is President Wilson, who came to the chair of History at Princeton as Thomas W. Wilson and, while there, dropped the Thomas and began to call himself Woodrow Wilson.

Under this name a little known professor became president of a great university and governor of a State and was twice elected to the highest honor that our country can bestow.

The brilliant career of Aurore Dupin only commenced when she took the name George Sand. Saul of Tarsus would have lived and died in obscurity had he not, on his way to Damascus, at the command of a vision, changed his name to Paul and so become the greatest of the Christian apostles.

THE END

He'd take his hat off to

MENNEN

Garbed in strange clothes, mumbling mystic words, the alchemists sought to change lead into gold. But the secret for the transmutation of metals eluded them.

In ultra-modern laboratories our chemists sought a method of changing spiky, stiff whiskers into softest down. They found the secret for the dermutation of beards.

Now millions of men perform a modern miracle in their bathrooms every morning. A tiny sliver of Mennen Shaving Cream billows into mountainous, moist lather. Belligerent bristles take the count. The razor whisks the whiskers away. Faces are blissfully unconcious that anything is going on.

Grouches are transformed into grins. Yegg-man appearance fades into gentlemanly grooming in an incredibly short time.

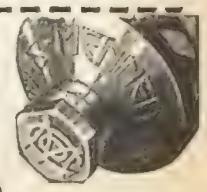
These results are automatic. No fussing with towels, no fuming with finger-rubbing. Even if the water is granite hard and cold as a banker's eye, Mennen's will perform perfectly. All this costs only 50 cents. The mystic pass-word is "Mennen Shaving Cream, please."

And treat yourself to a tin of Mennen Talcum for Men. Tinted to match male skin; scented to suit man taste. Use all you want—it won't show on your face. Great after a bath. 25c buys it.

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

Regular type tube with threaded cap



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New-style tube with non-removable top

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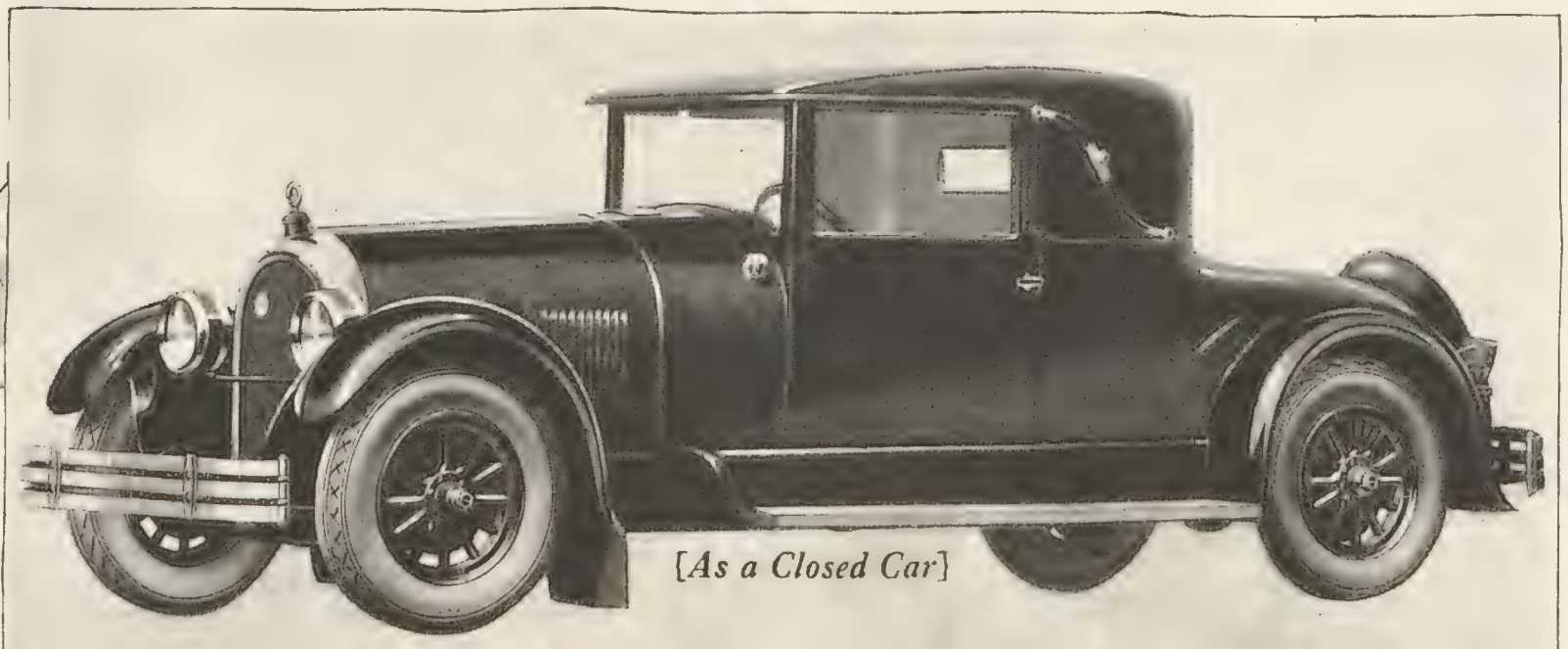
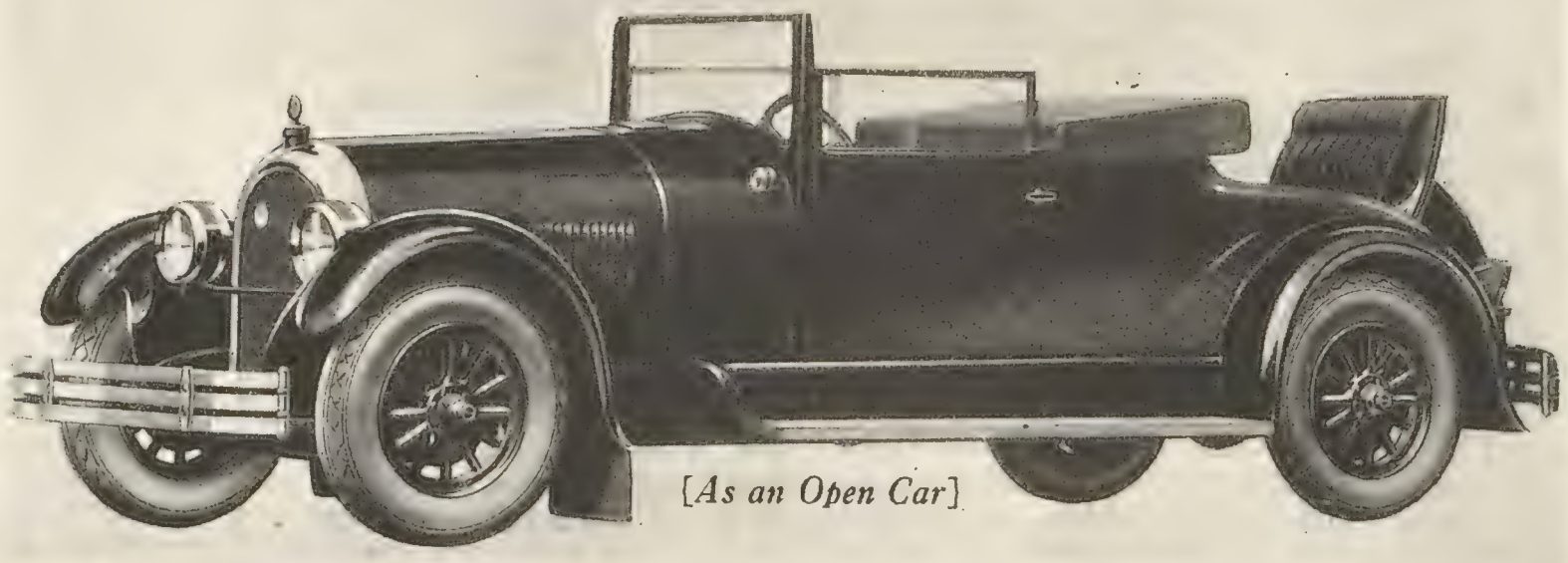


[As a Closed Car]

Two Cars in One

$1695

f. o. b. factory for the 2-Passenger Six



[As an Open Car]

Body by Kissel

A Coupe for Winter; a Roadster for Summer

Here is the car of the year — the new All-Year Coupe Roadster. Barely more than a month on the market it is already passing all other Kissel models in sales.

Salemen, business men, doctors, and the younger generation demanding a smart car of their own, have found in this new Kissel just the features which they hoped somebody would some day build into a car.

It possesses the style that only a Kissel can have. It has the pick-up, power and speed that only the Kissel Advanced Engineered Motor can give. There is complete restfulness and comfort in the deep-cushioned upholstery. There is the smooth, easy riding quality found only in a car with a long wheelbase.

With the top up it is a snug coupe for cold weather; with the top down it is a swank open roadster for warm days. Conversion from open car to closed car is simple and easy.

The Six, $1695; the Straight Eight, $2095—f.o.b. factory.

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., HARTFORD, WIS.

The Caveman on the Corner

By CHARLES COLLINS

Pictures by
W. D. KING

There is one of them of whom he is especially fond. When she comes in sight Officer Tom's blue-steel jowls relax in a great grin of welcome.

THE gazetteers of British India will assure you with official solemnity that the famous old story of the self-immolation of fanatic natives under the wheels of the Juggernaut car is a myth. If not, at any rate, they will make it clear that this horrible rite has gone the way of suttee, thuggee, and other shocking heathen practices under the blessings of Anglo-Saxon rule.

But there is still a Juggernaut car, and four times a year it comes creaking and lumbering forth from its temple in Orissa, a somber bastion of teakwood carved with many symbols of strange superstitions, to make its sacred journey.

Thousands of clamorous, dancing Hindus cluster about it in a frenzy of religious exaltation, eager to tug at the ropes, to shove at the axles, to serve the god that dwells therein in any way, no matter how feeble, that will propel him on his journey and secure his fantastic favor.

And thus the wild mob with its fabulous vehicle surges through the blistering streets of the city of Puri. The sun dazzles; the dust chokes; the sweat blinds; and the glory of Vishnu surges through the brain like a madness. A devotee who has howled and pranced and strained too much suddenly misses the blaze of the sunlight; a blackness reels across his eyes, and he stumbles and falls, close to a huge, iron-shod wheel.

But who can stop the car, with hundreds still hauling at the ropes fifty yards ahead? Juggernaut does not pause; a slight squashing sound is heard in the tumult, like the crushing of a beetle underfoot, and the procession moves on, leaving something red and ragged behind on the pavement for the Sikh constabulary to handle with shrugs of disgust.

You'll Love the Gruffest of Traffic Cops if You Read This Heart-Stirring Tale of Devotion With a Mystery Behind It

Life is cheap, Vishnu is great, and Juggernaut must have his joy ride.

All of which has nothing to do with Officer Tom, directing traffic at the intersection of two turbulent streets in a great city of western civilization. Nothing at all; it is merely a daydream that may come to you if you stand at the curb and watch him long enough.

And as the currents of motor vehicles flow past, halt, start again, twist and intermingle in endless swiftness and ordered confusion; as the engines bluster through their rapid rhythms; as brakes squeak, gear shifts rasp, and gas fumes make their noxious haze; as the cars of many species whir, flit, and trundle past, there may come to you another imagining, as typical of this or any other street in the land as the Juggernaut is of ancient, tradition-burdened Hindustan. . . .

It is a vision of children at play upon the stretch of sidewalk in front of their huddled apartment homes. A ball is thrown wild or a top becomes truant, and there is a careless dash out into the street to retrieve it, without a thought of the wheeled death that is always patrolling the asphalt.

Then into the picture comes a reckless driver, raw at the work, perhaps, or maybe slightly dazed from a recent swallow of the bewildering stuff that bootleggers sell, and next a thud, a scream, and a sudden wailing of women from the windows as a soft little body, smeared with dirt and blood, kicks feebly in the gutter and the car, a many horsepower coward, panics brutally away.

ALL of which has a great deal to do with Officer Tom and his kind, and with us who curse him silently through windshields for his harsh rebukes and peremptory commands.

He is a huge, tall man, almost as grim as a shaved gorilla. Take him out of his uniform and put him in rough clothes, with a shabby cap pulled down over his eyes, and he would seem like a plug-ugly not to be encountered without trepidation in a lonely street on a dark midnight. There is no softness of civilization apparent in the personality of Officer Tom, in spite of the work that he carries on of safeguarding the civilized from their own inventions.

He is as stark, fierce, and formidable as a specimen of Stone Age Man. There is a surly truculence in his stare and a gesture of defiance in his signals for stop and go. He is a symbol of power—the power of a man-brute facing and staring down the machine-brute. The law stands behind him, of course, but he does not seem to need the authority of the law. When he approaches a car he has halted

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CAVEMAN ON THE CORNER
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

for an infringement of the traffic regulations it is with an air of intending to kick the thing to pieces.

Therefore, many drivers of cars hate Officer Tom with the sour and rooted detestation of inferiority.

Four times a day, however, except on Saturdays and Sundays, Officer Tom relaxes his mood of disciplined savagery and becomes a creature of the gentler emotions. Four times a day the children pass his corner, going to and coming from their morning and afternoon sessions with public school education. They are boys and girls from six to twelve years old in their charming and infinite variety sauntering in troops, bevies, pairs or alone, chattering, skipping, and fluttering, as casual as birds and as aimless, almost, as butterflies.

To them Officer Tom devotes a special and sedulous attention, and they, knowing him as a gentle friend and kindly equal, have given him the name by which he is known to everyone on that corner. He is their Officer Tom. He first-names many of them also, with fatherly fondness, for he regards them all as his children, to guard and protect.

THEY hang to his gnarled hands, his giant arms, and the skirts of his wrinkled blue overcoat as they cross the lane of peril, making a great lark of it, and they are as safe, for the time being, as if they were in God's pocket.

He inflicts discipline upon the motorists with a tongue harsh enough to rasp the hide off an alligator. But he talks to the children of his crossing with the mildness of a comrade and playmate.

Toward his several hundred charges Officer Tom is always the kindly, amused, and protecting friend—a child like them, transformed by some magic into a pleasant and useful ogre. He is ugly enough to frighten a gunman out of town, but the children find a sort of benignity in his face.

There is one of them of whom he is especially fond—a girl, the prettiest nine-year-old of the school, blonde, plump, and sturdy. Her bobbed hair curls richly beneath her tam; her color is high, and her manner gay. She is a great talker and a greater laugher, and when she comes in sight Officer Tom's blue-steel jowls relax in a great grin of welcome.

He calls her idiotic pet names, such as "Sunshine" and "Kittens," and asks "How's tricks?" and always roars with laughter when she asks her favorite question—if he has arrested anybody to-day. He makes her crossing an affair of state. He has been known to halt a funeral for her.

One winter Monday, after he had known this girl, named Dorothy, about a year, he missed her. A second and a third day passed, and still she did not appear in the straggling processions of education-seeking childhood. He wondered where she was, for she was not in the habit of staying away from school. He became a little more severe with the car drivers and a little more earnest in his attentions to the school children. When Thursday came without bringing Dorothy he stopped some boys and girls of her own grade, and began to ask questions.

It was as he had suspected. Dorothy was at home sick. Just how sick they didn't know.

That evening there was a ring at the bell of the apartment in which the comfortable but unpretentious middle-class happiness of Dorothy's family was housed and when Dorothy's father opened the door he thought his occasional sins against the Eighteenth Amendment might have found him out. For there stood the law, in its grim blueness of uniform, looking highly forbidding.

She told a story of children at play in the street, of a ball thrown wild, a soft little body kicked

"Don't shoot," said Dorothy's father, who thought himself a humorist. "I will go with you quietly."

Officer Tom, always severe with adults, did not smile.

"This is for the little sick girl," he said, shoving a small package into the surprised hands of Dorothy's father. "Is she getting along all right?"

Officer Tom departed without ceremony after being assured that Dorothy only had a bad cold and would be back at school next Monday.

"What do you know about that!" exclaimed Dorothy's father, and "Wasn't it sweet of him!" cooed Dorothy's mother, as a box of chocolates that must have cost all of a dollar was opened and sampled by a delighted young convalescent. Officer Tom had scored a prodigious hit.

"They draw down only about a hundred and fifty dollars a month," observed Dorothy's father, as he ruminated upon this affair of gallantry, "and I'll bet he's got a wife and family to support."

"No, he hasn't," Dorothy chirped. "He's never been married and he lives with his mother, who's eighty-one years old. He told me so. I know all about Officer Tom."

"Well, he is due for a box of good cigars at

careless dash to retrieve it, a driver slightly dazed, a thud, a scream, as a feebly in the gutter.

Christmas," said Dorothy's father. "And if he ever needs anyone to go to the front for him, he can count on me."

"What's that mean?" piped Dorothy.

"It means that the alderman of this ward and I belong to the same lodge."

Officer Tom got his Christmas cigars—a box of extravagant Havanas with Dorothy's card inside the lid—and was as happy as a schoolboy over the gift. And, day after day, rain or shine, snow or sleet, Officer Tom continued to preside over his dangerous domain with fury toward motor cars and tenderness toward children, directing the stop and go of life at his corner like a demigod of some savage mythology.

Three months passed, and then Dorothy missed him from his station. So did everyone else—the drivers of cars, trucks, and busses with some relief, the children with much regret. Another traffic policeman took his place, and he was efficient, but he was far from being an Officer Tom.

II.

TWO weeks later Dorothy's father, vigorously reading his evening paper after dinner, suddenly emitted a war cry that was almost profane.

"Here's a picture of Dorothy's policeman!" he bellowed in the general direction of his wife and daughter. "And a piece about him, too! He's suspended for thirty days and up before the trial board for insubordination."

"What's that mean?" demanded Dorothy.

"It means that he has been a bad boy and sassed his captain."

"I don't believe he has been bad," Dorothy declared loyally. "Read to me all about it."

Her father read aloud the account of Officer Tom's disgrace, with occasional snorts of irritation and chuckles of amusement. There was no doubt about it—Officer Tom had been rebellious. His superior officer was quoted as describing it as the conduct of a "mutinous jackass."

The Police Department, it appeared, had a brass band, composed of musically inclined members of the force, which made occasional public appearances in parades and other civic ceremonials. The time for the annual policemen's carnival of sports and maneuvers was approaching, and an extra large bass drum had been purchased for the occasion by an extra zealous band leader. It was a two-man drum; it required not only the strenuous attention of a strong-armed flail-swinger who had enough musical sense to assault it in the proper tempo, but also the support of an ignominious giant whose back would not break under its weight.

IN canvassing the several thousand huskies who were available for the job, the band leader had decided that Officer Tom would be a fitting beast of burden for the impressive new drum. He had made a demand upon Officer Tom's captain for his services, and the captain had so ordered.

Officer Tom was to report to band headquarters for two hours' rehearsal twice a week, and was to carry the bass drum whenever the band made its public appearance. His schedule of time on duty would be rearranged to permit him to have this musical recreation. Moreover, he would be relieved from his onerous traffic assignment and given a peaceful beat to travel when not engaged in drum-toting.

Whereupon, after staring at his captain in dumb amazement for several minutes, Officer Tom had burst out in language applicable only to a drunken truck-driver trying to run over a baby carriage. He had declared that he would sizzle on the hottest gridirons of the infernal regions before he would ever become the front legs for any verminous and misbegotten bass drum.

The captain also had a rough and powerful vocabulary; he answered Officer Tom in kind; and conversationally the scene that followed was a case of the irresistible force of profanity meeting the immovable post of abuse.

And so it came about that Officer Tom was suspended, was to come up before the trial board for more thorough punishment, and was heralded in the public prints, thanks to one of his captain's more quotable phrases, as a "mutinous jackass."

When Dorothy heard all this, told in the flippant and staccato style of a reporter who thought he had found something comic in the routine of police news, she cried. After she had been comforted, she said to her father:

"Daddy, I hope they let Officer Tom go back to our corner. I think I know why he didn't want to carry the drum. He told me a story once. It's a secret, but I'll tell you."

And she gave her version of the secret she shared with Officer Tom. When she had finished, her father arose soberly and put on his hat and coat.

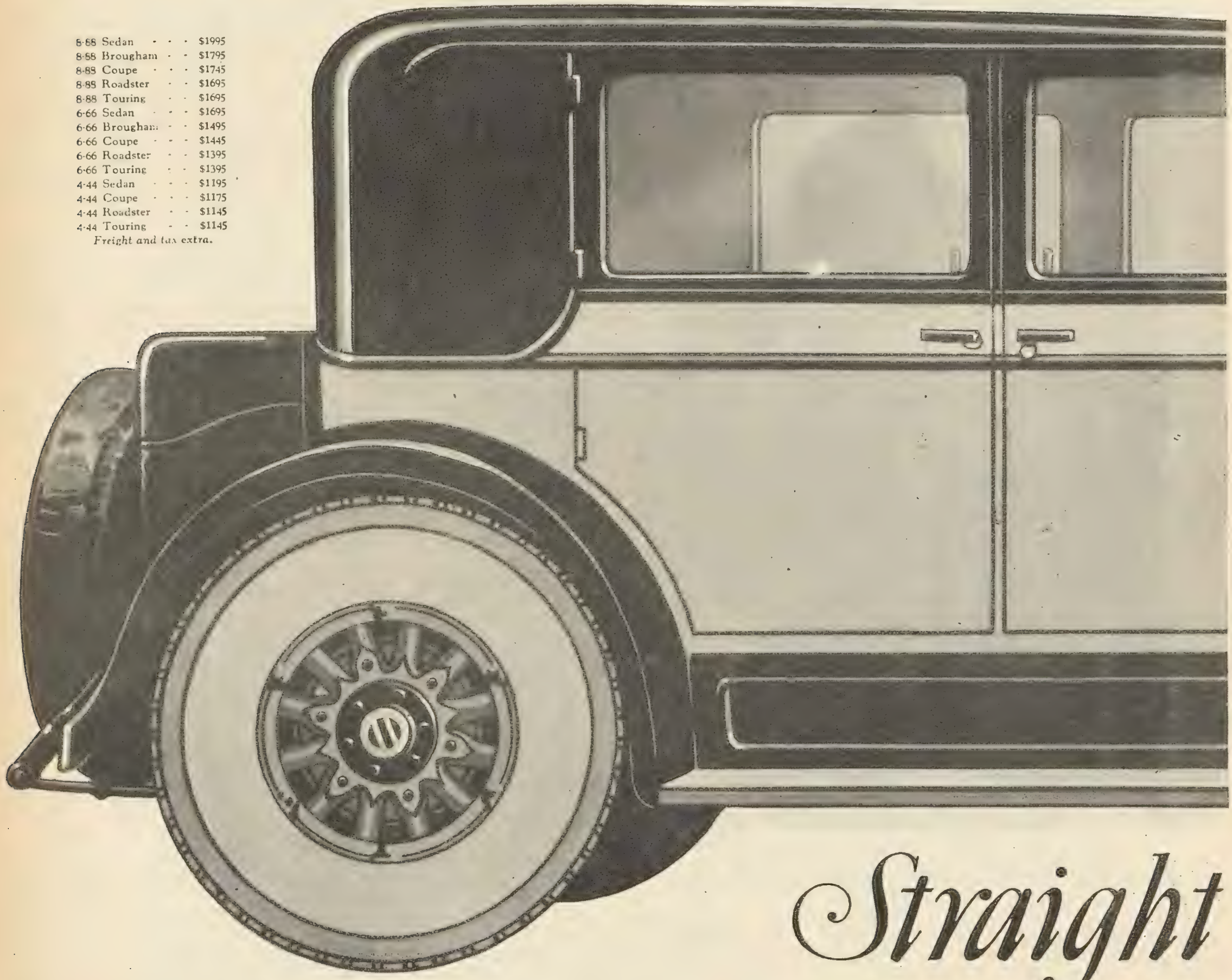
"I'm going out in the flivver," he said to his

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

AUBURN

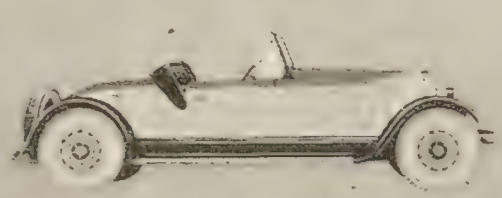
8-88 Sedan	$1995
8-88 Brougham	$1795
8-88 Coupe	$1745
8-88 Roadster	$1695
8-88 Touring	$1695
6-66 Sedan	$1695
6-66 Brougham	$1495
6-66 Coupe	$1445
6-66 Roadster	$1395
6-66 Touring	$1395
4-44 Sedan	$1195
4-44 Coupe	$1175
4-44 Roadster	$1145
4-44 Touring	$1145

Freight and tax extra.

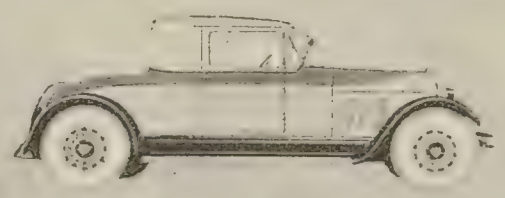


Straight

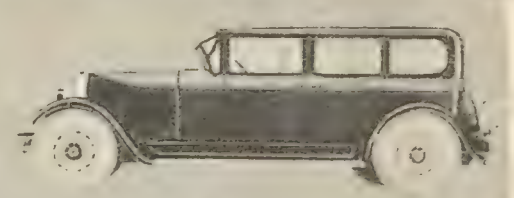
8-88 SEDAN



8-88 ROADSTER

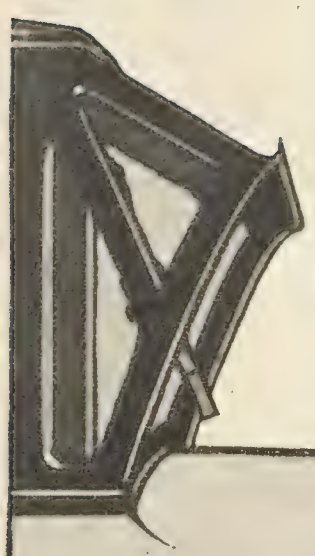


8-88 COUPE



6-66 SEDAN

8 EIGHTY EIGHT 6 SIXTY SIX 4 FORTY FOUR

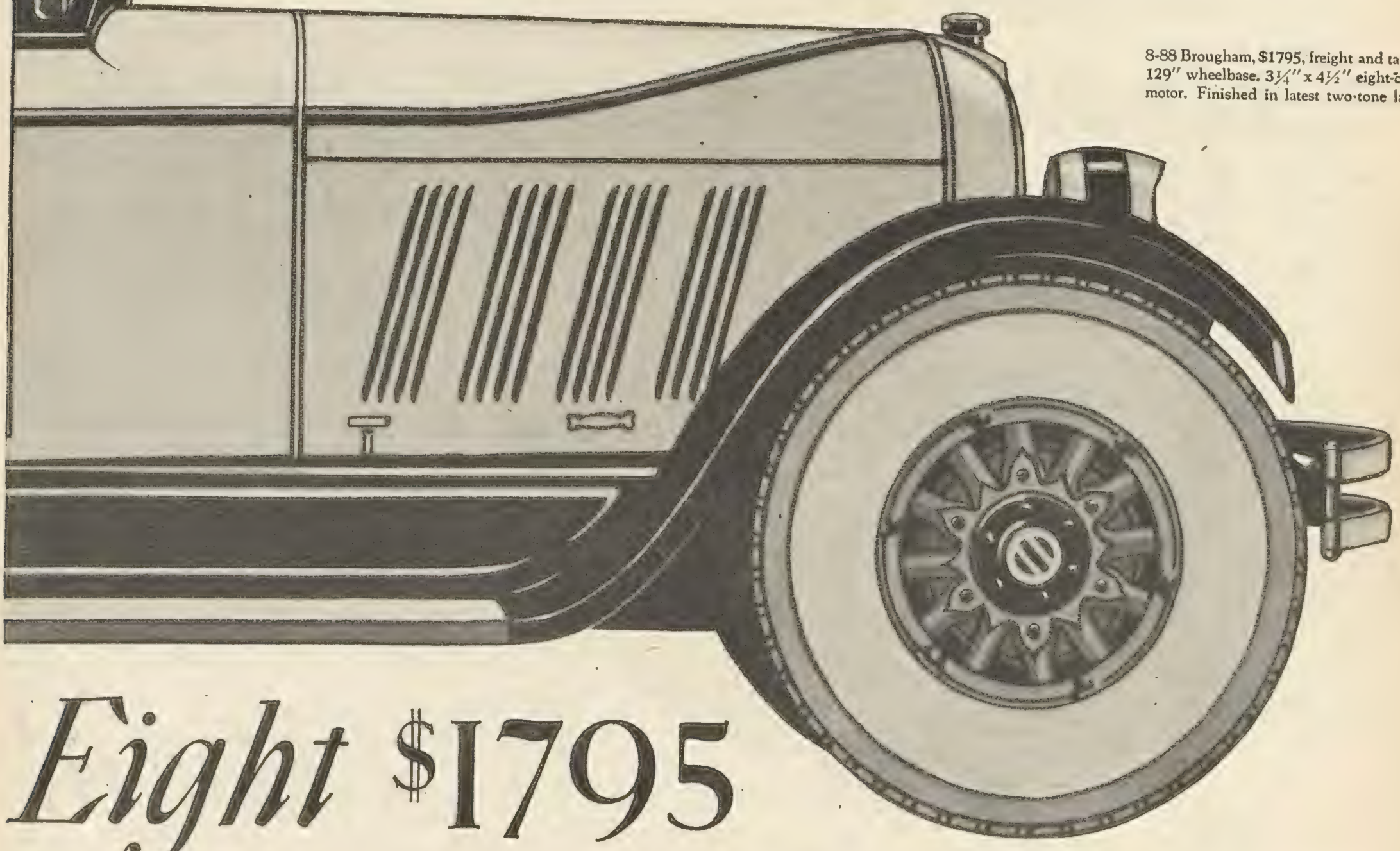


Auburn has had a good reputation for 25 years. (It had to be good to be one of the *few* cars to succeed that long.) But within the last year it has made the most sensational rise to the very top among the ultra fine, very exclusive, deluxe cars. Auburn's quality ascendency is emphasized more, as more manufacturers join the already crowded low-priced competition. It is optional with any factory whether it wants to be known as the builder of the *most* cars or of the *best* cars. *Auburn's aim is the best!*

Nearly two years ago we started working for today's unqualified quality leadership. Last year our Eight was a daring improvement. Many said it was too good; that it could not be done for the price. We said it would force price revisions among old-style cars. It did. Our sales more than doubled. We could only supply 50% of our orders. Unparalleled value did it. And, great as it was, it was only the forerunner for 1926.

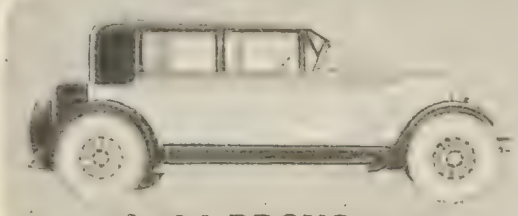
This year we offer an even *better* Eight, a better Six, and a wonderful new type of Four—larger motors, stronger frames, more expensive bodies, finer finish! Although our factory production has been greatly enlarged, the early demand for the unprecedented value of these new cars warrants us in cautioning you to order at once.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

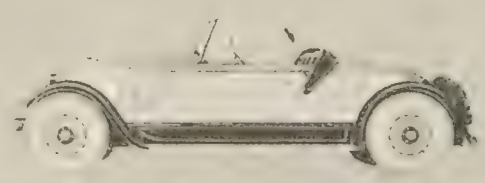


8-88 Brougham, $1795, freight and tax extra. 129" wheelbase. 3¼" x 4½" eight-cylinder motor. Finished in latest two-tone lacquer.

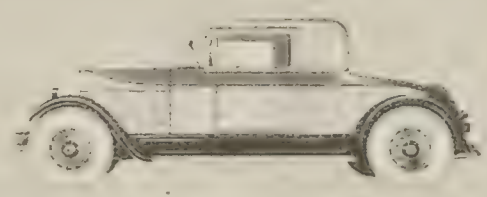
Eight $1795



6-66 BROUGHAM

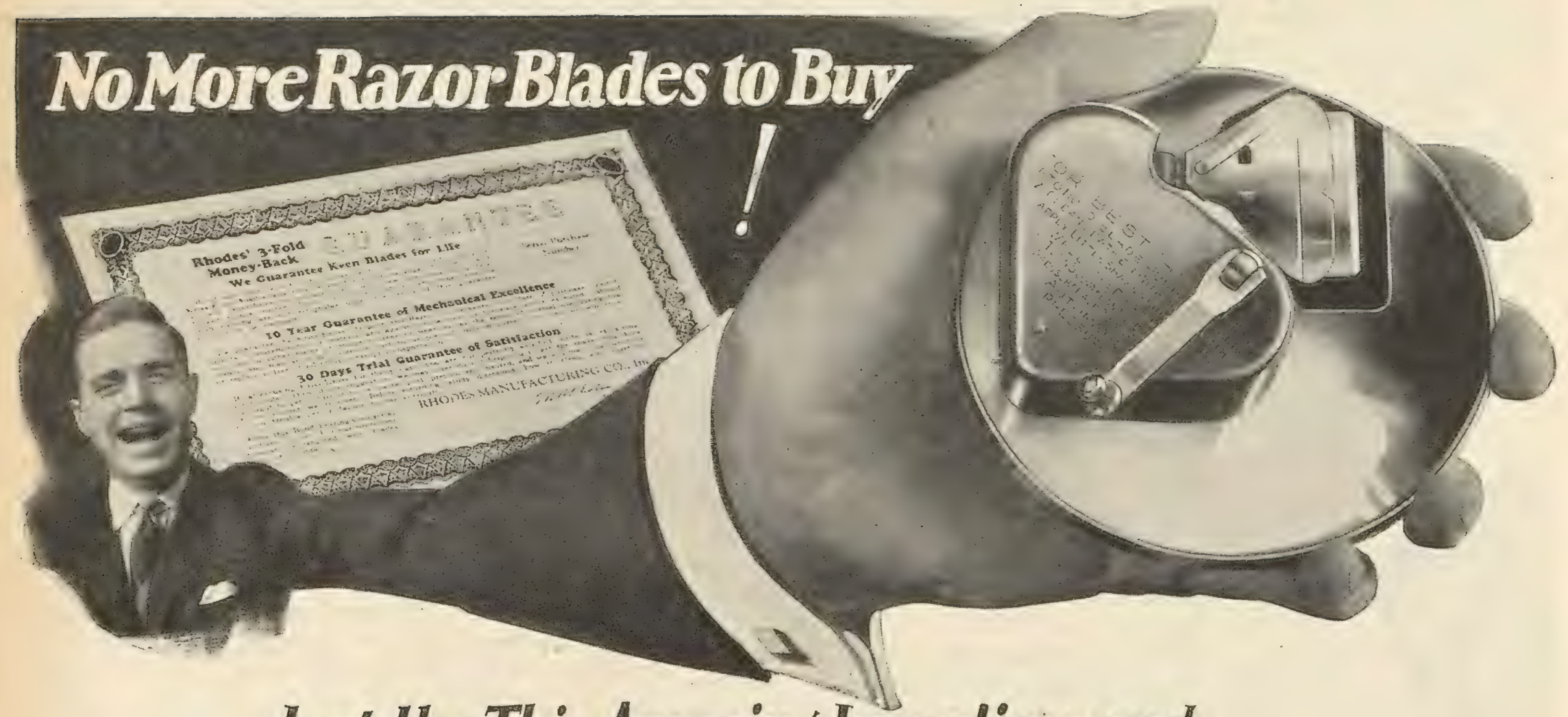


6-66 ROADSTER



6-66 COUPE

4-44 SEDAN



Just Use This Amazing Invention and

I'll Guarantee To Keep You in Razor Blades for Life!

Surprising New Invention Upsets All Established Shaving Theories and Methods. It Carries My Sensational Written Guarantee That You Need Never Buy Blades Again—Never! Astonishing Introductory Offer Good 30 Days Only

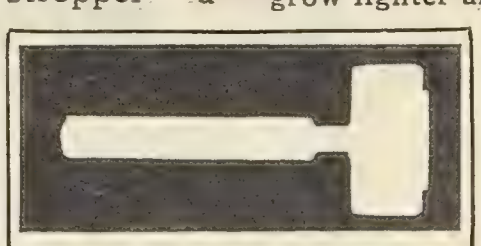
HERE is the most remarkable invention in the history of shaving. It marks such an amazing advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be called much more than a stropper. KRISS-KROSS is a *super*-stropper—a blade *rejuvenator!* Almost literally it makes a new blade out of an old one every day—makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before. Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS—fitted its sturdy, nickeled smoothness into the palm of your hand, and tested its uncanny ingenuity, you'll never know how really sensational this introductory offer is!

365 Shaves a Year From One Blade!

KRISS-KROSS employs the diagonal stroke, same as a barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of successfully reproducing this stroke automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain.

But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It strops from heavy to light. It's absolutely uncanny how the strokes grow lighter and lighter until an adjustable automatic jig flies up and notifies you that the blade is ready—ready with the keenest cutting edge steel can take.

No wonder that this super-stropper prolongs the life of any make blade, single or double edge, for weeks, months and years! Think what it means! No more bother about remembering to buy new blades! No more "raking" with dull ones! KRISS-KROSS coupled with my startling offer below, solves your blade problem for all time. Keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever. And think of the economy!



GET THIS MYSTERY RAZOR FREE

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Sensational Offer

And now for my smashing offer! To introduce KRISS-KROSS stropper to those who have not yet seen it, during the next 30 days I am giving with it, free, a new kind of razor. This unique razor, with 5 special process blades, completes the outfit which I guarantee to keep you in razor blades for life! Here's how the plan works. Use the blades and keep renewing them with KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. If one of them goes back on you for any reason (except rusting or nicking) return them and I'll recondition or replace them with new ones. No strings. No red tape. I give my amazing guarantee in writing. It is an ironclad agreement to *keep you in razor blades for life!*

Send for Full Details at Once

Write for free information on this astonishing new invention and introductory offer. KRISS-KROSS is never sold in stores. You deal direct with me or my authorized representative. Send for description and full details of this limited offer. It's even more remarkable than I can tell you in this small space. No obligation! Just clip and mail the coupon today!

AGENTS: $175-$400 a Month

Make big money with KRISS-KROSS! Free razor boosts sales amazingly. H. King made $66 one day. E. F. Kinsey, Penn., made $28 in 1½ hours. Others average $30 to $66 a day. Every man buys on sight. SPARE-TIME workers, OFFICE and FACTORY men make $6-$12 extra a day showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employes. S. Kantala made $154 extra working evenings 3 weeks. Unique surprise bonus plan brings big extra profits. Most wonderful sales plan ever originated. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight!

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Without obligation please send me full details of your special introductory offer to keep me in Razor Blades for LIFE. Also send me full description of KRISS-KROSS stropper and FREE adjustable razor.

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Address.....

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

wife, "to round up the alderman and some of the brothers. I may come home late and full of hooch, for you never can tell what may happen when us politicians get together. Officer Tom comes up before the trial board to-morrow, and now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the copper."

THE trial board was in solemn session, chewing its cigars with great determination. Officer Tom's captain had made his charges in damaging detail, emphasizing the culprit's profuse use of profane language, but quoting himself only in the terms of a Sunday-school superintendent. He had been corroborated by patrolmen and the band leader witnesses.

The bass drum had been brought in as evidence by the band leader, who had a sense of the theatrical, but it had been ordered out of the room because the trial board wanted space to stretch its legs, and also didn't want to hear any more snickers from "youse reporters," to employ the phrase that a Civil Service commissioner directed toward certain merry gentlemen of the press, present in holiday mood.

Officer Tom's professional record had been presented in documentary form, and had been passed around the table to be examined by each of his judges in turn. It was a good, clean record. Even the outraged captain admitted that until his brainstorm over the bass drum Officer Tom had given faithful and able service to the municipality, and had acquitted himself on certain occasions, when thugs and crooks had been inclined to shoot it out, with high resolution and excellent marksmanship.

All this while the "mutinous jackass," unsupported by friends, colleagues, or politicians, had sulked and glowered in his chair, had answered questions in angry monosyllables, had seemed in a mood to start a fight on the slightest provocation. Officer Tom, compromised, defenseless, and sullen, was not improving his case by his attitude.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" the chairman of the board finally asked him. "What's the explanation of all this?"

The mutineer stiffened up with an effort, and growled:

"Carrying a drum is no job for an able-bodied officer. Put me back on my corner where I can do a man's work."

"You are an excellent traffic policeman," the chairman admitted. "But this is a question of the discipline of the force. Why not obey orders? The drum-carrying job is only temporary. You will be relieved from it in a few months, no doubt. It is customary to pass chores like that around."

"Oh, hell!" groaned Officer Tom. "Let some pot-bellied Dutchman carry the drum. Let me go back to look after my kids."

"What's this about his kids?" the chairman asked. "The record says he is unmarried."

"There is a school near his corner," the captain explained.

Then Officer Tom did a strange thing, unheard of in the history of the police force. He suddenly bowed his head in his hands and made queer movements with his shoulders, and presently there began to leak between his rather dirty fingers certain drops of moisture, which ran down his wrists, stained his cuffs, and occasionally dripped off upon the

floor. They were tears, silent and horrible male tears.

"I believe the fathead is crying!" observed his captain, in awed and shocked tones.

One of the commissioners turned toward the chairman with a remark, intended to be confidential, which was heard, nevertheless, all over the room. It was meant to be sympathetic, but it seemed to sound the knell of Officer Tom's career in uniform.

"THIS bird," he remarked, "is certainly cuckoo."

At that moment the door opened, and in trooped a delegation with something to say. It was composed of an aggressive alderman, half a dozen prosperous-looking family men, a school teacher or two, Dorothy's father and mother, and Dorothy herself. The neighborhood was rallying to the support of Officer Tom.

The alderman relieved his mind with zeal and eloquence on the theme of the officer's usefulness to the school children and parents of the district where he was stationed. The citizenry seconded him with well bred murmurs. It was an effective demonstration.

"Of course, of course," answered the chairman with some impatience, for he felt that this bass-drum case was getting a trifle long-winded. "We grant all this. He has been useful, and I am glad to know that his work has been appreciated. But the facts of insubordination and insults to his superior officer still remain. What you have said does not condone these offenses against discipline."

Then Dorothy's father had an inspiration; he spoke up briskly.

"Mr. Chairman, I believe there is something you should know," he said. "It will make you understand why this officer rebelled against being transferred from a duty on which his heart was set. I should like to have my little daughter tell you what Officer Tom, as she calls him, told her. And I suggest that the officer on trial be permitted to leave the room during this part of the testimony."

THE chairman thought that this was a very unusual procedure, but when Dorothy smiled at him he conceded the point, and Officer Tom, who had ceased to weep upon Dorothy's arrival and had become a caveman again, was invited to step out into the hall. Then Dorothy, very shy, was urged to tell her story. She had to be strongly urged, for she insisted that it was a great secret between her and Officer Tom, and not a matter to be discussed in public.

"But if he says I can tell it, I will," she added.

The alderman stepped to the door and had a few whispered words with the mutinous jackass. Then he nodded reassurance to Dorothy.

"He says you can tell it, but he hopes that the reporters will not put it in the papers."

"Better men than he have hoped that, in vain," said the chairman. "Go ahead, little girl, and tell your story."

Dorothy told it; and for once in the history of journalism the reporters refrained from printing, although they sadly admitted that it was first-page stuff.

The next day Officer Tom was back at traffic duty on his corner.

It was a story of children at play in the street; of a ball thrown wild and a careless dash to retrieve it; of a driver slightly dazed by the bewildering stuff that bootleggers sell; of a thud, a scream, and the wailing of women as a soft little body kicked feebly in the gutter and then became still; while the car, a many horse-power coward, panicked brutally away.

Officer Tom had driven that car.

It had happened ten years before. Tortured by the ugly memory, he had joined the police force and devoted his life to the protection of other children.

So there he stands at his post, and hopes to stand until old age puts him on the pension list, a man-brute working out his salvation against the machine-brute. Young lives are safe from the storm of motor traffic under his arm, for once he himself had served Juggernaut and he knows what horror can come of the ritual.

THE END

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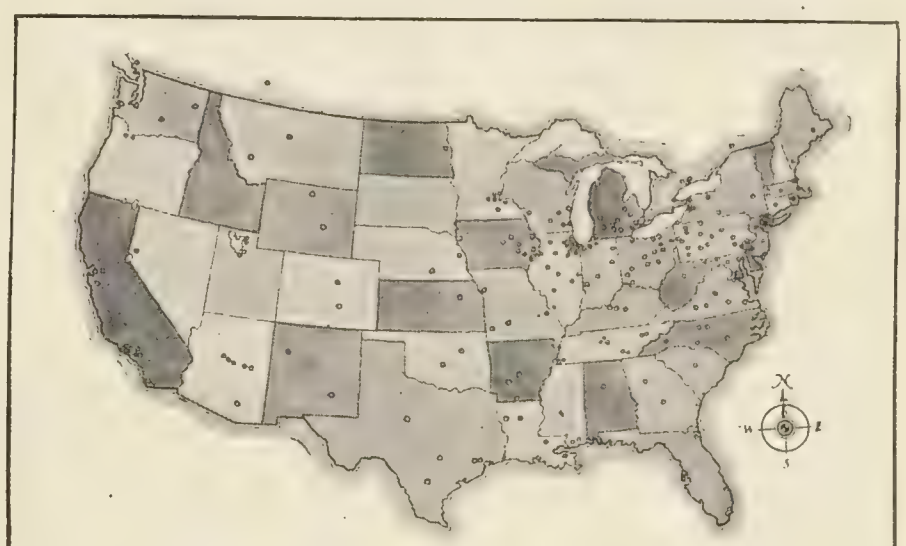

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Parents AS SEEN BY THEIR *CHILDREN*

By DR. C. W. KIMMINS

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

How the "Child Terror" Studies the Old Folks and Shows Character by Impertinences

AN ill-tempered father and a neurotic mother have a few words.

A CHILD having been told by his mother that if he did not stop eating pastry he would burst, replied courageously, "All right, mother; pass the cakes and get out of the way."

Another, having been warned that if she persisted in being such a naughty girl she would never go to Heaven, retorted philosophically, "Well, mother, I have been to the pictures and the zoo and the museum; you can't go everywhere."

A study of the naivete of children throws much light upon the opinions they form of their parents, and their early insight into parental weaknesses are clearly evidenced in their behavior and in their discovery of the easiest way of reaching desired ends by playing up to the weaker points of their parents' armor.

For the successful criticism of the parents in early childhood much depends upon the presence in the family group of other young children. The only child is at a great disadvantage in this respect, and is generally a far more docile creature, yielding readily to discipline and retaining for a much longer period that feeling of dependence on the mother which is a severe handicap in after life.

The conspiracy of a small circle of children to work together for a common object against the frigid rule of authority is a wholesome influence in the home, and encourages a fighting and critical attitude of mind which will prove of great value in the struggle of existence. Moreover, the parents in the presence of a more or less organized opposition are conscious of being under constant observation, and if they are wise they will attempt to become worthy objects of scrutiny.

In some cases children increase the joy of life by pretending to misunderstand parental injunctions, as in the following instances:

A mother was giving a tea party and was anxious that her boy produce a good impression on the visitors. After being dressed for the occasion he made a great noise by stamping down the stairs to the drawing-room.

His mother said, "Now, Johnny, go upstairs again and show these ladies how quietly you can come down." After a noiseless interval he again appeared and was commended by his mother.

"Yes, mother," he said; "I slid down the banister this time."

A little girl was going out to a tea party. Just as she was leaving, her mother gave her the final instruction.

"Be very careful to be polite, dear," she said. "Always remember to say, 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'"

On arriving home the little girl said, "I had a lovely time, mother, and ate ever such a lot, and I kept on eating, and when they said, 'Don't you think you have had enough?' I said, 'No, thank you.'"

These stories clearly indicate that the observant child begins early to take advantage of the unreasonable requests of the mother. They mark the dawn of criticism of parental methods.

"Go and see what Tommy is doing, and tell him he mustn't," is often the attitude of the easy going mother to whom an unnatural silence on the part of Tommy clearly indicates mischief.

NOTHING can prevent a child observing his parents and drawing his own conclusions on broad general principles, and he pays little effective attention to talks from parent or nurse on the inexhaustible subject of good behavior. It is nothing short of a tragedy for an intelligent, thoughtful, observant child to be present when an ill-tempered father and a neurotic mother have what is commonly known as "a few words."

The details of such a scene will live long in the memory of this child and will effectively counteract any subsequent exhortations to good conduct. It is of no use to appeal to children to live up to a standard of morality and self-control which parents have so obviously failed to reach themselves.

The mother who, in the presence of her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Merchants Who See Where They're Going

THE merchant with a Remington Cash Register in his store is never in doubt about the vital facts of his business. He has them printed for him every day in simple, usable form.

These modern business machines embody exclusive features which provide the protection you would expect from any good register, plus more complete control of your business, and valuable merchandising assistance. They give you more than you thought a cash register could give. You should see a Remington before you buy.

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[PARENTS AS SEEN BY THEIR CHILDREN
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

child, welcomes a visitor with extravagant expressions of delight and who, after she has left, criticizes her in an unfriendly manner, completely neutralizes the moral instruction she may previously have given.

A mother is judged by her child by what she does, not by what she says. It is not possible for the mother to prevent a child arriving at very definite opinions with regard to her own conduct.

A mother, having had her attention drawn by her little girl to two gray hairs on her head, thought she would utilize it for a moral lesson.

"Yes," she said, "and those gray hairs were caused entirely by your having been such a naughty girl."

"But, mother dear," said the child, "what a very naughty girl you must have been! Grandmother's hair is all gray."

The mother very often gets the worst of the argument with an intelligent child. The child's cleverness of retort, in which he is a specialist, points the way to the necessity of more care being taken in the mother's line of criticism.

In the mind of the young child there is often considerable confusion as to the origin and nature of the family group. The absentee father is a case in point. The man who leaves for work before the child is up in the morning and returns after he is in bed at night, or the one whose business involves long periods of absence from home, does not serve any useful purpose as a member of the family group.

A boy of four years, having got up unusually early, was punished by his father for digging up flowers in the garden. His mother asked him why he was crying, and the answer was, "The man who comes here on Sundays hit me."

The exact relationship of the members of the group is often a great puzzle to the child of tender years. The origin of the family group is also frequently shrouded in mystery.

A little girl said to her mother, "Where was daddy born?"

"In Boston, my dear," said the mother.

"And where were you born, mother?"

"In Chicago, my dear."

"And where was I born?"

"In Washington. But why do you ask?"

"It seems so funny that we should all have met," said the girl.

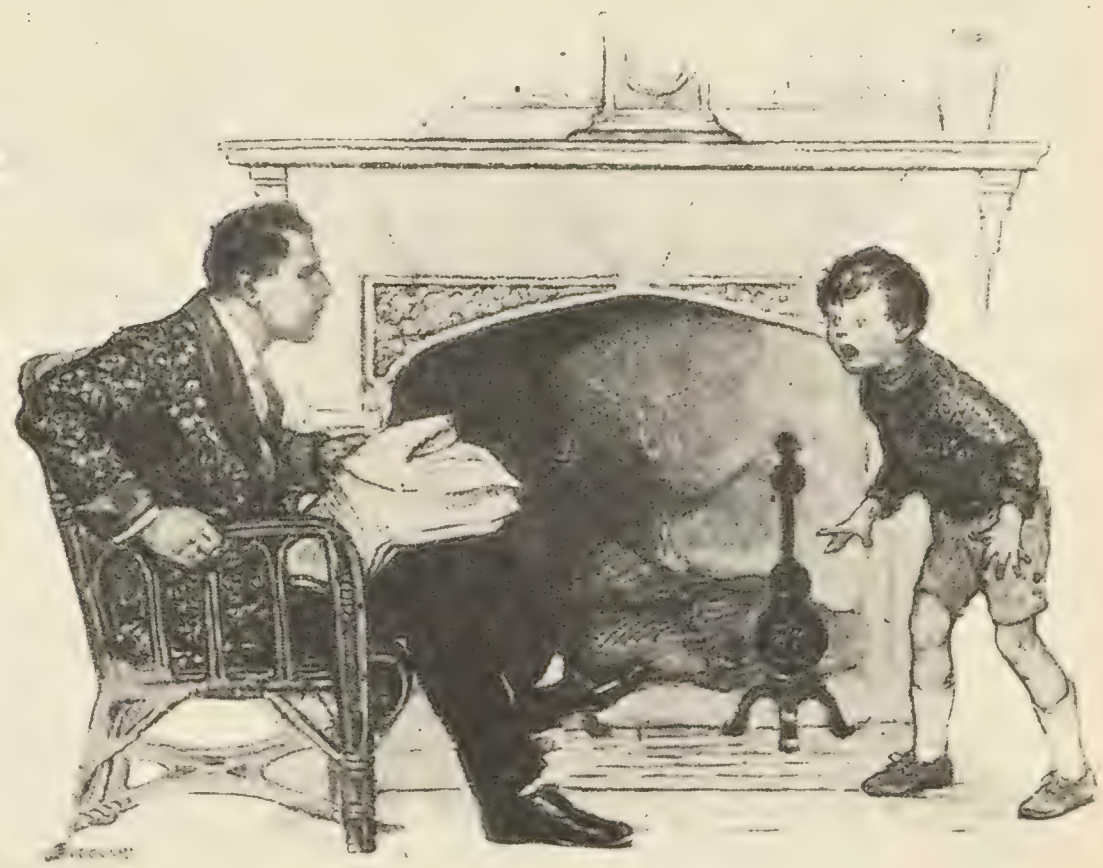
Later on, when the full meaning of the family group becomes clear, the child's attitude undergoes a great change. The age of naivete, of which the above stories are examples, disappears and the positions of father and mother are seen in their right perspective.

THE most pathetic element in child life is that during the early stages parents are placed on a pedestal by their children as sources of reliable information on every conceivable subject. The eternal questioning of the child is evidence of this.

Being under constant observation, however, the belief in certain moral qualities in their parents is undermined and advantage is taken of the discovery. Nevertheless, as founts of knowledge their position on the pedestal is secure to a much later age; but the day of reckoning will come.

It is a great mistake for parents to make guesses at information with young children. They are certain to be discovered sooner or later.

The man who replied to his son's question as to what was "the Eruption of Krakatao" by saying that it was an interesting new form of skin disease was inviting trouble.



"Don't you know it is very rude to speak when I am reading?"

The attitude of the father to the child is very different from that of the mother. Neither the adornment nor the physical care of the child is his concern. He naturally leaves such matters in better and more capable hands. His position is one of less immediate responsibility, and this colors all his actions.

His innate vanity makes him desire popularity with his children, and to attain this end he makes concessions which the mother cannot make, because her concessions of today would mean their incorporation into the natural order of things tomorrow.

THE father is as clay in the hands of the child potter. He yields.

The child zealously guards any advance of his privileges. The father tends, therefore, to become a demoralizing influence in questions of discipline, and the child finds him much easier to deal with than the mother. Father, however, is never taken quite seriously, and in the matter of "leg-pulling," at which the intelligent child is an adept, he falls an easy victim, as will be seen by the following examples:

A small boy asked his aged father, "Is it true, daddy, that the good die young?"

"Yes, my boy, quite true," replies the father.

"Then what a rascal you must have been," said the boy.

A little boy rushed into the room where his father was reading the paper.

"Father——" he began.

The father looked up and said, "Don't you know it is very rude to speak when I am reading? You must wait till I have finished."

After a few minutes the father looked up and said, "Now, what is it, my boy?" To which the boy replied, "I only wanted to tell you the water back has burst."

A small boy told his mother he was going to give his father a pipe for a Christmas present.

"But your father never smokes," said his mother.

"I know that, mother, but he'll give it back to me to blow bubbles with," replied the boy.

These stories are presented to show that the child does not hesitate to argue with and make fun of his father. He is more careful in taking such liberties with his mother. Experience has proved that such a line of conduct has been attended with unpleasant results.

When the child wishes to obtain some expensive plaything or is on the point of leaving for school and wants an ample supply of spending money, he is at his best. He brings to bear on the father every artifice which has proved effective on former similar occasions, and shows an extraordinary ability worthy of a better cause. The father is as clay in the hands of the child potter. He yields.

By the age of twelve boys and girls have obtained a very accurate knowledge of their parents' virtues and weaknesses, for they are the subject of many discussions among observant children. Parents also have moods, and these have to be taken into consideration as limiting the range of movement by the children beyond the confines of normal discipline while the moods last. The love for their parents, however, which is a very real thing, is a steadying influence, and makes their final judgments at this age unduly favorable.

As long as the family bonds are rigidly held stories of domestic infelicity have no meaning or interest for the child.

With the loosening of family ties, however, the children regard the shortcomings of their parents as appropriate material for merriment. They are now in a more detached position and view their parents from a very different angle.

The change of attitude toward parents at twelve years of age is not an isolated phenomenon. In practically all departments of human development a fundamental alteration in the outlook on life at this age is equally well marked.

THE END

ROPER

Complete Oven Control

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Symbol of Happiness, is the Roper Complete Oven Control. It gives the woman precious hours in which to protect the happiness of her home by keeping herself attractive. Health-building, mind-building recreations are truly hers. She may literally be miles away while the Roper does her cooking. She need never give it a thought, because cooking results always are—always must be—ideal.

The Roper Complete Oven Control does not merely measure the heat—it also circulates it. Because of the Roper Ventilated Oven, the food is cooked in fresh, moist air, rich in oxygen. Thus the secret of Roper Oven Control is its Completeness—in operation, as well as in saving of food, of gas, and of the woman's time.

This one feature of the Roper would justify its ownership in every modern home, yet you will find many other advantages when you examine this preferred gas range. See the Roper, where better gas ranges are sold.

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Give your little girl a "Baby Roper!"
A perfect miniature, all metal, 6¼ inches high. Doors open; grates lift out; utensils included. Send $1 for yours.

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Gas & Electric RANGES

BE SURE THE ROPER PURPLE LINE AND THE ROPER COMPLETE OVEN CONTROL ARE ON THE RANGE YOU BUY

Twelfth Dynasty statuette of King Sesostris.

The Greatest In the World

By HUGH FULLERTON

Photographs by Courtesy of the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THE world's greatest treasure is hoarded in one building in the heart of New York City.

Its worth is estimated at between four and five billion dollars and includes two hundred thousand works of art from all parts of the world and from all periods of the world's civilization.

In this magnificent storehouse more than two hundred masterpieces are adjudged priceless. To appraise them adequately seems impossible; they are valued beyond terms of money. And surrounding them are thousands upon thousands of other objects, scarcely less eminent, which make an almost immeasurable contribution to this fabulous collection.

More than a billion and a half of dollars—conservatively estimated—was expended in gathering this assemblage of rarities from all quarters of the globe and in placing it on exhibition where it is accessible to everyone no matter how lowly his station—in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The value of practically each object has increased many fold since it was purchased; and, critics assert, the worth of the grouped collections is double that of the pieces considered individually, because of the difficulty of assembling them in one place.

That the Metropolitan Museum ranks first among the museums of the world in value, scope, diversity, and arrangement is conceded generally by authorities, including Jean Capart, Director of the Brussels Museum, a recognized arbiter of things artistic and connoisseur of old masters in every field of creative effort.

Art lovers the world over have come to realize that here on the border of Central Park, easily accessible and without admission charge except on stated days, there lies open to them an assemblage of beauty greater in scope than that of the Louvre, the British Museum, the Vatican, or any other historic Old World collection.

The Artist's Son—one of the priceless Rembrandt collection.

Here may be found:

An Egyptian museum second only to that at Cairo.

The Morgan collection, which contains the world's finest examples of medieval enamels and ivories.

The most notable group of Rembrandt's masterpieces.

An unequaled collection of tapestries.

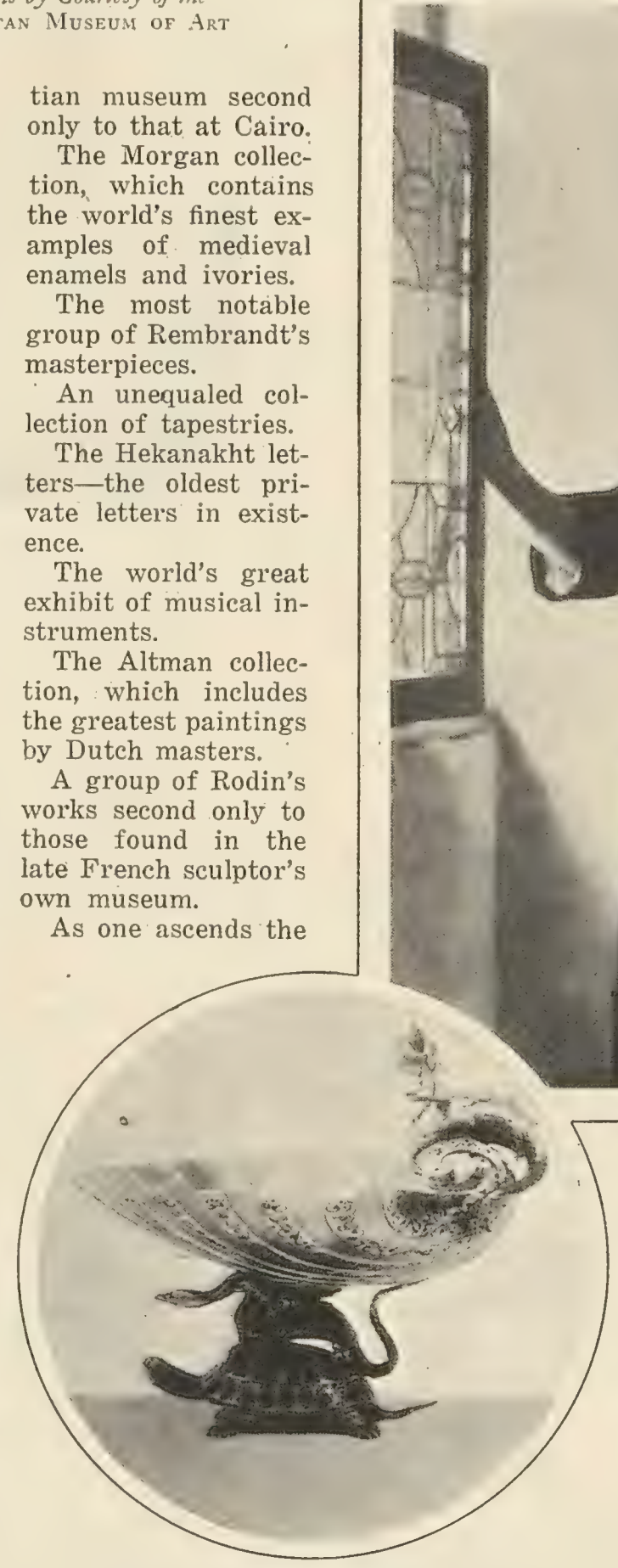
The Hekanakht letters—the oldest private letters in existence.

The world's great exhibit of musical instruments.

The Altman collection, which includes the greatest paintings by Dutch masters.

A group of Rodin's works second only to those found in the late French sculptor's own museum.

As one ascends the grand staircase, facing the main entrance, there stands the little figure of a horse. It is in a glass case and is about a foot high. The uninitiated visitor would probably pass it by. Yet if the director of the museum were offered a million dollars for it, two million, he would smile and say it is beyond price. For it is the world's only perfect example of Greek equine sculpture and dates from 470 B. C. This horse gives but a faint premonition of the vast galaxy of masterpieces that fill almost every niche in the great storehouse.



Cup wrought by the master hand of Benvenuto Cellini.

One of Vermeer's masterpieces—Young Woman with Water Jug.

No insurance is carried on the Metropolitan—against either theft or fire. Its treasures are frankly non-insurable, because if policies could be written at even an approximate valuation the premiums would be prohibitive.

There is probably no building in the world that is, however, so profusely and carefully guarded. Two hundred watchmen patrol the edifice during the day, and every visitor is covertly but minutely scrutinized. An intricate burglar-alarm system with a hundred alarm boxes and an alert central office adds further

TREASURE

Guarded by 200 Watchmen and a Marvelous System of Burglar Alarms, It Represents Billions of Dollars. You Can See It in New York

The only complete Etruscan bronze chariot in existence.

A million dollars could not buy this Greek equine statue modeled in 470 B. C.

Andrea del Sarto's Holy Family—the only picture in America by this master.

protection, which functions so efficiently that no article has ever been stolen.

The repositories for the exhibits and the picture frames are so wired that an alarm is set off the moment they are touched.

At night iron doors are swung on the room that contains the smaller golden objects. Three valuable pieces only are religiously removed to a safe. They are the Cellini cup, a gem of gold and precious jewels called the Rospigliosi Coupe; a jeweled Florentine pendant of the sixteenth century; and a small triptych (or triple picture, which folds together something like a book) from the Baron Selyslongchamps collection. These three are considered the most valuable of the smaller things in the museum.

More than twenty-two thousand art objects are added each year to the collection and there is space for thousands more; for the museum contains 280,000 feet of exhibition space and is capable of further expansion. To these new purchases there are constantly being added loans and private exhibits from noted collectors, which give fresh interest in the museum even among those who know it best.

The cost of maintaining and administering the Metropolitan is, roughly, a million dollars a year. New York contributes about three hundred thousand dollars, and the remainder comes through gifts and endowments, and from the five hundred perpetual members, the eleven thousand annual members, and a thousand sustaining members of the Museum Association.

To add to its collection the museum spends about four million dollars a year. Many of its endowments are for defined purposes or to buy special objects. Many opportunities to secure rich examples of art are lost through lack of funds.

This condition will be corrected when the will of the late Frank A. Munsey becomes effective. The publisher bequeathed the bulk of his estate to the Metropolitan, a gift estimated at between twenty and twenty-five millions.

Many private collectors purchase art treasures with the idea that ultimately their collections will go to the Metropolitan, and it is this generosity that has made the Metropolitan unique. It possesses at least five of the most valuable private collections extant.

Perhaps the greatest of these is the J. Pierpont Morgan collection, previously referred to, which is housed in the Morgan wing, where the gifts of the Morgans, father and son, are displayed. It is estimated that the Morgans spent close to $250,000,000 gathering these treasures.

The Altman collection, chiefly of Dutch paintings, the gift of Benjamin Altman, places the museum first in Dutch art and gives it the greatest collection of Rembrandts in the world. The museum now holds eighteen of these works—and an offer of a million dollars each would not be considered for them.

THE Marquand gallery, named in honor of Henry G. Marquand, once president of the museum, contains other priceless objects. The Dreicer collection, the gift of Michael Dreicer, the Cesnola collection, the gifts of Edward S. Harkness, the Riggs gift of arms and armor, the Rodin collection of statuary, the Johnston collection of Renaissance works, the Willard collection of architectural casts, the Crosby Brown collection of musical instruments all combine to make the Metropolitan unsurpassed.

There is a wide divergence of opinion when one seeks to discover the dozen finest objects in the Metropolitan. Critics avoid comparisons, but there is almost unanimity in naming as the most valuable masterpieces the following:

Greek equine statue on the main staircase.

Etruscan bronze chariot from Monteleone—the only complete one in existence.

Statuette of King Sesostris (Twelfth Dynasty).

Alabaster Canopic jar probably from tomb

[Continued on next page]

A Rembrandt gem—Old Woman Cutting Her Fingernails.

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

News Taken From the Daily Papers

A headline in the paper says "In their war China won't fight on rainy days." They don't mind getting shot, but they won't get wet.

* * *

Imagine a sign as you start to enter China: "RAIN. NO WAR TODAY." If that was the custom in this country, we could prevent all wars by announcing that all the fighting must be done in Portland, Oregon.

* * *

Another paper asks, "Where does a Florida Real Estate man go in the summer?" He goes to California to his all-the-year-round home.

* * *

A newspaper asks "Why does a President of a concern always talk at the Company's banquets?" It's an incentive to the workers, who say, "If that's all he knows, I may be President some day."

* * *

Another paper suggests, "The cheapest way to enforce Prohibition is to have everyone that drinks watched." Who is going to do the watching?

* * *

An article in a Business Man's magazine inquires, "What business in this country has the largest turnover?" Cucumbers for sup-

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

per have the largest turnover, with Fords a close second.

* * *

The Congressional Record, speaking editorially, says, "'Bull' Durham is the best Tobacco that ever entered these Stately Halls."

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here in a few weeks. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

[THE GREATEST TREASURE IN THE WORLD Continued from Page Thirty-three]

of Amenhotep IV (1358 B. C.).

Embossed casque made for Francis I by Philip de Negroli.

Gabriel Metsu's Visit to the Nursery.

Anthony van Dyck's James Stuart.

Rembrandt's Portrait of a Man.

Raphael's Madonna Enthroned with Saints.

Giovanni Bellini's Madonna and Child.

Carpaccio's Meditation on the Passion.

Vermeer's Young Woman with Water Jug.

THE new American wing, filled with the treasures of early America, was made possible by the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. de Forest and represents the history of the United States' development. The exhibition, with rooms from Colonial mansions in New England, Southern Colonial from Virginia, Early Dutch from New York and Pennsylvania, is unique, and preserves for Americans the customs and life of every stage of the New World. It is a new departure in art and still further broadens the museum's range.

The growing interest in the Metropolitan amazes the twenty curators, many of whom remember days when they had the vast structure almost to themselves. They do not quite understand what has brought about the change, but attribute it either to a cultural development among Americans or to natural love of art which has been fermenting for years and is just coming to the surface. Colleges and schools are gratefully cited as fostering the development of artistic impulses by their expanding courses in art and archeology even among children.

Yet the readiest answer to the question seems to be a change in policy of the Metropolitan. Once the museum had all the aspects of a cloister. Its treasures were in reality gems of purest ray serene, about which a dense silence hovered. Photographing of pictures was not permitted and promiscuous copying was not encouraged.

All that is changed now. Everything possible is done by the museum to make its treasures accessible. Reproductions are available, photographs are permitted, and copyists are welcomed.

The most vivid illustration of this change in policy is seen in the Manufacturers and Designers Exhibit which is held annually. Last year 100,000 persons viewed this link between the museum and the commercial forces of the country. First is shown the object from which the designer or manufacturer got his idea, and beside it is exhibited a finished product. This utilitarian feature of the Metropolitan has won it high acclaim.

THE END

A New Accessory of Feminine Dress—the

Velvet Grip Girdle Garter

Patented Feb. 10, 1925

Worn around the hips instead of at the waistline, the Girdle Garter is so comfortable that you hardly know it is there, and the stress is so planned that it cannot possibly slip down.

Ideal for dancing, gymnasium and sports wear; designed primarily to wear without corset or girdle.

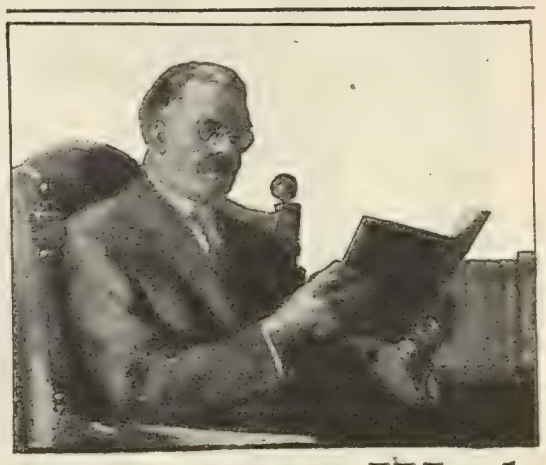
The Girdle Garter comes in different styles of webbing and shirred ribbon, in dainty colors and combinations of colors to harmonize with the prevailing shades in lingerie, and is equipped with the new Velvet Grip Clasp, having the Oblong Rubber Button with no metal stud in sight.

Prices range from $1.25 to $2.50.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY—BOSTON

Makers of the famous Boston Garter for Men

NOTE:—The Velvet Grip Girdle Garter is new and all stores are not stocked as yet. If you do not find it readily, ask your dealer to order for you, or buy direct—web garters, $1.25; shirred ribbon, $1.75, postpaid. Send hip measure only.



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LaSalle Extension University

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Tell me about your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

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MANNEQUIN

Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story

A Serial of a Girl's Destiny and the Law

By Fannie Hurst

Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg

ORCHID, lost to all sense of the passage of time, sat beside the body of Terry Allen. A fateful train of events had led to her finding herself there beside a corpse.

As a baby, when she was too young to remember—and was named Joan—she had been kidnaped from her parents, John and Selene Herrick, by her nurse, Annie Pogany, and hidden away in a slum. There in the tenements she grew into girlhood believing Annie to be her mother.

Annie sank into vice and finally vanished without a trace. Orchid, left alone, got a position as mannequin with the firm of Drecotte's. While there she met Martin Innesbrook, whose uncle, Max Innesbrook, owned a powerful group of newspapers. Martin and Orchid fell desperately in love.

Through the mannequins with whom she worked, Orchid met Terry Allen: young, rich, and dissipated. Though he made ardent advances, she loathed him.

At an important fashion show Orchid won applause in a certain French frock—a dress with a jeweled dagger as a shoulder ornament. Martin, captivated by the costume, impulsively took her out to the May-Day Fete at Max Innesbrook's estate.

By a dramatic coincidence the Herricks—Orchid's real father and mother, though strangers to her—were at this same garden party. So was the persistent Terry Allen.

Martin, obliged to finish an article he was writing for his uncle, condemning American juries for refusing to convict women killers, reluctantly left Orchid at the fete, in Selene's charge. Terry, despite the girl's protests, took her home in his car.

On the ride home, he grew more and more persistent in his unwelcome love-making. After Orchid had fled into her boarding house, and undressed, he entered her room through the window. A struggle ensued in which Terry pitched forward upon the ornamental dagger on Orchid's dress. It pierced his heart.

Martin, after telephoning Orchid and hearing mysterious sounds, hurried to her boarding house. He found the girl in a swoon beside Terry's body.

Chapter Ten

HANG it all, a fellow couldn't think. A fellow just couldn't think. That howling hyena of a landlady. What made Orchid stay in the swoon? It was too silly. Life had just toppled, that was all.

What made Orchid stay in the swoon? She must come up. To explain. That red-faced fellow — seen him before — sure enough — when I was a police reporter down in Seventh Precinct. Captain Gallagher. Well—well—what was all the row about? Why were they letting in that string of people? Note-books. Why the blazes was everybody writing into note-books? Measuring. Just as in the old days. The old police reporting days—out on a case.

"Hi, there, Captain Gallagher, what you doing here?"

"HERE—you—Steve!" said Captain Gallagher. "Make a diagram of the position of that body — no — chalk it around on the carpet."

"Hi, Innesbrook! Getting on, I hear. Looks ugly, don't it?"

"What?"

"She stabbed him, sure as fate."

"Who?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Jarnac is all your skin will ever need, My Dear; look at mine!"

One Essential Cream!

(Your Skin Needs Nothing Else)

AT EVERY TURN you meet advice on beauty. But the real truth about your complexion will go in one sentence:

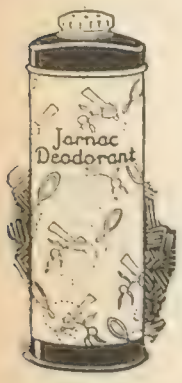
Keep your skin *clean,* and it will *grow* beautiful.

Let that scientific fact be the beginning and end of your confidence in cosmetics. Most imperfect skins are the result of trying too hard to help them. And *every* beautiful skin is a sign that it has been *let alone.* It has been kept clean, of course. For perfect, pore-deep cleanliness gives Nature its only chance to make a skin fair and smooth.

You *do* need a cream for cleansing, though. Soap and water to start the process. A careful cream to complete it. There *is* a cream that does completely cleanse the cuticle and purge the pores. It's called *Jarnac;* it's a French formula, but surprisingly simple and bland. Women can't get used to its mildness. It isn't even medicated. Yet the same thing always happens when it's used; a week or two, and your fingers feel the new softness; a new color comes, and stays. And for these reasons:

A cream made like *Jarnac* is not absorbed. It does its work and departs. It neutralizes every skin acid. It removes every pore impurity. It does not "feed" the pores. Nor "close" them. *A clean pore is never distended.* No woman who uses *Jarnac* two weeks will ever again worry about coarse pores!

"But I need a night-cream, too!" The same *Jarnac* is all you should use. And the special occasion—just before motoring or golf—or any trying exposure—*Jarnac.* It is always the dirt that does the harm.



In short, this one capable cream does all you may do for normal skin. Should yours not respond to *Jarnac,* we frankly advise a physician. For in turning to the things which promise miracles overnight, there is sure disappointment, and possible harm.

To be sure, there must still be *outer* aids to beauty. No modern maid—or mother—can spurn the adept dash of color deeper than conservative Old Nature provides. So, there's *Jarnac* rouge; but it's *moist;* a true blood-red you can't get in any form of dry color. Again, one complete product; for it is true color for both cheeks and lips—of any hue! And powder. *Jarnac* is what a world of women wanted, but only a coldly scientific laboratory could produce; *a medium powder of sufficient weight to stay on without caking or chalking, but of low visibility.*

Finally, where is beauty without *immaculacy?* There is now *Jarnac* deodorant. A deodorizing agent that does the work *entirely* through neutralizing. Alters nothing, stops nothing. Just completely removes *all* bodily odors. In the innocent form of a fleecy talc!

For your own sake, believe the story so many women already tell of *Jarnac.* That most, if not all toilet counters already have. But if not, here's a coupon it is hoped you'll use:

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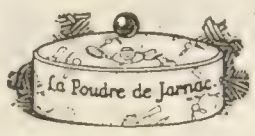
542 W. Randolph St., Chicago



I would like generous trial boxes of both—Jarnac CREAM *AND* Jarnac POWDER—and don't forget the little Jarnac book of Big Beauty secrets!

Name.....

Address.....

[MANNEQUIN Continued from Page Thirty-five]

"Martin!" cried Orchid, and opened her eyes and sat up and reached out her hand. "Martin, I dreamed—he—he—he fell forward and stabbed himself—he fell on the ornament."

"Sure he did—yeh—that's why we found him that way—laying face up with the dagger plunged in. He fell on it. Don't say anything more, little lady. Might incriminate yourself. Just sit quiet. We'll come to you next."

"Didn't you hear?" shouted Martin. "Didn't you hear? He fell on it."

"Yah, I heard," said Captain Gallagher, shifting his quid. "Here—you—Steve! Make a diagram of the position of that body—no—chalk it around on the carpet."

"He fell on his face," Martin could hear himself shouting to himself, but trying to stand calmly by with his hand on Orchid's.

"Martin—am I crazy? Martin—what has happened?—Martin—I didn't—do—it."

"I know you didn't," Martin kept saying, standing there, patting her. "I know you didn't, I know you didn't." And then, to himself, inside the yelling noises: "And—what's—more—I—don't—care—if—she—did. And—what's—more—I—don't—care—if—she did. No matter. No matter. No matter. She's mine through thick and thin—she's mine. Through thick she's mine—and thin——"

Suddenly the frenzy of the idea was so terrible to him—the frenzy of the idea that was chasing around like a captive white mouse within his head—that he cried out his impatience—cried out and beat with his fist at his forehead.

He wanted to rush out somewhere—everywhere—to gather in—to gather in to himself—somehow—the morning editions of the Sunday *Enquirer.* Destroy them. The morning editions of the *Enquirer,* already released in the hundreds of thousands and ready to leap at the public:

SEXLESS JUSTICE

GIVE THE WOMAN MURDERER HER CHANCE TO ATONE FOR HER CRIME

ONE thing about horror—after you were drenched with it, it made you numb as if a noxious gas had anesthetized you.

Orchid was grateful for the numbness. It always seemed to her, sitting there in the unbelievable, the absolutely incredible confinement of a cell, that if she were to stick pins in herself, small steel ones into her wrist or the fleshy part of her arm, that she would be absolutely impervious to the pain.

Incredible confinement in a cell.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Yours now, the smooth hair you've envied

EXASPERATING, the way your hair is forever getting out of place?

Don't put up with it. You *can* have the hair you've envied—smooth, well-kept—smart!

Stacomb is the answer. Stacomb keeps the most stubborn hair in place—*all day long.* Gives it a fine, healthy lustre, yet never makes it matted or greasy looking. Stacomb helps prevent dandruff, too. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores. Buy Stacomb today.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

Why, one only read of people in cells in newspaper headlines and political history. A print of Oscar Wilde sitting in his cell with his head in his hands had used to hang in the art department of the Titanic. But no one you had ever known personally.

Even down in Prince Street among the riff-raff the fathers of playmates had got into scrapes and been thrown in jail. But never so you could realize it in terms of cells. Just the prattle and talk in the free out-of-doors about fathers in jail. And, somehow, seldom mothers.

Being in one with a granitoid floor, a cot and a basin and a bucket was absolutely beyond the perceptions. Most of the time one was just insensate with the horror. So Orchid sat dully, just knowing that the pins plunging into her would not even have drawn blood. And the days stalking by. One by one by one. So many stalking wooden soldiers.

SOMETIMES there were people. To the clanking of keys; always to the clanking of keys. Wardens admitting them to the cell with a clanking of keys. The beat of the clanking of keys in her brain. The maddening beat—the maddening beat of keys clanking—of keys clanking—and the people were a part of the wooden soldiers. The wooden soldier of Martin, with his face the color of the granitoid of the floor, trying to get her to talk.

And there was never anything to say. Sometimes, at his eagerness, and the nearness of his face peering at her through the incredulity of iron bars between them, sometimes something strange and cold and angry in her, like the cries at night of the creature who had shared the cell with her until one of the nights when she frothed at the mouth and they took her away—well, sometimes something strange and alien and angry as this woman would arise in Orchid. At him. Those stripes down his face—sootiness—why, those stripes—were bars—between them——

He was afraid for her, there on her knees with her arms about his knees and her tear-lashed face up to him.

He was part of the system. Without meaning to be, of course, but still he was part of the system. He lived in that world out there. Part of the system. The mysteriousness. The vast, granitoid-colored system that was making it possible for her to be caught there behind the bars. While the days marched by like soldiers. The wooden, immutable soldiers. To the clanking of the keys. Clank, clank, to the clanking of the keys——

There was someone else tried to make you talk. With the same desperate kind of eagerness as Martin. And he was a wooden soldier, too. The wooden soldier of a lawyer. Deneen. Wilder Deneen.

He was getting something ready. Preparing a case. Dully, with the rim of her fagged brain, Orchid knew that.

But the noxious gas that anesthetized. The noxious gas of a memory; a memory that had made a hole in her brain like a wound. It hurt. The noxious gases of the smell of iodoform and roach disinfectant and prison corridors. And the tramping of feet being led somewhere and the clanking of keys. The clanking, the clanking of keys.

It was useless trying to talk. The keys hurt so as they clanked. And there was nothing to say.

That seemed the dreariest part. There was nothing to say.

If only Martin wouldn't keep coming and pleading and begging and pressing his face, sometimes, against the stripes that were between her and him. And coming. And coming. And begging to be forgiven. For what? Dear Martin. Those articles? Too late to recall them. No matter. Articles? Oh, yes, of course—dear old Mart—it was hard trying to feel enough to smile at him. What did they matter? What did anything matter? Articles. If only he wouldn't keep stewing so about them. As if anything mattered that much. Could ever matter that much.

It was useless trying to talk.

There was nothing to say.

CURIOUSLY enough, the days of the actual trial were not so very different from the weeks of the days of the wooden soldiers and the clanking of the keys.

The clanking of the keys. The days still moved to the rhythm of them. The clanking of the keys. The maddening clanking of the keys.

Except to Orchid now, the days were not the wooden soldiers any more, but the sea of the bloated faces. Each one a sea of the bloated faces.

Why, they were actually, the bloated faces, pressing against the windows from the outside, where they must have climbed. Up walls. And policemen were brandishing clubs to keep them from storming in and the sea kept lapping slightly within its basin of courtroom, day after day after day. Of the bloated faces. The bloated faces. The sea of the courtroom of the bloated faces.

The first day it had almost seemed that she must drown in that sea. Drown in the gaze of all the greedy eyes sliding over her and the little lips of the women, wet from running their tongues over them, and the beating Adam's apples of the men.

It was out of the question to faint. It was better to sit, just knotted, than to faint at your own trial. What if they should punish one for fainting . . . and yet, what if you couldn't help fainting? . . .

And then, after day after day of the just sitting knotted, the horror, too, became anesthetized.

Everything revolved, sometimes, in the courtroom.

The faces pressing in from the outside. The policemen brandishing the clubs. The reporters focusing their cameras. The typing and the scrawling and the running hither and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Are you following this advice of New York beauties?

Stimulate skin with this clear soap

They say "Use a soap that cleanses tiny pores full length without clogging them."

And they choose Jap Rose.

Because Jap Rose ingredients are so pure that they dissolve completely in water and are thus able to enter and cleanse tiny pores that coarse soaps would clog.

And the two tonics that Jap Rose contains stimulate the circulation—new health and color comes.

You can tell that Jap Rose benefits you by that delightful tingling that follows its first use—a sign that your skin is returning to normal.

JAP ROSE

The clear soap for a clear complexion

10 *cents*

[MANNEQUIN
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

thither of the stenographers and clerks.

Even, finally and austerely, the entrance of the judge in his robes, and the rising of the courtroom in obeisance to him, and the falling of the gavel.

Why, that was Judge Herrick!

THERE was a garden—oh, there was a garden somewhere and gray eyes that yearned so. . . . They were yours, yearning into the eyes of Selene Herrick. Why, there were the eyes of Selene Herrick herself out in the sea of the bloated faces! Day after day. Third row left. There was a garden. . . . And yet every day, here in the sea of the bloated faces—the eyes of Selene Herrick. The white, marcelled hair of Selene Herrick. The eyes of Selene Herrick were lighthouses in the fog of the bloated sea.

Day after day of the dim, the remote, the unreal procedure of the drama of the courtroom all around the nucleus of the prisoner's chair in which she sat, and there in the third row left were the eyes of Selene, into which she could look. Into which she could flee. Into which she could silently, and without a flicker of white impassiveness of face, sob.

. . . . . .

The picking of the jury—paneling, they called it—was a procedure that Orchid, with her poor rag of interest in things, could watch with something that was almost impersonal.

Jurymen. There was one like a tomato, a wide, overripe, fat little tomato, and the long, lean one was a plumber and his name was Slatt.

If only the clicking of the cameras, like flies buzzing, and the craning of the necks would not keep jerking her back. To the consciousness—the consciousness, however numb, that the picking of the jury was the picking of the men who were to determine everything. Absolutely everything.

That must be why Martin's face, out there in the sea every minute of every day, was all full of little seams. As if his anxiety were crawling. Crawling over his face in new, sudden wrinkles that made him look in a way that made Orchid always want to cry.

As if it mattered! Dear Martin, out there. I don't matter enough to bring one single line to your face. Your dear, faraway face!

Jurymen. There was one named Anderson and there was something he would not believe in. Capital punishment. Well, why—no, he was not a juryman: they were sending him away. There was another. The foreman, with a long, drooping mustache that made him look like a walrus. His name was Fudge. Herman Fudge. It made the courtroom laugh. Oh, Fudge. Oh, Fudge.

How drearily she could laugh, too, almost repeating it with the courtroom. Oh, Fudge. Oh, Fudge. Gavel. Gavel. Oh, Fudge, dear Martin. I'm not worth the crawling of the lines. Oh, Fudge, dear woman out there with the two lighthouses for eyes—dear, blessed, kindly lights—to think that you should care. After the way the shades were drawn. And to think that I should care so terribly that you care—when really—really—nothing matters. . . .

II.

ALL day long the jury sat in its stalls, looking as if it had no legs. Twelve of them from the waist up. The walrus had a glass of milk, into which he dropped two tablets, brought him every morning at eleven, and he sucked in the ends of his mustache and wiped them two ways with his handkerchief, and his eyebrows, too, as if they had tasted. The walrus was in the fountain-pen business and at the end of the trial presented each of his jury with one in a box.

There was a round, red-haired juryman named Baker who defied his name by being a butcher. He was the tomato. And a juryman named Duvonnie in the contracting business. And Slatt, and Mix, and Longini. Orchid could recite them all, down to the twelfth one, named Gwirt. It was part of the hideousness of the

dream, being able to sit there counting her jurymen. Naming them. Nicknaming them. It kept her from feeling the madness that came with the sense of futility of making them understand.

The terribleness of the district attorney The terribleness of that man. What if one should go mad—screaming, screaming mad with the futility of making them understand after the district attorney had waggled that finger so? The district attorney. Now cunning with his eyes weazened up. Now glowering. Now thundering. Now mincing. Now imitating. Now shouting. Now bellowing.

When the time comes for me to go upon that chair—that witness chair—and have him get at me with the bellowing—I want to die—please God—let me die—before——

THE bellowing. The cunning. The concentrated terribleness of the district attorney. His harping. His harping. On a scene which, branded there by fire, detail after detail, lay against her brow. If only—if only—God, why did you let me? If only I had not turned him face up! That look of the dagger having been plunged in. The district attorney saying and saying and saying that. The clanking of the keys in her brain were the district attorney saying-and-saying-and-saying that.

I tell you, he fell on it! I tell you, he fell on it! The shouting in her brain. The silent shouting of that through the days and then the anger for Martin. The strange, incongruous anger through her tears for him—out there—part of the scheme—God, won't you help them to see that Mr. Allen fell on it? That was his name. To think that someone just named Mr. Allen should have caused all this. The delirium. God, won't you help them to see that he fell on it?

What if I should fall all to little pieces when the district attorney begins to make the mouths at me and to yell at me and to mince at me and make claws of his fingers? Don't let him, God. Don't let him yell at me and make my brain fall to pieces——

The Deneen wooden soldier with the bulging brief case was kind. He wanted to help. If only he wouldn't keep coaching. What to say. When to say. Like a rehearsal for a play. A tragedy? A comedy? A what? As if there was anything to say except to tell it all. So simply. Except the shame. Oh, the shame of the ride into town. Orchid, with the poor numb edge of her brain, could never bring herself to face, even in contemplation, the sea-of-the-bloated-faces with such a tale. The tale of that ride into town. The slip of pink nightdress and the cloak she sought to cover it with. The dagger that, clutching to himself, Allen had pitched and fallen forward onto.

If only she had not rolled him over. That dagger sticking

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

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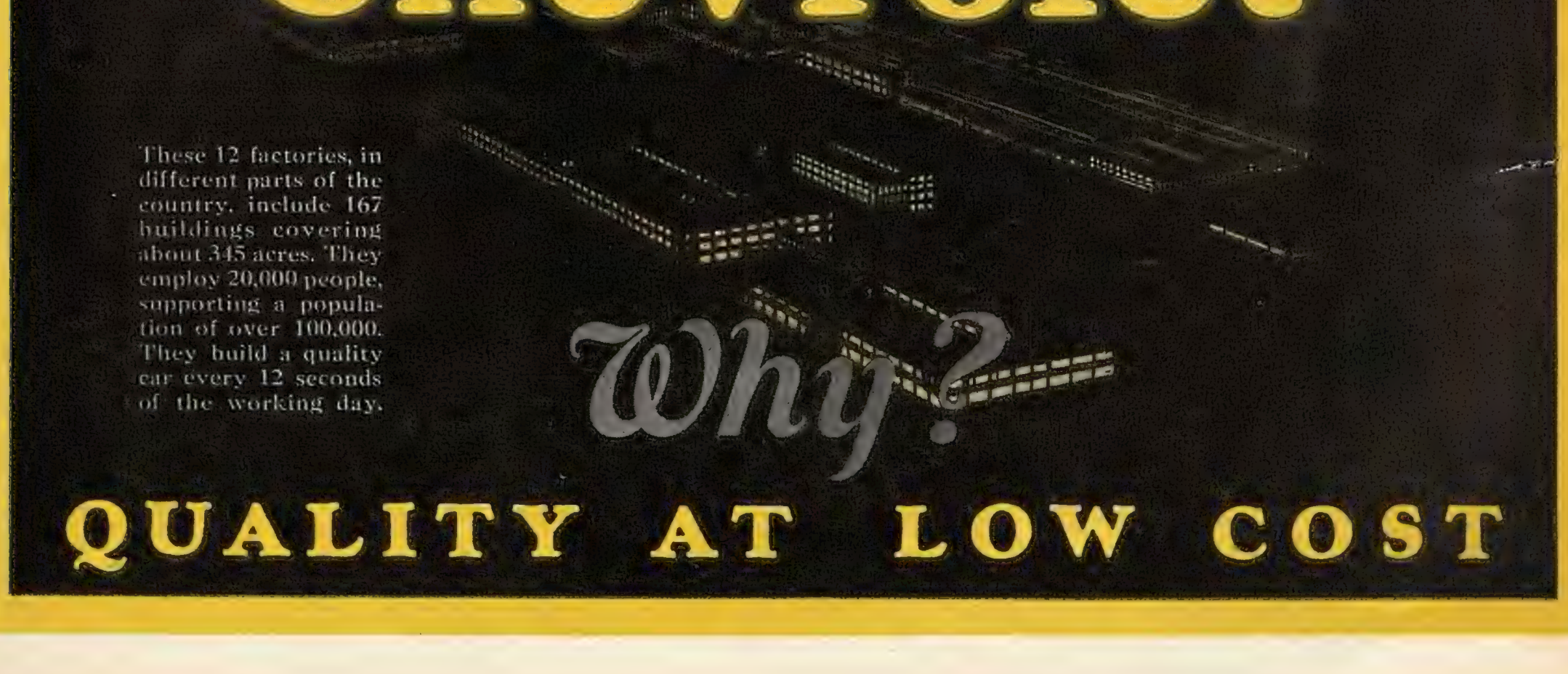

These 12 factories, in different parts of the country, include 167 buildings covering about 345 acres. They employ 20,000 people, supporting a population of over 100,000. They build a quality car every 12 seconds of the working day.

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will be ready soon.
Directed by Sam Taylor.

It isn't necessary to give you plot or story. The less you know the more you'll enjoy it, and take our word, this is the prize surprise package of the season.

• • • •

The ideals that Paramount has applied to the motion picture art in all its numerous productions for the entertainment of the world, Harold Lloyd has persistently cultivated in his field.

Harold Lloyd's productions are made by the Harold Lloyd Corporation. The public can rest assured that every production that his corporation makes will be as clean as the first snowfall.

Today Harold Lloyd is king of laughter, and Paramount is proud to pay this tribute to him and to have the privilege of releasing his pictures.

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The Price—Only $2.40 for the 2-qt. size. Just 24 cents per year for the first ten years—nothing per year afterwards—is all you pay for the satisfaction of owning the best.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

straight up. The witnesses were full of the importance of that. The district attorney. The doctors. Allen lying straight up with the cloak pinioned to him. Oh, God, make them understand I didn't know. He didn't even know. He fell on it—accident—Oh, God, won't you—please——

What if, when I get on the stand, those eyes—her eyes out there, the lighthouses, should desert me? Oh, Martin, with all those worry-lines crawling over your face—don't let her desert me, God. Don't let Martin desert me, God. Don't let the judge. If only once the judge would look at me!

It was true, the judge did not. Only to let his eyes pass slightly over her with the thin frigidity of ice. They were the neutral eyes of justice. They were the stern, calm, cold eyes of one who might have been computing to the featherweight the balance of a pair of scales. Scales of justice. It was as if the eyes of the Judge Herrick that Orchid remembered back there—back there in another eternity—back there in a garden—it was as if those friendly eyes had turned to pebbles.

They would not look. They would not look.

"Martin, why won't the judge look at me?" she asked him one day, through the bars.

POOR Martin, he answered her with one of the curious sobbing kind of slip-ups that tripped his speech constantly these days.

"It must be, Orchid, because public tension in this case is at such a peculiarly high pitch. For justice. As if it is not enough that he has the reputation for being the most fair-minded judge in the State, he has made a ball-bearing machine out of his mind, in this case, to weigh the evidence. To weigh. To weigh. The public is on guard, awakened, and I've helped to make it that way. Orchid, Orchid, will you ever forgive me?"

There he was again at the will-you-ever-forgive-me.

"Of course it won't matter in the end. Can't. Can't. We'll win. We'll win, dear. But, Orchid, you do believe me, don't you? You do believe that to prevent the rest of those articles coming out I walked on my hands and knees to my uncle? Literally, and I'm not ashamed of it. I walked on my knees to him to retrieve those articles. To buy them back. Orchid, I never told you, but I even tried to steal them back. Do you know, do you realize, my dearest, how I've suffered? Those articles appearing one after another, just when I would have sold the very heart out of my body to recall them. Not that it is going to matter in the end. I tell you, it can't. It can't. Justice won't let it matter. But the irony, Orchid dearest. Those articles appearing so successfully; so terribly successfully. Now of all times. The Greeks used to make their prisoners build their own pyres under them. I've thought of that so often. That's what I've done."

As if it mattered. . . .

"DO you realize, Orchid, that a dozen times a day, every day, since this trial has been on, the district attorney has scored point after point quoting from one or another of those articles of mine?"

As if it mattered. . . .

"Orchid, don't worry, dear. Let the district attorney have his day. He always rides in big in the fore part of a trial. Dearest, if only you will come out of your apathy. You've a bully lawyer. Deneen knows just when to crash in with his big facts. I won't be able to amount to much as a witness—the district attorney will see to that—but there's a way out. Only, dearest, you must help us. I—I don't ask you to use your sex, you know that, dear, only come to life. Out of your coma. Let the jury see you in the life. Not just the ice of your coma. That's been against you up to now, darling. That's what Deneen means when he tries to snap you out of your apathy. The papers describe you as icy with indifference. They are not clever enough to know that you are frozen with horror. Orchid dearest — won't you—can't you—thaw a little? For my sake?"

"Martin, I would, dearest, only—isn't it funny—isn't it terrible?—I can't feel anything. I'm so sure, Martin, I'm going to wake up and find that it is a dream."

"Orchid dearest, can't you, even if—if—if it's a matter of life and death?"

"Life—and death——"

"Oh, I don't mean it, but can't you think it is—that? Mightn't it help you to—to thaw? Let them see, dearest, what I know. What Deneen knows. That you're innocent."

"I'll try—Martin—I'll try."

"Orchid, when you sit there before them—your jury—bear in mind, dearest, that they want to know every little thing about you. Your humanity. Your sweetness. Make them realize your inability to have done that thing. Keep looking at me, darling, for the reminder. Doesn't it help you to see me out there?"

"Yes—yes—and Mrs. Herrick—do you think, Martin, that she thinks——"

"Don't let her think things, Orchid. Impress your innocence upon her—upon them all! It's the talk of the place the way she hasn't missed a single session. They even say she and the judge have quarreled and rowed on the subject. He doesn't want her to sit in on his cases. Most judges don't want their families around. She never has before, but she hasn't missed a session of this case. . . ."

"Do you think, Martin—she thinks—I — I — am — I couldn't stand that."

"Then show her, Orchid, the side of you that you must show the jury. Convince Mrs. Herrick of your innocence. Show her the sweet, warm, adorable side—the you who would be incapable—utterly incapable—will it help you to thaw if you try to show her?"

"I'll try, Martin. Oh, how I'll try—I couldn't bear it somehow—if—she didn't know. . . ."

III.

IF the judge and his wife had not exactly quarreled, it closely approached that.

Curious sudden perversity of Selene. It was as if, in the one case in which he most wanted himself free to marshal his unfettered forces, she who had heretofore so unswervingly aided and abetted him now suddenly stood alien.

More than that, not only was her unprecedented insistence upon being present at his court upsetting, from a deep-rooted conviction of his that a member of the family present at a trial was always disquieting, but, more than that, in this case it was frightening.

It reminded the judge, in its perverseness, of the strange, frozen Selene of those years after the loss of their child, when she had inhabited the remote alien regions of nervous breakdown. When Selene had lived for six months in a sanitarium. When Selene had been a stranger to him. When Selene had sat and brooded in a kind of enormous silence that was terrifying. When Selene took on sullen convictions and would not be deterred.

There was something alarmingly reminiscent of the poor lusterless Selene of those years of her nervous breakdown; of those

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Are you willing to bet the price of a good cigar on yourself?

MANY MEN who would like to enjoy the benefit of Alexander Hamilton training postpone their decision because they assume that the cost is high. As a matter of fact the cost may be met in monthly installments, at a daily rate which is less than the cost of a first-class cigar. Says J. O. Roser, an Executive in the Pittsfield plant of the General Electric Company, who recently finished the Course:

"It is surprising to consider that this Course is made available at a cost which is less than the average man spends for smokes."

Many men who know something about the Institute hesitate to send for full information because they believe that the Course involves hard, concentrated work. The fact is that the Course is presented in fascinating style, and can be read in a few minutes a day.

Says V. J. Faeth, General Manager of Winterroth & Co., of New York:

"I have profited greatly from the wealth of ideas the Course has brought me. The exceedingly interesting manner in which the subjects are treated was an agreeable surprise to me. I become so absorbed in the reading that I am reluctant to lay down the book or lecture when meal time or bed time arrives."

Men who take this training begin to grow immediately

"Within several months after I received the Service I had already received my money's worth in the valuable ideas the Course had given me."

Pres. & Gen. Mgr. Michigan Dental Supply Co.

"In single chapters of the first book I found that which will repay the entire cost of the Course and the time required to follow it."

Timberman
Portland, Oregon

"Within ninety days I had secured a new viewpoint and confidence that led to a change in position that doubled my income."

Advertising Manager
McWane Cast Iron Pipe Co.
Birmingham, Ala.

"From a study of volumes 1 to 5 of the Modern Business Course I have been able to increase my sales $10,000 last year."

Supervisor of Sales
Coleman, New York Clothiers

"There has come to me a grasp of business fundamentals that was once beyond my comprehension. I know that it is because of this that my salary has been increased so materially."

Electrical Specialties Co.
Detroit, Michigan

"I have received in a short time more facts and suggestions from the Modern Business Course than thru any other source of educational work I know about."

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co.
Toronto, Canada.

Only men of decision are invited to reply

We offer below the book, "Forging Ahead in Business," perhaps the most famous little business book in the world. It has had a circulation of more than 1,000,000 copies. Men have said of it: "Its pages gave me a complete new plan for my life; I began to make progress from the day I received it."

We offer this book without charge or obligation, but we particularly request two classes of men not to send for it.

(1) Men under 21. This training is not for boys, but for mature business men.

(2) Little men, of all ages. Men who let their decisions be influenced by petty things—a few cents a day or a few minutes of time a week.

Your progress can begin *today*

We invite and urge thoughtful *men to have this book—men who say, "I believe in myself. I am willing to bet on myself at least to the extent of a good cigar a day." Such a man will be thankful all his life that he clipped this coupon and read "Forging Ahead in Business."*

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Executive Training for Business Men

To the ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE, 471 Astor Pl., New York

Send me the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without obligation.

Signature.....

Please write plainly

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

[MANNEQUIN Continued from Page Forty-three]

years of her sodden sufferings and yearnings and self-reproach.

Never in all the time since her recovery had Selene even once desired, much less dared, break in upon the unwritten laws of their household.

No favors or dispensation to be asked in behalf of this or that potential voter seeking help.

No member of the family to visit the courtroom during a session over which the judge presided.

NO member of the family ever to question the judge upon the possible outcome of some important trial, or to break in upon his period of evening retreat to his study during the progress of such a trial.

Those were some of the unwritten, the inviolable tenets of the Herrick household.

Evening after evening during the procedure of a trial of importance, it was nothing unusual for the judge to disappear from the dinner table, to be seen no more until breakfast, or even to have dinner carried in to his desk.

And Selene guarded and aided and abetted him. And now, here in a case not only of notorious and spectacular importance in itself, but because of a peculiar tension of aroused public psychology one that demanded every ounce of his unfettered resources—here was the old, old alien, the remote Selene of those dreadful days following their loss. The old unreasonable Selene.

Her morbid interest. Her morbid obsession, rather, just because of what had been her first-hand meeting with the Sargossa girl. All this added to the trying, the difficult, the peculiarly delicate aspects of the trial in general.

It was not like the Selene of these seven years of her recovery to lose her control again this way. And all apparently because of the brief personal contact. It was upsetting, of course, having it happen so.

The judge tried to bear that in mind. Women could be like that. Supersensitive.

But not to the point of creating in Selene an insanity. An absorption without rhyme or reason. To the extent of causing between them the first high words in more than seventeen years. Selene dared to insist upon sitting in his court. Prating to him in terms of freedom of the will. The old wranglings between them that had marked those first few years of adjustment in their married life. Freedom of will. Courts open to the public. Intimidating him into surrender.

The frenzy of the idea was so terrible that Martin beat with his fist at his forehead.

"Selene, this is outrageous. I am ashamed of you."

"I want to sit in on this case, John Lester. You cannot forbid me the freedom of the court any more than you can any other American citizen."

Something strange and angry rose in Orchid.

"You are talking like a madwoman."

"Maybe I am—a little——"

"Well, then, it is a difficult and responsible time for you to upset my nerves as well. If you are so concerned over the outcome of this case, you had better see to it that my mind is kept clear and my nerves unharassed."

"John, John, I want to do that. Terribly. Only there are some things about this case, John, that I know with—with my heart—I don't exactly know how I know them, but if you would only let me tell you——"

"Don't you dare air an opinion in this house upon a case before me of this kind of m——"

"But, John, this once——"

"If you make it necessary, Selene, I'll take rooms in a hotel and not come home at all during the period of this trial."

"All right—all right. I have nothing to say, then. I promise. I promise. Only, John, if you love me, if you feel sorry for me, if you care for me—John, if you want to save me from getting a little — awful—again, dear—like before—I—John—I promise not a word—never a word to you throughout the period of this case—about it. I promise. I swear it, if you will let me sit in—at the sessions. That isn't asking much, John. I am needed there—I mean—I—I just want to sit there—quietly. Like anyone else in the court, just quietly, John. And never a word to you evenings."

The spectacle of her there on her knees with her arms about his knees and her tear-lashed face up to him.

He was afraid for her. Afraid for her. After all the years—the unreasonableness back upon her.

"John, if you don't, if you won't let me, I can't bear it. I won't bear it. I want to sit in—I have to sit in on those sessions."

He was afraid for her—for her sanity——

"All right, dear. All right, dear. Shhh-h, nothing to cry about. All right."

IV.

WHY, there was Toto—and Cyd and Denise and Clarice and Mr. Mandel and Myrrh. One by one in the witness chair. Usually only for an instant. A "yes." A "no." An "I-don't-know. I-never-saw-her-until-she-came-to-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"*Sorry*—
my dances are all taken"

NOT A DANCE WITH HER? It spoiled his entire evening. Other men had dances with her, but he had none. It seemed odd that he was always "just too late." Or—was that her way of deliberately refusing to dance with him?

Use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home—then you'll get the full benefit. At all druggists.

A great many young men are inclined to have a grimy-looking skin, spotted with blackheads and dull in appearance. And in so many cases neglect is responsible for this unattractive condition. Few men realize that this hinders their success in life. Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome this handicap by giving you a clear, ruddy complexion.

Clears the Skin. Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses the pores. It helps clear up blackheads and pimples by stimulating healthy circulation, and by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

Easy to Use. After shaving or washing, rub it in gently. Continue rubbing and it rolls out, bringing with it all the dirt and skin impurities. Result—a clean, healthy skin with clear, glowing color.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

⅓ of 60c jar for 10c

For 10c we send a special Trial Jar containing one-third of regular 60c contents. Contains sufficient Pompeian Massage Cream to test thoroughly its wonderful benefits. Positively only one jar to a family on this exceptional offer.

THE POMPEIAN CO.
Cleveland, O. Dept. E-4

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime (10c) for ⅓ of a 60c jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City..... State .....

"TWO INCOMES ARE BETTER THAN ONE"

Income beyond productive years

CONSISTENT investment in good bonds—embracing a definite portion of each year's earnings—has built up for many professional men substantial secondary incomes which will continue beyond productive years. To make such provision for the future is a matter of ordinary wisdom.

Our representatives are equipped to give you expert guidance in investment matters. Their recommendations are backed by a world-wide organization, with over fifty American and Canadian offices—a chain of investment service stations for your greater convenience in solving investment problems.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS - ACCEPTANCES SHORT TERM NOTES

[MANNEQUIN Continued from Page Forty-five]

work-at-Drecotte's." "To the best of my knowledge, sir." "Thank you, that will be all." "No, sir." "Yes, sir." "No, your honor." "Yes, your honor."

All except Toto.

Toto seemed to have more to say. Toto seemed wanting to help and the district attorney didn't want her to help.

"You say you introduced her to this man?"

"Yes; one day at the Ambassador show he says to me, he says——"

"Yes or no?"

"Yeh—sir——"

"Were you present at the party given at the home of the defendant on the evening of April second?"

"You see, it was this way: my friend says to me—he says——"

"Yes or no?"

"Well, he don't need to holler at me like that, your honor, does he?"

"ANSWER all questions put to you, miss, in the most direct manner possible."

"Yeh, your honor. Well, yeh, I was present."

"Was the defendant in the prisoner's chair your hostess that evening?"

"Yeh."

"Were there drinks?"

"Yeh, but——"

"How long did this party last?"

"I—don't remember."

"Four o'clock in the morning?"

"No."

"Three?"

"N-no——"

"Two?"

"Maybe. But there are some things I want to tell you about her that I can't get said with just a yes and a no. Orchid didn't want——"

"Answer to the point. Was—the *murdered* man——"

"Your honor, I object."

"Objection sustained."

"Was the *dead* man very marked in his attentions to Miss Sargossa?"

"Your honor, I object."

"Objection sustained."

"That will be all. Next!"

. . . . . .

It was simply incredible. All this. Simply incredible. The girls. What they said in just the "yes" and the "no" made it seem so different. It was as if clouds were coming up on every side.

I must thaw. I must thaw. For the jury. For myself. For Martin.

Orchid making a brave and thrilling effort to break through the horror that is keeping her dumb. Martin staking all on one audacious plan. Those are the high points as the trial mounts to its climax in next week's installment.

Beauty Lies in *Healthy* EYES

It's not so much the size or color of the EYES that makes them beautiful. Rather, it's the glow which radiates from them. Unless kept always clean and healthy, EYES lack this alluring lustre.

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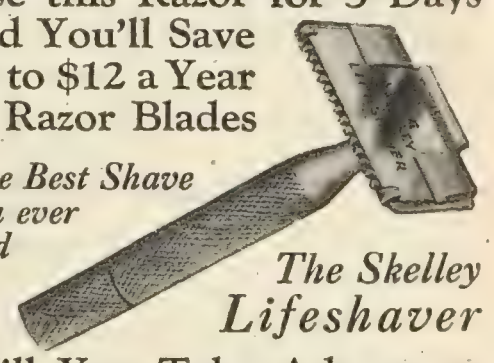
Use this Razor for 3 Days and You'll Save $7 to $12 a Year in Razor Blades

The Best Shave you ever had



The Skelley Lifeshaver

Will You Take Advantage of This Guaranteed Offer?

A perfect shave every day and just one specially tempered Sheffield blade for life! An even keener cutting edge than that of a straight edge razor, yet with the safeguard and easy cutting motion of a safety!

And there are other unusual advantages in the Skelley Lifeshaver: No removable or detachable parts, the blade pivoting from the shaving to the stropping position and the horsehide leather strop is attached to the beautiful calfskin leather case—nothing to forget—nothing to leave behind—no blades to buy!

Send No Money!

So delighted have been thousands of shave-weary men with the Skelley Lifeshaver, that by filling out the coupon below, this wonderful new heavily silver-plated razor will be mailed you C. O. D. Just pay the postman $5 plus a few cents for C. O. D. charges and use the Skelley Lifeshaver outfit for 3 days. If it does not meet every promise and demand, return it at once in good condition and your $5 will be returned. What could be more fair to give you shaving satisfaction and economy?

The strop is attached to the case. No taking apart of razor for stropping or cleaning.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

SKELLEY BROTHERS
Bryant Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me at once, C. O. D., one Skelley Lifeshaver outfit complete. If, at the end of 3 days' trial, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the outfit in good condition and you will return me my $5.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

How to Run a House WITHOUT HOUSEWORK

By BRENDA UELAND

Pictures by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

Washtubs, Dish Rags, and Other Instruments of Spiritual Torture Are Due for the Discard in the New Era of Family Life

WE are on the verge of solving the housework problem.

Since human beings have lived under roofs, the destiny of too many women has been housework. It is a hard destiny, an exhausting treadmill. Some few women like it. But women, when they marry and have children, become housewives whether they like it or not. Love of housework is not inherent in femininity; women inherit tastes and talents from their fathers as well as from their mothers, and their aspirations often resent being bounded by the four walls of a kitchen.

Housework is more disagreeable than almost any other occupation. It is an everlasting repetition without accumulative progress. There are no results to point to. It is three meals a day and wash the dishes—three meals a day and wash the dishes, with incessant bed-making and cleaning for a change. It is indoor work. It is solitary work. It has none of the compensations of work in an office or factory—new faces, the gossip and companionship of fellow workers, the possibilities of better jobs.

Housework does not require much intelligence—although many women approach it intelligently—and, at best, it is uninteresting.

The most ancient method of escape for women was simply to let someone else do the work—to hire servants. But that merely solved one problem by creating another. The servant problem is almost as bad (many believe it is worse) than the housework problem.

But now answers to both of these difficulties are at hand. First, by a reorganization which is going on in the whole status of the domestic servant. Second, by developing devices which so reduce the drudgery of housework that the housewife needs no servants.

Let's begin with the servant problem.

The scarcity of servants, the housewives complain, is "frightful this year." They blame the new immigration law, saying that it has cut off the annual supply of strong young cooks and housemaids.

The truth of the matter is that servants have always been hard to get. Read here what Daniel Defoe wrote about servants in 1726, in a pamphlet addressed to Parliament called "Private abuses, public grievances, exemplified in the pride, insolence and exorbitant wages of our women servants, footmen, etc."

"Women servants," he wrote, "are now so scarce that from forty and fifty shillings [$8 to $10] a year their wages are increased of late to seven, eight and nine pounds per annum [$35 to $45] and upwards; insomuch that an ordinary Tradesman cannot well keep one; but his Wife who might be useful in his shop, is forced to do the Drudgery of Household affairs; and all this because our Servant wenches are so puffed up with Pride now a Days that they never think they go fine enough. It is a hard matter to know Mistress from Maid by their Dress; nay very often the Maid shall be the finer of the two. Our woollen Manufacture suffers much by this for Nothing but Silks and Sattins will go down with our Wenches; To support which Intolerable Pride they have raised their wages to such a height as was never known in any Age or Nation but this. . . .

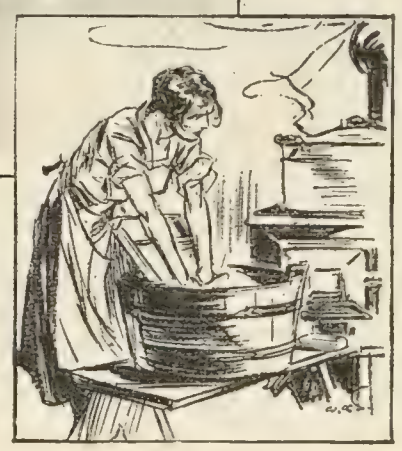
"They hire themselves to you by their own Rule. That is, a Month's Wages or a Month's Warning: If you don't like them you must give them a Month's Wages to get rid of them. They make their own terms with us; and Two Servants now will scarce undertake the work which one might perform with Ease."

This was written more than a hundred and fifty years ago. Yet, with somewhat increased figures for wages, it might have been uttered yesterday.

The reason that domestic service is so unpopular is this: first, the feeling of social inferiority that it engenders, and, second, the very monotony and drudgery of which housewives themselves complain.

During the World War the wages of servants shot up because so many of them found jobs in industry. But even now, when they are getting excellent wages—eighty and ninety dollars a month, with their room and board—domestic service of the old type continues to be unpopular. That's because of the idea of social inferiority that still attaches to this kind of work.

The lady of the house celebrates in leisure her emancipation from the servant problem and the washtub.



COMPARE the way the manager of a factory hires a new worker with the hiring of a new servant. The factory employee knows what will be expected of him—at least in the matter of time. The work of the domestic servant depends on the moral qualities of the mistress. She may be a good, indifferent, or a very bad employer. The very inquiries of the servant girl as to the nature of the services expected of her are often considered evidence of impudence.

"You ask too many questions," says the mistress. "I want a girl who will do all she is told to do."

And if there is no certainty as to time, neither is there complete certainty as to pay, for part of the wages are board and room.

But now all that is changing, bringing us one step nearer to the solution of the housewife's problem.

It began twelve years ago, during a very bad servant drought, when a woman put this advertisement in a New York newspaper:

> WANTED: A young woman to help with housework. Eight hours a day, six days a week, sleep home. Apply by letter only.

On the same day that the advertisement appeared eighty-five applications by letter were received and twenty more came the following day. All who wrote expressed willingness to do anything in the way of housework under the new conditions. Only one stated she would do no washing. Many who wrote had occupied positions which according to the present standard were far superior to housework. Another strange thing—many were

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Give Me 5 Days and I'll Give You a *Magnetic Personality*

Let Me Prove It —FREE!

I CAN so magnetize your personality that people will be drawn to you at once, irresistibly.

I can make you a magnet of human attraction so that you are popular everywhere, in any society.

I can show you how to use the amazing principle of magnetic control to win quick and conspicuous success in your business or profession.

I can place in your hands the key to supreme power and happiness—give you a great new confidence in yourself—overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have.

I can give you a glorious new magnetic personality so that you can influence the minds of others, attract people to you instantly, be popular and well-liked wherever you go!

Let me prove it. Give me 5 days, and if in that time you do not experience a new surge of personal power, if you do not find yourself making friends wherever you may be, if you do not discover yourself on the road to happiness, wealth, success—guided by my principles of personal magnetism—the test will cost you nothing whatever. You are the *judge*.

What Is Personal Magnetism

You have it—everyone has it—but *only the exceptional man or woman knows how to use it.*

Personal magetism is not a fad or fancy, not some sudden discovery or some new psychological theory. It is you, your manner, your self—made magnetic. It is a force as irresistible as the force of the actual magnet, drawing a bit of steel to itself. No leader of men has long survived without it. No great orator or musician or actor can hold audiences spellbound without it. No salesman, no business man, can win an outstanding success without it. Personal magnetism! It is your greatest capital—greater by far than wealth, than good looks. It is you, made magnetic! It is you, with a personality so fascinating and irresistible that people are drawn to you as steel is drawn to a magnet!

Think what personal magnetism will mean to you in business, in your contact with men and women. You will win! You will get what you want!

My Method Releases Your Personal Magnetism

No long course of study. No tedious mental exercises. Not the slightest inconvenience or self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities—and makes you almost a new person from what you were before. A principle that never fails to work, because it conspires with Nature to make you the dynamic, forceful, fascinating person you were intended to be.

You will be astounded to see how popular you quickly become—how people are drawn to you. Never again will you feel lonesome at a party—forgotten in a crowd! You will be—MAGNETIC!

Not Hypnotism—But Magnetism!

Please do not mistake my method for hypnotism. Its laws and its results are exactly opposite. Hypnotism deadens—magnetism imparts a joyous exhilaration to body and mind. Hypnotism paralyzes the will—magnetism animates, inspires, sharpens, and strengthens the mental faculties.

The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into a beautiful, extra large size volume under the title of "The Cultivation of Personal Magnetism." This book gives you the key to a magnetic personality in only five days—or it costs you nothing. That is my free proof offer to you. The study and scope of Personal Magnetism is as broad as life itself. "Fires of Magnetism," "Sex Influences," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "The Road to Power," and "The Winning Personality" are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book.

Remember My 5-Day Free Proof Offer! Send Off the Coupon *TODAY!*

You must see this book for yourself—examine it—let it influence indelibly your own personality. Merely mail coupon below and this remarkable volume, with cover in handsome dark burgundy cloth, gold embossed, will be sent you by return mail for 5 days' free examination. If you aren't stirred and inspired in the 5-day free period, return it and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit only $3 in full payment. You are the sole judge. You do not pay unless you are delighted. You simply can't delay! Clip and mail this coupon NOW. Ralston University Press, Dept. 84-B, Meriden, Conn.

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Dept. 84-B, Meriden, Conn.

All right—I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Cultivation of Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION in my home. Within the 5 days I will either remit the special low price of only $3.00, in full payment, or return it without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[HOW TO RUN A HOUSE WITHOUT HOUSEWORK Continued from Page Forty-seven]

willing to board and lodge themselves for no more than the usual wages.

This small advertisement with its remarkable results seems to explain the most important phase of the servant problem. The discovery resulted in the organizing in New York City of Scientific Housekeeping, Incorporated. This organization provides well trained houseworkers to women who are in need of servants. But these "household employees," as they are called, neither sleep nor eat at the house of the mistress. They bring their own lunch. Their wages are twenty-five dollars a week, somewhat higher than those of the usual domestic. If asked to work more than eight hours, they are paid for overtime. They do not get their room and board.

IF a woman wants a servant, she goes to Scientific Housekeeping, Incorporated. She explains what her needs are. One of the staff of the organization goes to the woman's house to make a "job analysis." Thanks to the development of domestic science, housework is now standardized so that all the work can be scheduled and timed. For in this way only is it possible to discard the old saying that "woman's work is never done."

After the "job analysis," the Scientific Housekeeping, Incorporated, works out a schedule of the work in that particular house, and a well trained, capable, eight-hour-a-day servant is sent to take charge of it.

For example: A household employee may be given this schedule:

7 A. M.—10 A. M.	3 Hours
12 M.—3 P. M.	3 Hours
6 P. M.—8 P. M.	2 Hours
Total	8 Hours

Between seven and ten in the morning this servant prepares and serves breakfast, washes the dishes, and does the chamber work. She is off for two hours. She works from noon until three. An hour and a half is enough to serve and clean up after lunch for a small family. Then there is an hour and a half for sewing, ironing, cleaning silver, or other odd jobs. She works again from six until eight, getting dinner, serving it, and cleaning up afterward.

The workers are capable and happy. Since they work with a definite knowledge of when they will be free, they work swiftly and contentedly.

The chief complaint against servants used to be that they specialized so. They will be cooks or chambermaids or nurse girls. But if you ask one of these specialists to do some work that is not technically hers, she objects.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Writers are born, not made

CALL it magic, madness, what you will—*something* of the creative frenzy must be inside you before you can be trained to write what editors need. Trained by the Palmer Institute of Authorship, that imagination can build itself into stories that sell at fair prices to magazines; sell later, at larger prices, to motion picture directors; may even be reproduced, edition after edition, in books of popular short stories. As a Palmer-trained writer, you are your own wizard and your own chief. Palmer training, though by mail, is uniquely personal. It can develop the peculiar kind of talent that may be yours, till you produce at regular profit For details, send coupon.

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AGENTS New Credit Plan

Make $50 to $90 a Week

Without Investment

Now you can have a wonderful business of your own without capital—a business that will pay you $2 to $5 an hour spare time up to $90 a week and more for your full time. You simply introduce and take orders for famous World's Star Hosiery, Klean-Knit Underwear and Silk Lingerie, a complete line for the family—direct from Mill. We ship you the goods and trust you. You deliver and pay us when you collect. Your profit begins at once. No experience necessary. No matter what you're doing now—if you want to make more money, all or spare time—write at once for this new plan and complete particulars. How to start Free. *Established 30 years.*

World's Star Knitting Co.
2012 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.

Music Lessons WITH AN ACCREDITED SCHOOL At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our *Free Catalog* with details of course you want. Send *now*.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
258 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

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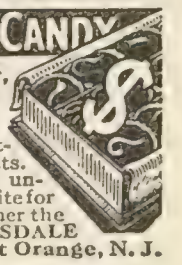

With less than $5.00 capital (for sugar, nuts, etc.,) you can establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Profit percentage tremendous. You keep ALL profits. It is YOUR business. Opportunity unlimited for both men and women. Write for big Candy Booklet, FREE. The sooner the richer for you. W. HILLYER RAGSDALE
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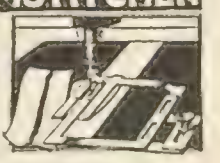

Money back guarantee. Greatest invention known for the housewife. Fits all sewing machines. Pays for itself in ten minutes time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by $275.00 machine. Pay postman. Money back in five days if not more than pleased.

Hemstitcher Co., Dept. 131, Fort Worth, Tex.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear.

Medicated Ear Drum

Address, GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
250 Hoffman Bldg., 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

But there was a reason for this. It was the only way a servant could protect herself from slave-driving housewives (and there are plenty of them) who would almost kill her with work. But when servants have an eight-hour day and a six-day week and are paid for overtime, then this historic reluctance of theirs vanishes. They work fast and eagerly and obligingly.

SO, IN the near future, undoubtedly there will be such employment bureaus in all the cities in the country. It will be possible for women who live in small apartments to have capable domestics come in for an eight-hour day. It will be possible also for women who have little money to get capable domestics to come in for shorter hours and at those hours in the day when help is needed most.

Even now, as the conditions of work for servants improve and the wages are high, a new kind of girl is taking to domestic service.

A New York woman told me the following:

"For the last two years my servants and those of many of my friends have been pretty, intelligent girls. They read D. H. Lawrence and May Sinclair and H. G. Wells. After lunch they have their coffee and cigarettes. My present cook is about twenty-five and has taught herself to be a truly marvelous chef. She can make delicious pastry, mousses, meringues, and candy baskets for ice cream. On her afternoons off she rides horseback in the park.

"The other night, some people called and asked why we had not gone to a certain concert.

"'Because,' I said, 'Margaret (the nurse) is at the Symphony and the two maids are at Hamlet.' All of which was true."

Undoubtedly when the working day of servant girls is no longer than that of shop girls or stenographers, when they no longer have to endure the snoopiness of disagreeable and penurious mistresses, then more and more bright, capable girls will go into domestic service.

But the real salvation for the great majority of American housewives lies in the development of devices that do the housework without the aid of servants.

It used to be the husband's standard criticism, when his wife complained about the difficulties of housework, to say that women were unprogressive.

"Look at what men have done with modern machinery to make their work easier," he would say. "You women are still living in the stone age—no progress, no improvement—doing the same old things just as your great-grandmothers used to do them."

Even the United States government recognized this deficiency, as witness a bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture in 1906:

"There is no advance in the mechanical improvements in the home compared with the marvelous mechanical improvements that have been made in industry. Why? Is it because of the exceptional difficulties that the technical problems of domestic work present? Surely the process of food preparation does not surpass in complexity the varied processes of mechanical industry. The answer is that as there has been up to date such a plentiful supply of cheap labor, inventive genius has been kept out of that field.

"It is the discrepancy between the low technical standards of housework and the demands of women for more leisure and for more congenial work that is the real cause of complaints against the servant girl. Evidently the cause (and the remedy) lies not so much with the servant girls as with the organization of the home.

"The boarding house is not indicated as the ideal of the future American home, but if a rapidly growing part of the population finds the boarding house preferable to the home, this is sufficient evidence that the burden of housekeeping is becoming too heavy to compensate for the possession of a home.

"When technical knowledge and invention shall have changed conditions to such an extent that it will be possible to combine domestic work with normal human existence, then the problem will be solved for the numerous women who are forced to be their own and their families' domestic servants.

"And the signs of such progress are not missing. Witness, for example, gas stoves, steam heat, hot water supply, breakfast foods. THE GENIUS WHO SHALL INVENT AN AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER AND POT RUBBER WILL BE A TRUE BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND."

This was said in 1906. To have predicted what has actually happened would have required a fantastic flight of the imagination. But there are actually in existence today devices that reduce to a minimum almost every branch of housework.

King Coal is a deuce in this household where electric devices banish drudgery.

Indeed women who cannot afford servants are perhaps better off than those who can. For the former, by investing in these labor savers, not only can gain leisure for themselves, but they are freed from the uncomfortable, uneasy, and often unhappy dependence upon servants that richer women continue to endure.

In the Home Economics Bureau of a utilities company in New York there is a frail, slim, intellectual-looking young woman. It is her job to demonstrate twice a day some of these remarkable electrically driven appliances that are revolutionizing housework for women.

"EVERY day," she said, "in order to demonstrate these things, I do a big washing in the morning. Also in the morning I give a cooking demonstration. In the afternoon I iron all the washing and give a sewing demonstration, and I serve tea and the cake I have baked to everybody who comes here. Then I wash all the dishes. These things represent a much heavier day's work than that of the average housekeeping women. Yet I don't consider it an exhausting or a difficult job. It is pleasant, and I am not fatigued by it.

"All the appliances that I use could be bought for an investment of less than a thousand dollars. A maid costs in these days, considering her board and other things, at least a thousand dollars a year. Besides, much time and money lost in labor turnover is involved in having a maid, and much mental uneasiness, dissatisfaction, and general unpleasantness.

"Now here are the advantages of these modern devices: The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Proposed plaza on the Dixie Highway

See for Yourself

the lovely home community Indrio is growing to be

YOU who expect to visit Florida this winter . . . stop off for a day at INDRIO and see America's most beautiful home town in the making. See the uniformly broad streets and spacious homesites which have made it Florida's most talked-of community. Drink in the beauty of its natural surroundings; play golf, go surf bathing or fish for finny fighters. And enjoy rare Southern dishes at the INDRIO INN, now open under ex-Fred Harvey management.

INDRIO lies 60 miles north of Palm Beach on the Dixie Highway, the Florida East Coast Railway and the Indian River, a picturesque inlet of the Atlantic. Whether you go to Southern Florida by motor or rail, you will pass directly through the town. Plan now to include INDRIO in your Florida itinerary. See for yourself why it is attracting so many older residents of now overcrowded resorts. A day in INDRIO will be profitable as well as pleasurable.

Send Coupon for Color Brochure

Even though you do not intend to visit Florida this winter, send the convenient coupon below for illustrated color brochure describing INDRIO. Now, while desirable homesites may still be secured for as little as a few hundred dollars, is the time to investigate INDRIO as a place to spend your winters or the sunset years of life.

PHELPS-HENDRICKSON COMPANY
Exclusive Selling Agents for
EAST COAST DEVELOPMENT COMPANY
BOX B-19, INDRIO, *Florida*

INDRIO
Florida

PHELPS-HENDRICKSON COMPANY
Box B-19, Indrio, Florida

Gentlemen: Please send me your illustrated brochure describing Indrio.

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Where Shall

We Mail Your Copy of This Book-FREE

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Thirty thousand copies of this book will be mailed free without cost or obligation to those who send for it while the supply lasts.

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Thousands have wondered why N. S. T. A. Members invariably make good, in a big way, right from the start, even though they have had no former selling experience, or why salesmen who have just plodded along with indifferent success quickly begin to outstrip their brother salesmen after becoming members of the Association.

Among other things, this remarkable free book explains just why success comes rapidly and surely to those who enroll for this amazing System of Salesmanship Training.

QUICK SUCCESS THROUGH N. S. T. A. TRAINING

Whether you have had selling experience or not, it makes no difference. The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training will enable you to become a Master Salesman in an amazingly short period of time. It will teach you, in your spare time, at home, the fundamental rules and principles of selling—how to approach different types of prospects to get their undivided attention—certain ways to stimulate keen interest—ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices, outwit competition, and make the prospect act.

Step by step this Training takes you through every phase of Salesmanship. Every underlying principle of the sales strategy is made as simple as A B C. Through the National Demonstration Method, you get actual experience on practically every type of sales problem that may ever present itself. And through the instruction in Character Analysis you will become an expert in reading character on sight—a valuable asset for any salesman.

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When A. H. Ward, Chicago, returned from the war he was making $20 a week. He enrolled with the N. S. T. A. and last year earned $13,500 and was elected an officer of Postl's, Chicago. J. H. Cash, Atlanta, Ga., jumped from $25 a week to $500 a month. M. V. Stephens, of Albany, Ky., earned $25 a week when he enrolled. His last report showed he was earning $125 a week. O. H. Malfroot, Boston, Mass., stepped into a $10,000 position as Sales Manager—so thorough is this training.

You will find hundreds of similar success stories in our literature—successes you can easily duplicate.

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City and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the North American continent. For years thousands of leading wholesalers, jobbers, and manufacturers have called on the Association to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both employers and members, and thousands have secured positions through this Service. Surely this is a glowing tribute to the thoroughness and practicability of our System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service.

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are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of Instruction for entire sales forces. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.

JUST MAIL THE COUPON THE BOOK IS FREE

To fill in and mail the coupon will not obligate you in any way, but it will show you the way to be a "star" salesman. It will pay you to let us send you this valuable and interesting book.

Fill in and mail the coupon and get it into the mail sometime today.

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WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST Exclusive SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. B-115, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship," and details of your System of Training and Free Employment Service.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....

[HOW TO RUN A HOUSE WITHOUT HOUSEWORK
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

night before washday you put the clothes to soak in the washing machine. On washday it takes not more than a half-hour to have them washed clean and wrung out. That a washing machine is easy to run is proved by the fact that I do not need to wear an apron. This is my best dress and, as you see, it has long, full sleeves. But they don't get wet and are not in my way. Since the washing takes only half an hour, this means there is much time to dry the clothes. They are ready for ironing by noon. To iron we have this mangle. We sit down and run the clothes through it. It is very simple. We can iron almost all clothes in this mangle, dresses and shirts and ruffles, because the mangle has an open end. For very fine work there is an electric iron. I always sit down when I am using an electric iron. Might as well. The entire ironing for a large wash ought not to take more than an hour.

"THERE is an electrical device that whips cream, beats cake, beats eggs, stirs puddings, stirs mayonnaise. I make two cakes a day. They are mixed and stirred in about five minutes. One day it was out of order and I had to beat the cakes by hand. It took me a good half-hour and my arm was lame the next day. The cakes I bake in an electric range.

"Then there are electric fireless cookers. You start the food cooking with electricity. When there is enough heat, turn off the current and the food continues to cook.

"There are refrigerating plants for ice boxes, which keep them much colder than ice and make neat little cubes of ice for water or cold drinks. These ice boxes also make ice cream and mousse and chilled puddings by inserting the unfrozen preparation into the ice box. This saves the nuisance of letting in the iceman, the soiled kitchen floor, the monthly bill.

"Then the dishwasher. This means that you have to wash dishes only once a day. You put them in the dishwasher after each meal. Then in the evening after dinner, turn on the water. They are thoroughly washed and scalded and dried in not more than ten minutes.

"And finally, of course, there is the vacuum cleaner to save the labor of sweeping and beating rugs."

Perhaps the real solution of the servant problem will be found eventually in almost all people giving up private houses and living in smaller quarters—such as flats—with electrical devices to do women's arduous work, and with janitors and elevator operators to discharge the other unpleasant features of a house's upkeep.

THE END

Not for a Million Dollars

As I sit writing this, a delicious warm sunbeam slants across my desk, a balmy breeze gently ruffles my paper.

I glance up to behold the sparkling waters of Manatee River with beautiful Tampa Bay beyond.

Laughing folks in golf togs pass beneath my window—some to the links, some to the beach, some to their wonderfully fertile truck gardens, orange and grapefruit groves, in which Bradenton leads all of Florida.

Graceful palms sway in the breeze across the way, rosy cheeked children go bounding by—it is life at its best. It is Bradenton, the jewel of the west coast.

I love it—I will never leave—*not for a million dollars.* Neither would you if you were here. Come.

BRADENTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Box 51
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Go Into Business for Yourself

We'll start you if you think you have any selling ability. You don't have to have actual experience—just so you think you could sell if given the opportunity. Ask yourself this question: Could you sell men's suits, made of the finest quality of pure Virgin Wool in the finest style and workmanship—guaranteed regular

$40.00 Suits for Only

$23.50

If your answer is "I can" we'll take you, provided you are honest, earnest and willing to work. If you have no previous experience, we'll train you thoroughly so that your success will be assured from the very start. If you're ambitious to go into business for yourself here is your opportunity. Sign the coupon and mail to Dept. 778.

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Stanley Ketchel

The Michigan Assassin

By SID SUTHERLAND

Two Seconds From the World's Heavyweight Championship — Then Broadway, a Bullet in the Back, and the End

PART FOUR

KETCHEL had promised Papke that he would repay him with terrible usury for the knockout the latter had administered to him three months before. Stanley lost no time that Thanksgiving morning in annihilating the champion whose title was won when he blinded the "Michigan Assassin" at the referee's command to shake hands.

In the middle of the first round Stanley reversed his famous shift and shot his left to Papke's midriff. He could have won in a punch when the Illinois lad arose and staggered breathless and half paralyzed about the ring. But he only laughed. Then he deftly, pitilessly, and murderously proceeded to beat the champion to a crimson clot.

And in the eleventh, as he promised, he shoved Papke heavily against the ropes, set himself, and caught the rebounding titleholder full on the mouth with a right swing so terrific that it knocked out some of his teeth and felled him for the full count, yet so skillfully placed that Papke was in possession of his senses when the title passed back to the extraordinary fighting machine who had demolished the ancient sport page bromide that "they never come back."

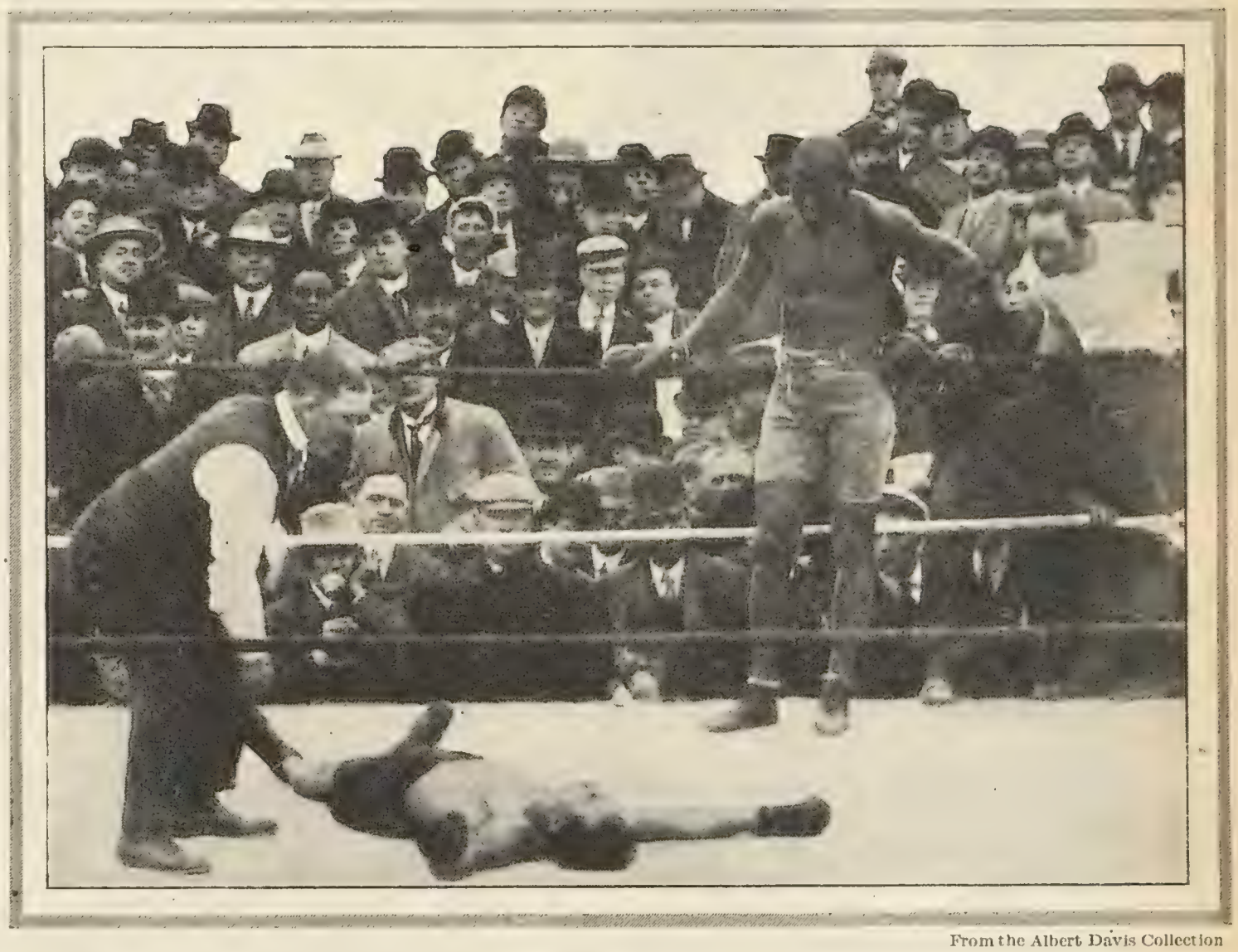
Beginning that night a Gargantuan celebration, it took Willus Britt and Stanley a week to collect all their bets, for they had wagered at odds with eager takers bets it would have taken Ketchel years to repay if he had lost.

A couple of months later Stanley showed his Grand Rapids admirers and his close friend, Sporting Editor Dickerson of the Grand Rapids *Herald*, a sample of his stuff in a three-round exhibition with Tony Caponi.

Then the pair hastened East, Stanley to experiment further with the offerings of Broadway's night life and Willus to continue the practices that had long passed the experimental stage with him.

Five triumphs, including a three-round knockout of the far heavier Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and a terrible twenty-round defeat of Papke, and Ketchel was ready to essay the most difficult task ever undertaken by a prize fighter.

In December of the year before—1908—Tommy Burns had unwisely permitted himself to touch gloves with the great negro heavyweight, Jack Johnson. In the fourteenth round the Sydney, Australia, police stopped it, and Johnson returned to America in the midst of a wild clamor that some Caucasian recapture the title.



From the Albert Davis Collection

Ketchel knocked out by Jack Johnson in their battle for the world's heavyweight championship.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

STANLEY KETCHEL, dethroned middleweight champion, is facing Billy Papke in the ring for the third time. The first time the "Assassin," as Ketchel was known, had easily bested his opponent. The second time he had lost.

Ketchel broke into the fight game while out West, where he had whipped four men in a dance hall. Soon he was fighting for himself. He won the welterweight championship from Joe Thomas and the middleweight championship from Jack (Twin) Sullivan.

Then he whipped Billy Papke. He granted a return bout which he lost when Papke smashed him on the bridge of the nose while the referee was giving instructions. Ketchel has trained faithfully for this fight, but Papke looked upon it as an easy victory, for the word had been widely circulated that Ketchel had wrecked himself by dissipation.

Ketchel, back on the Coast, wrote Dickerson: "Well, 'tis Johnson and not Burns. Too bad, because I could have beat Tommy without trouble. Jack is tough, a great boxer, and outweighs me sixty-five pounds. But we go twenty rounds at Colma on October 16, and of course I expect to beat him. The boys'll have quite a mark to shoot at as it is when I pass out, but if I can hang one on Johnson's chin it ought to give me enough fame to last a hundred years."

The world paused in its routine that autumn afternoon in 1909 to fix its eyes on the California arena where Ketchel, a pygmy beside the gigantic black, unmasked his heaviest guns against one of the greatest defensive boxers the ring has ever known.

For round after round the amphitheater sat silently watching the Michigan Assassin drive his fists into the body and face he could hardly reach. For round after round the master ring general concentrated on the grim need of protecting himself against the hurricane that was striving to cut him down.

And in the twelfth Johnson, grown more confident, turned to grin at a ring-side spectator. Quick as a striking cobra Ketchel lashed his right against the jaw and Johnson went down with a crash. The crowd surged to its feet, eyes gleaming, astonished mouths open. Johnson's long, beautiful ebony body lay face down on the glistening canvas. The referee bent over, his right arm rising and falling at rhythmic intervals. Ketchel, gloves on the ropes, leaned against a neutral corner, hazel eyes narrowed as he gazed at the prostrate giant.

At the count of seven the colored champion stirred. At eight he was on one knee, head shaking, arms hanging loosely. At nine he was afoot, crouched sidewise, fist dangling at his right knee, left arm extended to withhold the thunderbolt hurtling across the ring.

Victory in his clutch, such victory as had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Guaranteed Hosiery

Pleasant Profitable Work for Women & Men

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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Enclosed is P. O. Money Order for $1.25. Send me prepaid ONE pair Smartsilk Ladies Pure Silk (lisle re-inforced), Guaranteed Hose, also order blanks, color card and Sales Manual to enable me to start AT ONCE.

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Address .....
City ..... State .....
Color of Hose ..... Size .....

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To those who mail this coupon at once!

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Name .....
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[STANLEY KETCHEL, THE MICHIGAN ASSASSIN Continued from Page Fifty-one]

never come to ring hero in the long, glorious story of the game, fist poised to deal the last dreadful, killing punch that would clothe him with fame, Ketchel raced toward the huddled negro.

As he came within range the crafty black suddenly straightened with a long, swinging right uppercut that landed flush on Ketchel's jaw crushing the bone and lifting his body in an arc that ended with a resounding smash on the wooden platform.

There was no need for the referee to count—Ketchel was limp and motionless and out. As they carried him away Johnson leaned over the ropes to Uncle Bill Naughton.

"Ah hated to do it, Mistah Naughton," he said. "But yoh kain't monkey roun' when yoh is in the same ring with the Assassin. An' yoh can say in the papah that if Mistah Ketchel had patted me a tiny bit in front o' where he did, they wouldn' haf to worry about a colored man being champion."

They came to Ketchel, in the midst of his remorse and his companions, with the news that Willus Britt had been found dead. Some called it suicide and attributed it to grief over Stanley's defeat, abetted by overindulgence in some favored drug. Others said it was a broken heart. And many vowed that several Goldies would sigh with relief at his demise.

PILOTLESS, unhappy, nervous system tingling, Stanley went home to his mother's arms for a while, and then on East. He whipped Frank Klaus in Pittsburgh, and hit Broadway with a splash.

And on April 24, 1910, three days before he was to meet Langford, generally considered the most dangerous black fighter that ever lived, I saw Stanley Ketchel. He entered the Hotel Astor bar about nine o'clock that night.

Clad in faultless evening clothes which revealed his magnificent shoulders and slender waist, three huge diamond studs blazed from the white expanse of his mighty chest. His eccentricities, not before manifested, but presently to force his friends to act, were gratified by knee-length cowboy boots, into which he had tucked his trousers, and by a gray Stetson cocked over one ear!

And there, on the eve of fighting the mankiller Langford, the champion started at one end of the ten-foot free-lunch counter and devoured everything on it, the crowd watching him in silence.

"The greates' mistake ah eveh made in mah life," Langford said long afterward, "was in not knockin' out Mistah Ketchel that night in Philadelphia. Ah coulda done it easy; but ah was savin'

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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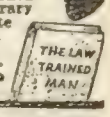

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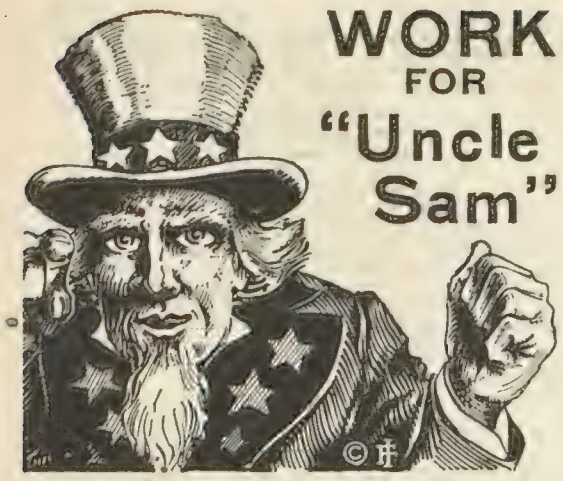

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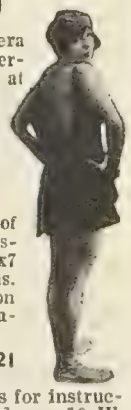

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INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
for that COUGH

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

him foh a finish fight on the Coast, where we'd o' got a big purse. Mistah Ketchel was a fine gentlemun and a great fightah, but I coulda stopped him on his bes' day."

Three more fights that summer, and three more K's for the final entries on his record, and Ketchel's real friends put him on a train for home. He stayed a few days on the Pine Island farm, kissed the mighty Julia and old Thomas and the four boys good-by, and passed out of their lives forever.

He went to the ranch of R. P. Dickerson near Conway, Missouri. Dickerson, a close friend of the Klecal family for years, had left Grand Rapids years before. He loved Stanley as if he had been his own son.

ABOUT the tenth of October, 1910, while trying to recuperate from his California and Broadway experiments with life, Stanley sent two wires to Leon, his favorite brother. One asked for his .22 rifle, so that he might amuse himself shooting rabbits. The other read:

Am thinking of buying farm near here. Send Jew and get ready to come yourself next week.

"Jew" was a hired hand on the Pine Island farm. But the telegraph operator made it "Jen"; and Jennie was a mule the boys used at the plow.

So Leon sent the little rifle; and, puzzled over his brother's request for "Jen," wrote to Stanley asking him why he didn't buy a mule down there. The letter was never answered.

Among Dickerson's employees on the ranch were Walter A. Dipley and the servant who lived with him as his wife. Her name—and the coincidence is terrifying—was Goldie Smith!

On the morning of October 15 Ketchel was seated at the kitchen table eating his breakfast, his back to the sun-bathed porch. Goldie was waiting on him. Dipley appeared in the doorway. He had Stanley's .22-caliber rifle in his hand.

"Say, you!" he called out.

Ketchel turned his head.

"My wife tells me you made an insulting remark to her."

The light hazel eyes blinked, then flamed.

"Oh, get outta here and leave me alone," Stanley said, and went on with his meal.

"I'm going to kill you, that's what I'm going to do!" Dipley screamed. "You're a prize fighter; but you can't come down here and insult my woman without paying for it."

"Oh, that's it," said Ketchel, pushing back his chair. "Paying for it, eh? Well, I'll show you how I pay guys like you——"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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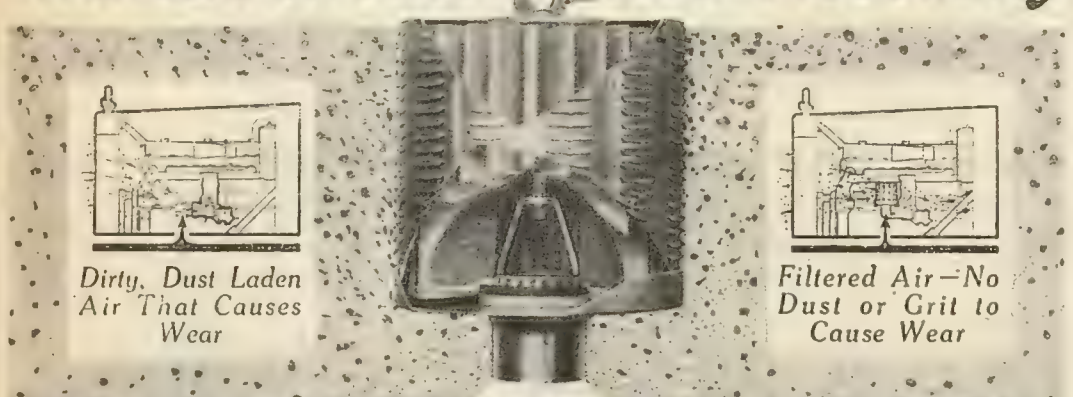

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[STANLEY KETCHEL, THE MICHIGAN ASSASSIN
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

"Don't get up out of that chair!" the other shouted hysterically, as Ketchel arose. "Throw up your hands or I'll let you have it!"

Terror threw the little rifle to his shoulder before Stanley could turn. And terror pressed the trigger and put wings on the killer's feet as he fled down the road.

Stanley stood a moment, trying to reach a spot just below his right shoulder blade. He coughed. The cough was a red spray. He swayed, and his throat gurgled as he called for Goldie. Goldie was running down the road.

The champion coughed again and fought his way toward the porch. He stumbled over the rifle and pitched headlong on the veranda just as Dickerson came up the steps.

An hour or so later a special train with the best surgeons in Springfield was racing on a clear right of way to Conway. Carriages and galloping horses met it and brought the doctors to the ranch house.

Posses were spreading out in the man hunt.

They brought in the weeping Goldie just as Ketchel was carried out of the house on a stretcher on his way to a hospital in Springfield.

AT twilight that evening the surgeons found the bullet. And as they looked at the tiny leaden pellet Stanley turned his face to the wall and died.

Three months later Dipley was sent to the penitentiary for life. Goldie Smith received the same sentence. They claimed self-defense; but it was alleged by the State that the two farmers who caught the fugitive found the huge diamond ring Ketchel had left on his dresser in the slayer's pocket, and that it was blackmail and robbery and murder. They got a pardon for Goldie; but they never have got one for Dipley.

Grand Rapids stood bareheaded as the coffin was lifted from the express car and taken to St. Adelbert's Polish Cathedral on the West Side, a few rods from where Stanislaus Klecal had played as a boy, the same edifice in which he had been baptized in his mother's arms.

More than twenty thousand persons crowded the temple and the streets outside during the obsequies, and followed the hearse to the Polish cemetery, a half mile beyond the city limits.

There under a massive granite stone sleeps the twenty-four-year-old boy whose untamed heart found rapture in his fifty-eight battles in the ring, whose deadly fist dealt forty-four knockouts and won ten other victories, who drained the goblet of life to the bottom and died in the swift race before he had scarcely left the starter's barrier.

THE END

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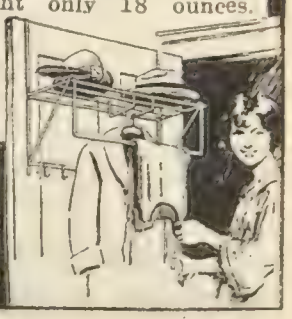

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The TREE *of* ROMANCE

A Story of How Youthful Love Fought Its Way Out of an Impossible Situation

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

Pictures by JAMES PRESTON

HER gold head bent and her soft gray eyes traveled downward to the hyacinth mules that covered her bare feet.

NOT for nothing had Ann Louise Marble spent seven years of her life in a French convent. If Sister Cecile could have seen her this April afternoon she could have spoken nothing but praise for Ann Louise's conduct—praise undoubtedly tempered by that comprehensive humor which had made Sister Cecile the most beloved of her teachers.

For not once in the entire twenty minutes she had been sitting there, with Tyng at her feet and Grandmother Marble at her side, had Ann Louise's gaze crossed the steady stare of the young man on the opposite bench. Not for a fraction of a second had her lashes lifted sufficiently for her grave gray eyes to meet his brown ones. So far as he could tell she was totally unaware of his scrutiny, unconscious not only of his admiration but of his very existence.

But Hugh Blair had not been educated in a French convent.

Hugh had frankly been staring. Never in all his life had he so much wanted to stare at a young woman—nor never before had he. She was quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen: her hair was fair, her lashes, over those elusive eyes whose color he could only guess, were dark and long.

Ann Louise, seated primly beside Grandmother Marble, turning her head occasionally to watch the approach of a hungry squirrel or an inquisitive bird, could have vanquished the hero of that highly moral tale, "Eyes and No Eyes," with her own shining pair blindfolded.

That he was a nice young man had been obvious to her from the moment when he first sat down and took from his pocket the book which lay, unopened, upon his knees. He was good looking, sufficiently tall and not too young, with an athletic flavor nicely balanced by intelligence.

"I think," she remarked aloud, while her gray eyes, which hovered everywhere except in the direction of the young man, turned from a peanut-vendor to her grandmother, "I think that I shall buy a bag of peanuts and feed the squirrels."

Her voice had the firmness of a voice habitually low, and Hugh Blair marveled at its clarity and sweetness. habitually addressed to the deaf, yet

Grandmother Marble contemplated Ann Louise seriously and appeared to weigh the matter.

"Very well, my dear," she agreed, and produced a nickel from the worn black leather bag on her arm.

It would not be true to say that Ann Louise was unconscious of the young man on the opposite bench as she sat, shelling her peanuts and smiling familiarly down at the little furry things which darted about her blue skirt. She knew that he was there and that he was watching her. She was faintly amused, imperceptibly flattered. Yet beyond that his presence did not touch her. How should it? For he was not only a stranger and a man, but he was a young man—and Ann Louise had never known a young man in her life!

At the convent the girls had talked of them—brothers, cousins, and those mysterious others who turned into husbands. But they were not for her, and now, nearly two years later, she accepted that fact with docility.

It was April in Central Park.

THE sunlight became perfumed in its filtering through young green leaves; it dropped to the earth and rose again, faintly troubling in its heavy sweetness. Grandmother was watching her—she always watched as though she expected a covetous earth to open up and swallow her—and the ghost of defiance rose within Ann Louise's breast.

The freedom of that young man on the opposite bench!

With her eyes defying her grandmother, she left the concrete walk and felt the softness and spring of new grass beneath her feet. Her bare hand went out, experimentally, and touched the branch of a tree; for an instant she rested her cheek against the rough bark, thrilling to the feel and scent of it.

Ann Louise's hand moved upward along the branch; her lips parted. A tree was a wonderful thing! A tree——

"Look, grandmother!" shouted Ann Louise, so saturated in the spring, so taken back

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TREE OF ROMANCE
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

through the years by her discovery, that she forgot completely about manners and the presence of people to whom one has not been introduced. "It is like the post office that Madeleine and I had in the convent garden! We used to leave letters there for each other! We——"

HOTLY a blush rose over her cheeks as her grandmother's startled gaze penetrated. With her blue dress fluttering in the wind, her cheek pressed close against the brown bark, one bare arm disappearing into the little cavity that was like the post office in a French garden, she looked like a young dryad—and the young man on the opposite bench knew that she did—and Ann Louise knew that he knew it! In the emotion of the moment Ann Louise denied all her training. Her eyes, luminous, with tears not far behind them, met squarely the brown eyes of the young man on the bench.

She had looked into the eyes of a young man!

Her gaze, so amazingly loosed from the discipline of years, crept again across the intervening concrete. A quick, darting glance—but his eyes were cast down now, and he was writing something upon a piece of paper! Ann Louise sat very still, waiting.

The young man rose to his feet holding the slip of white in his brown hand. Ann Louise held her breath.

She was a child, she told herself severely, a romantic, ridiculous child! That slip of paper which fluttered in the young man's hand—it couldn't be—and even if it were!—it was merely chance!

Her breath escaped in a great sigh as the young man, with the air of one who has performed well a difficult task, left the tree and sauntered, almost too casually, up the walk.

Ann Louise gripped the edge of the bench tightly before she rose to her feet.

. . . . . .

YOU ARE THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW. DON'T YOU KNOW SOMEONE I KNOW SO I CAN MEET YOU? MY NAME IS HUGH BLAIR.

TEN whole hours it was since Ann Louise's eyes had devoured that letter, four even longer ones since discretion had conquered other emotion and her fingers had torn it into infinitesimal bits. As she lay, so still, so wide awake, in the warm darkness, barely conscious of the even rhythm of her mother's breathing in the next bed, it seemed as though those twenty-four words were lettered in golden fire on the opposite wall.

There was no possibility of her ever meeting the young man who stated so simply that his name was Hugh Blair, yet now, basking in the peace of her bed, reading again and again that first love letter which had become written on her heart, Ann Louise could find only a romantic tragedy in the realization. Never to meet! *Never!* A tear of luxurious enjoyment rolled down her cheek.

The sunlight waked her; already her mother's bed was empty and in the next room she heard her voice raised in conversation with Grandmother Marble.

SLOWLY Ann Louise dressed. She wouldn't tell them! She wouldn't! Only once before had she ever so rebelled against their total absorption. It had been last fall when she had picked up a magazine which old Mr. Schuyler had left behind and wilfully read it through, from cover to cover. She could still thrill to the remembrance of one story, of a girl, doomed as herself to loneliness, who had gone out into the world and found business success—and love!

Why couldn't she, Ann Louise, go to work? she had demanded. Then, perhaps, they could have a larger apartment; then occasional dinners at their home would permit them to accept the offers of hospitality which had practically ceased beneath Mrs. Marble's consistent refusals.

"We cannot accept invitations which it is impossible for us to return," Mrs. Marble had explained.

No, there was no way out. It was prison, a prison from which she might emerge each

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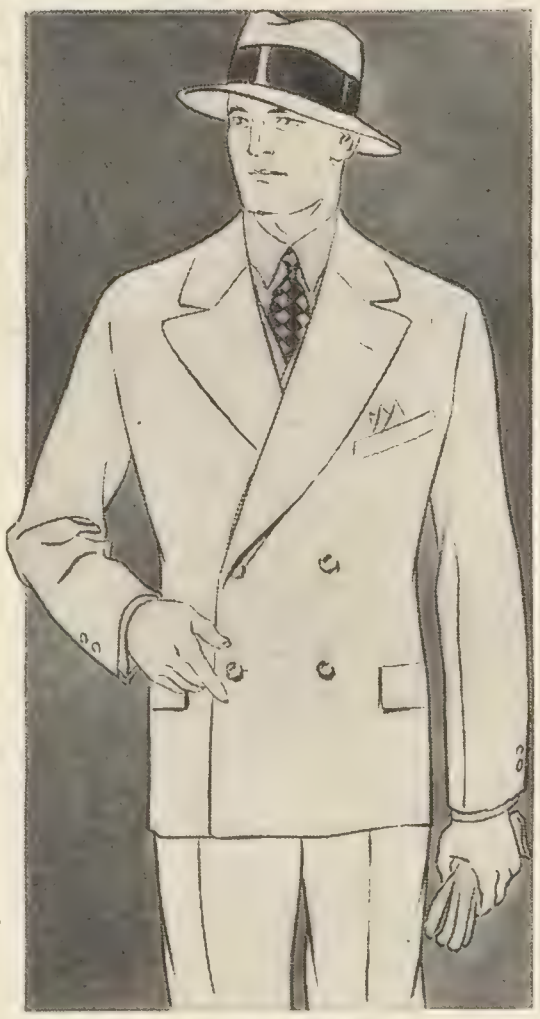

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day to make friends with squirrels to whom she was properly introduced by her grandmother, and whose hospitality she repaid in peanuts. Thank the *Bon Dieu* that the squirrels did not have to be listed in the social register! Yet undoubtedly she would not be permitted to invite one home——

Even in her unhappiness Ann Louise chuckled at the thought.

She darted a last glance into her mirror. It was an impossible situation. And there was no release. Yet——

YOU ARE THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW!

She entered the other room, smiling at the remembrance.

II.

"LET'S go over and see the lions, grandmother."

Ann Louise spoke so softly that the young man on the opposite bench could not hear, and though she was thrillingly conscious of his eyes traveling, pendulum-like, from her face to the tree-trunk wherein she had posted her letter, not once today had she permitted her own to cross them.

WE CAN NEVER MEET!

How could she look at him, with the cruelty of those four words freezing her heart? She felt dead when she considered the finality, the unmitigated tragedy of them. Never to meet!

Very probably he would read them and go away, and she would never see him again. Her love affair was ended; yet, for all the agony of it, it was something she might treasure forever in her heart. And when she was old, like Grandmother Marble, and free to go about wherever she willed, young girls would marvel at the tragic glow in her eyes.

The next afternoon Grandmother was interminably slow in getting ready for their walk, and though her delay gave Ann Louise time for much rearranging of hat and gown before the mirror, it was to no purpose.

He was not there.

Of course, he was not there! Nor had she expected him! She knew there would be no note, yet her face was imperturbable as a Chinese mask when her left hand extricated it from the hollow, while her right held out, temptingly, a peanut.

I KNEW YOU WERE A PRINCESS IN DISGUISE. BUT WE WILL MEET. I LOVE YOU. *H. B.*

At supper her mother noted anxiously that Ann Louise was given to unexpected flushes and sighs. Could it be chills and fever?

IT IS AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION. YOU MUST FORGET ME.

So Ann Louise's fine foreign handwriting. And this day he was there, wearing an orange necktie. The slimness of the book in his lap made her suspect that it was poetry, and his eyes never once left her face.

IMPOSSIBLE AND IMPOSSIBLER. I COULD NEVER DO THAT. I LOVE YOU MORE THAN YESTERDAY. WHAT IS YOUR NAME? *H. B.*

Everywhere flowers were bursting into blossom—oval beds of tulips and late crocuses, nodding daffodils and narcissuses. The sky bobbed with white clouds; it was like a sweeping blue harbor filled with sailboats in the sun, and Ann Louise chanted to herself plaintive little French songs, half forgotten, never before significant.

"I am going with you to the park today, Ann Louise," said her mother.

Ann Louise started guiltily. Could she suspect? Yet how could she? Stiff and sharp beneath the belt of her frock was a slip of paper:

THIS IS MADNESS. MY NAME IS ANN LOUISE MARBLE.

ANN LOUISE saw, around the curve, that he was not there, and though she felt that her heart must cease beating for disappointment, yet her breath came more evenly, for relief.

She fed the squirrels absently and her mother's eyes followed her watchfully as she slipped from the path to the grassed slope, approaching her tree. Closer and closer—her arm encircled the trunk. A baby, toddling down the walk, caught Amelia Marble's attention, and in a flash Ann Louise had dropped her note into the crevice. In a flash she resumed her former position, arm twined about the branch, face tilted innocently upward to watch the clouds through the overhanging leaves.

"Are you really and truly alone?" a low voice, close against her ear, demanded. "Oh, my dear——"

A brown hand touched her arm and Ann Louise trembled at the contact; she looked up into the young, brown face so close to hers and her lashes fluttered; her lips parted gently.

"Ann Louise!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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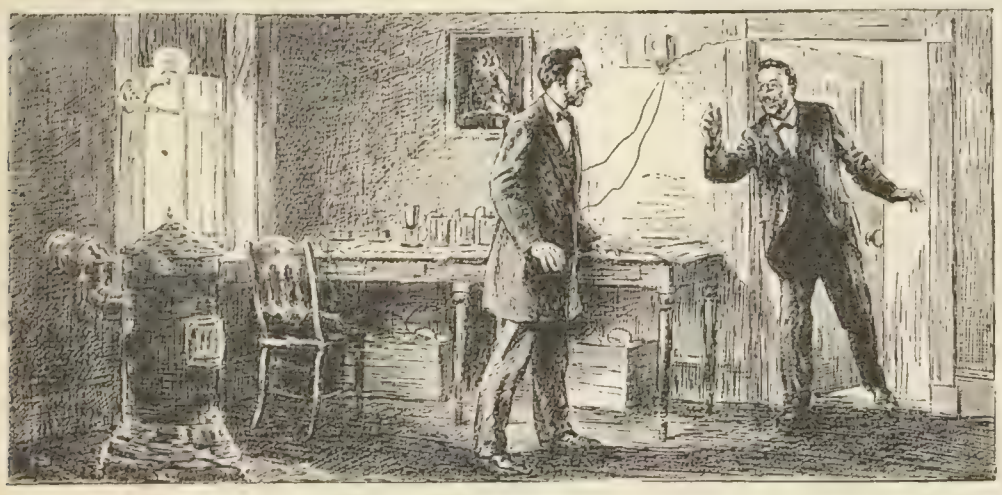

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[THE TREE OF ROMANCE Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

She swayed against her tree, clinging to it like a terrified dryad. Her eyes and the brown eyes of the young man turned reluctantly from the ecstasy of that long gaze.

"So," said Amelia Marble, "so this accounts for it, Ann Louise!"

"But, m-mother——"

"If you'll let me explain—" began Hugh Blair, brave even in the face of Amelia Marble angered.

"Taxi!" thundered Ann Louise's mother, and as though by black magic a square of orange grated to a stop beside the curb.

"There is no necessity for an explanation," she said.

No, there was no necessity for an explanation—nor would she give one!

IF it had been prison before, what, thought Ann Louise, could one call it now? Even the comradeship of the squirrels was denied her, and this daily walk, when she was wedged, like a sandwich filling, between her mother and Grandmother Marble, was a waking nightmare.

And while Ann Louise waited, warmed with the confidence of first love and the sunshine of her twentieth spring, Amelia Marble wrestled with her pride.

Ann Louise was disinterestedly aware of an undercurrent of excitement which ran between her mother and grandmother; after she had gone to bed she heard the murmur of their voices in constant discussion.

There were visits to Mr. Cartright, their lawyer.

For a long afternoon, while she and Grandmother Marble played checkers in her bedroom, her mother and old Mr. Schuyler talked in the next room, their voices rising and falling in emotion.

"I can't do it!" she heard her mother say. "I've despised that sort of thing so long—these hangers-on of society, these plotting, unscrupulous mothers——"

"But Ann Louise is so lovely," Mr. Schuyler remonstrated. "She deserves her chance at life."

Ann Louise heard, quite plainly, the catch in her mother's voice. "I know it. Perhaps you're right. Perhaps it's just my pride. And Helen's letter was charming—strange for her to have written now. But I've held out for two years and——"

The sunshine was dripping through the open window and lay, like a sheer scarf of chiffon, across the foot of Ann Louise's bed. Beyond the farthest roofs she could see the trees of Central Park and the green of their leaves set her dreaming. It was three weeks now, but he had said that he loved her. Why didn't he come? Where was he?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

As always, excitement surged gently within her breast as the three of them, Grandmother Marble and her mother erect in their black dresses, and herself pallid between them, emerged from the apartment for their afternoon walk. She stood, eyes downcast, as they waited for the elevator. Outside the sunlight was strained over a spring world. Perhaps today——

"Good afternoon, William," her mother addressed the usual greeting to the elevator boy. "A nice day. It—why, it isn't William!"

Ann Louise's lashes lifted in mild curiosity and remained poised, stiff, like a curtain which has caught, as her eyes met squarely the brown eyes of the young man, the clear brown eyes of Hugh Blair.

Hugh Blair standing, in the gray uniform of William, holding open the door of the lift, smiling directly at her——

Color flooded her cheeks and her hand caught at the neck of her gown. He had come! She had known that he would come, had known he could not have forgotten!

"Oh, I love you!" her eyes and tremulous mouth told him wordlessly.

"You knew I loved you!" answered his eyes.

No, Hugh Blair had not forgotten — but Ann Louise's mother had not forgotten either.

"Go to your room, Ann Louise," commanded Amelia Marble coldly. "I—" Anger, strong as her pride, yet more controlled, quivered on her countenance as she looked at Hugh Blair. "I——"

Ann Louise hesitated, trembling, and watching the young man who stood, still holding open the door impassively, as though he shared no part in this small drama.

Amelia Marble swallowed.

"I—" she began again, and gave up. Abruptly she turned and led her daughter to the door of the apartment, unlocked it, and swayed into the room. Within, she sank upon a chair, white-lipped and shaking, her dark eyes narrowed to slits.

Grandmother Marble and Ann Louise stood looking at her, almost in awe. There was something terrible in the control of Amelia Marble's fury. It was as though so violent an emotion must consume her from within, unless some outlet were given it.

"This settles it," said Amelia Marble at last. "This is more than I can bear.

"Ann Louise," she continued slowly, "you are going away this summer. You are going to have pretty dresses and slippers and jewelry. You are going to balls

"BUT I don't understand!" said Ann Louise breathlessly, at last.

and dinners and receptions. And in the autumn, Ann Louise, you are going to be married."

Ann Louise looked at her timidly.

AT the other end of the room the maid was arranging her frock for the evening, setting out the filmy underwear which her mother had bought for her, brushing off the little golden slippers, examining the gossamer fabric of golden stockings.

Ann Louise sat at the casement window, just at the left of the exquisite cream-colored dressing table with its array of jars and bottles, and looked out across the garden of Helen Prescott's home to the bay, where young Art Prescott was swerving the brown speedboat about in circles and hairpin turns. In the foreground Babs Tetheridge and Eileen Carter were finishing a set of tennis; Sally Prescott came dripping up the grassy slope from the beach, her bathing suit a spot of scarlet against the velvet of the lawn.

Ann Louise waved absently, and her hand, descending, caught in the chiffon folds of the hyacinth-blue negligee. Her gold head bent as she extricated it and her soft gray eyes traveled downward to the hyacinth and silver mules that covered her bare feet.

YOU ARE THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW.

Ann Louise thought of that, and of Sally's brother, and she balanced the hyacinth mule on the tips of her bare toes and swung it back and forth contemplatively.

AND IN THE AUTUMN, ANN LOUISE, YOU ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED.

The tinted walls of the room faded and she saw again her mother's apartment and the taut, white face of Amelia Marble.

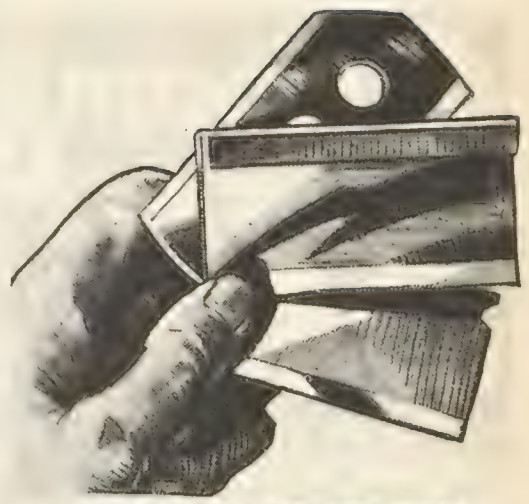
Only vaguely had she understood then. The flurry of shopping which followed Hugh Blair's appearance at their apartment house—and his equally mysterious disappearance—had seemed like the story of Cinderella. That the magic wand which transformed her meager wardrobe into these delectable heaps of silk and chiffon was in some way connected with Mr. Cartright, their lawyer, and the little oblong slips of paper which her mother had signed, she had known, but in what manner she had been too dazed even to wonder.

All of this loveliness, these fragile frocks and the close string of pearls that circled her white throat; all of these days, strung like other, more brilliant beads, of this life at Helen Prescott's, were in preparation for an inescapable autumn, the autumn in which her engagement to some young man would assure Mr. Cartright of the soundness of his investment.

The auction block! In her new freedom Ann Louise had read many novels; she knew, now, that those meetings in Central Park had been Romance, while this life at Mrs. Prescott's was Reality——

Where was he—the young man

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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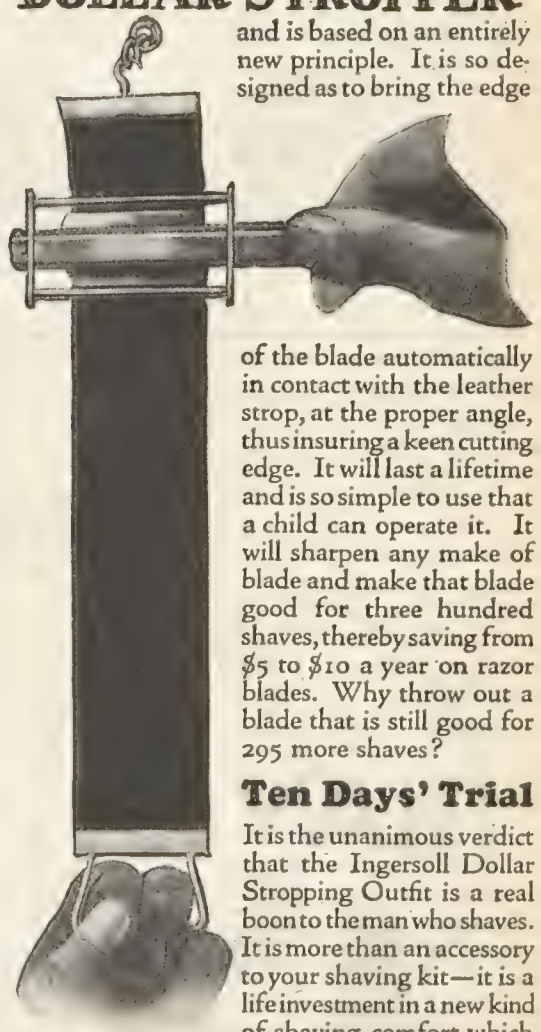

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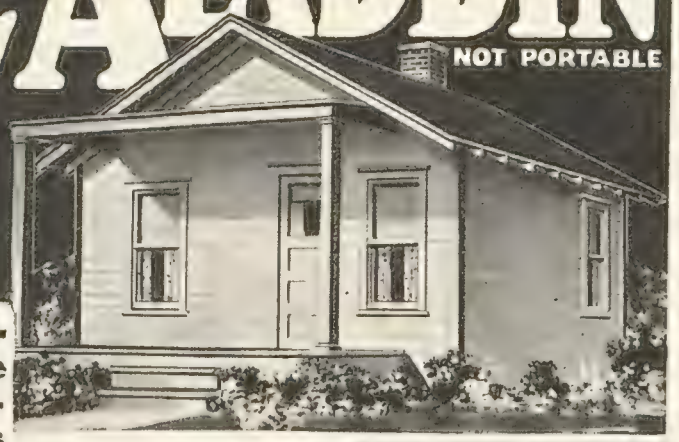

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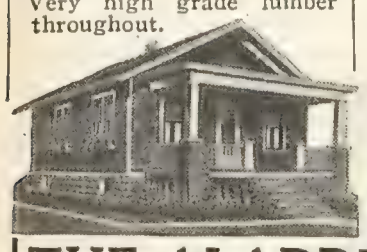

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[THE TREE OF ROMANCE Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

whose very existence spelled Romance? Where was Hugh Blair, with his brown eyes and his smiling mouth? She had known, back in New York, that he would find her. He loved her and he had come. But here, miles away, with the squirrels of Central Park waiting for her peanuts in vain, with those familiar concrete paths untouched by her feet—how could he ever find her here?

THE lawn of the Prescott estate swept about her, and through a cluster of trees she could see the lighted house with lanterns strung along the pier reflecting their glow in the water of the bay.

What was she doing here?

Ann Louise sat up very straight and clenched her hands; her small chin pointed upward; her eyes tightly shut. She wasn't a baby to be led and directed this way and that! In a month she would be twenty years old—twenty! Sally Prescott was only nineteen, yet the entire family either bowed or was firmly bent to her slightest wish. He had found her once. It was her turn now.

As she tiptoed across the piazza of the house to enter through the library and slip to her room, she heard Sally's voice within:

"Long distance, mother!"

Ann Louise darted behind the window curtain and waited while Helen Prescott advanced toward the telephone. Long distance! Could it be her own mother calling, calling to find out how she was getting along?

"Hello? Well, it's good to hear your voice! What?" Helen Prescott's head tilted back as she laughed. "Yes, she's here—out somewhere in the gardens. And a full moon, too! Everything's going exactly as you wished." Her lips flickered into a smile of satisfaction. "Should I congratulate you now? She's going to make a lovely bride——"

Ann Louise retreated hastily through the French windows.

A lovely bride! If she hurried into her clothes now, she could catch the last train for Boston. And then, somehow, New York and Central Park. She had wasted a whole month but she would waste no more time!

It wasn't Ann Louise Marble—it couldn't be!—this girl who so swiftly wrote her letter of explanation to her hostess, who stole through the night to the garage and started the engine of the station-wagon she had so recently learned to drive.

The morning sun made a mirror of the plate-glass window of a drug store just beyond Grand Central Station and Ann Louise paused to stare at her reflection—graceful lines of a French frock, topped by a close-fitting hat,

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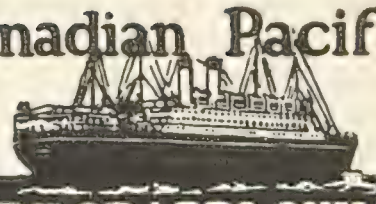
Canadian Pacific



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

finished by a pair of gleaming patent-leather slippers.

Straight up Fifth Avenue, drenched with heat, with alien, straggling pedestrians on their way to work—the mass of the Plaza white in the sun—the green coolness of the park——

It was too early for the children, but a brown squirrel in her tree came and sniffed at her outstretched, empty hand and retreated in unconcealed disillusion.

SHE groped in the crevice, but there was no note, only a sodden mass of dead leaves. Solemnly she folded the letter she had brought and tucked it away within the hollow. As she stood there two girls, passing, stared at her.

Shame overcame Ann Louise Marble. She looked down at her smart black frock, at her gleaming slippers with their buckles of cut steel. *Her* slippers! They were hers only in trust, hers until her marriage to Art Prescott—or anyone else—should prove them a sound investment!

Ann Louise sighed, recaptured her letter, and tore it slowly across. It had been a lovely romance, an exquisite thing, and perhaps it had served its purpose. For if he had not come to stare at her with his brown eyes, nothing would have happened.

If Hugh Blair had not followed her, even to the door of her apartment, she would never have been sent away. It was ended and she must accept the ending—and her own responsibilities. Back in Massachusetts her friend and hostess, Mrs. Prescott, must be worrying about her, puzzling over the vagueness of that hurried note. She would go now and telephone and return to the station to await the next train.

Her hand stroked the bark of her tree tenderly. So it was all without purpose, this romantic flight, this pointless adventure! But at least she might leave him a letter of good-by in case he did come some time.

Bent over the slip of paper, Ann Louise sat without moving. What was there for her to say to him, after all? That she was going to be married? It was better to let things rest, better to say nothing.

She raised her lashes—and looked directly into the brown eyes of a young man sitting upon the opposite bench.

Her pocketbook dropped to the walk as he caught both her hands. He was half laughing, wholly excited, and his words surged forth like logs in a swift stream.

"I've been driving all night! But I knew you would be here! After I telephoned and Mrs. Prescott said you were there, I came down from Boston—and you were gone! But I knew. . . . Oh, Ann Louise, do you really think you love me?"

She swayed toward him. There was only a policeman to see their kiss and park policemen expect such things.

"But I don't understand!" said Ann Louise breathlessly, at last.

Hugh Blair laughed and held her close. "Neither do I! There isn't any explanation. But after your mother finally decided to let you go to Mrs. Prescott's—you see, I've known Helen all my life and I knew she'd help—she made me promise to stay away. She said it wasn't fair not to give you a chance to meet other men; that I was a crazy romantic; but that if you really did care— Oh, Ann Louise!"

"That was you—who telephoned Mrs. Prescott last night?"

"Of course. As soon as you told me your name—oh, ages ago!—I knew I'd find someone who knew you. Mother's one of those people who know everyone. And — I was so afraid, last night, Ann Louise! But you had to be here!"

"I had to be here," she repeated.

YOU ARE THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW—AND IN THE AUTUMN, ANN LOUISE, YOU ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED. . . .

SHE lifted her hand and looked at the crushed bit of paper grasped so tightly in it, the paper that was so ridiculously intended to say good-by!"

"'It is an Impossible Situation,'" she read aloud gravely. "Oh, Hugh!" she said, clutching his arm desperately, "Hugh, you must take me right away and get me some breakfast! I want a lot of breakfast—tons of it! I want to be sure about this thing!"

"Sure," repeated Hugh Blair, smiling. "Breakfast, Ann Louise?"

She nodded her head.

"You see," she explained, "I want to be certain that it's me and not just the White Queen from 'Alice,' believing as many as six Impossible Things before breakfast, Hugh!"

THE END

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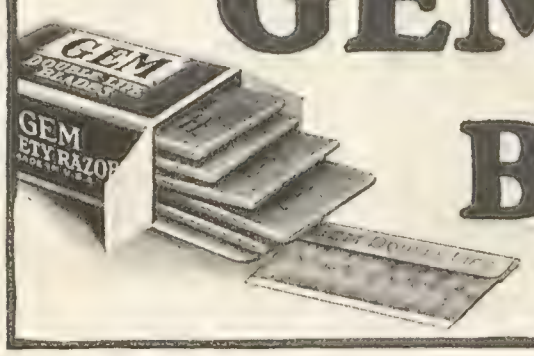

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Dear Sir: Please send me full details of your money-making proposition by which I can make $15 a day in cash. No obligation to me.

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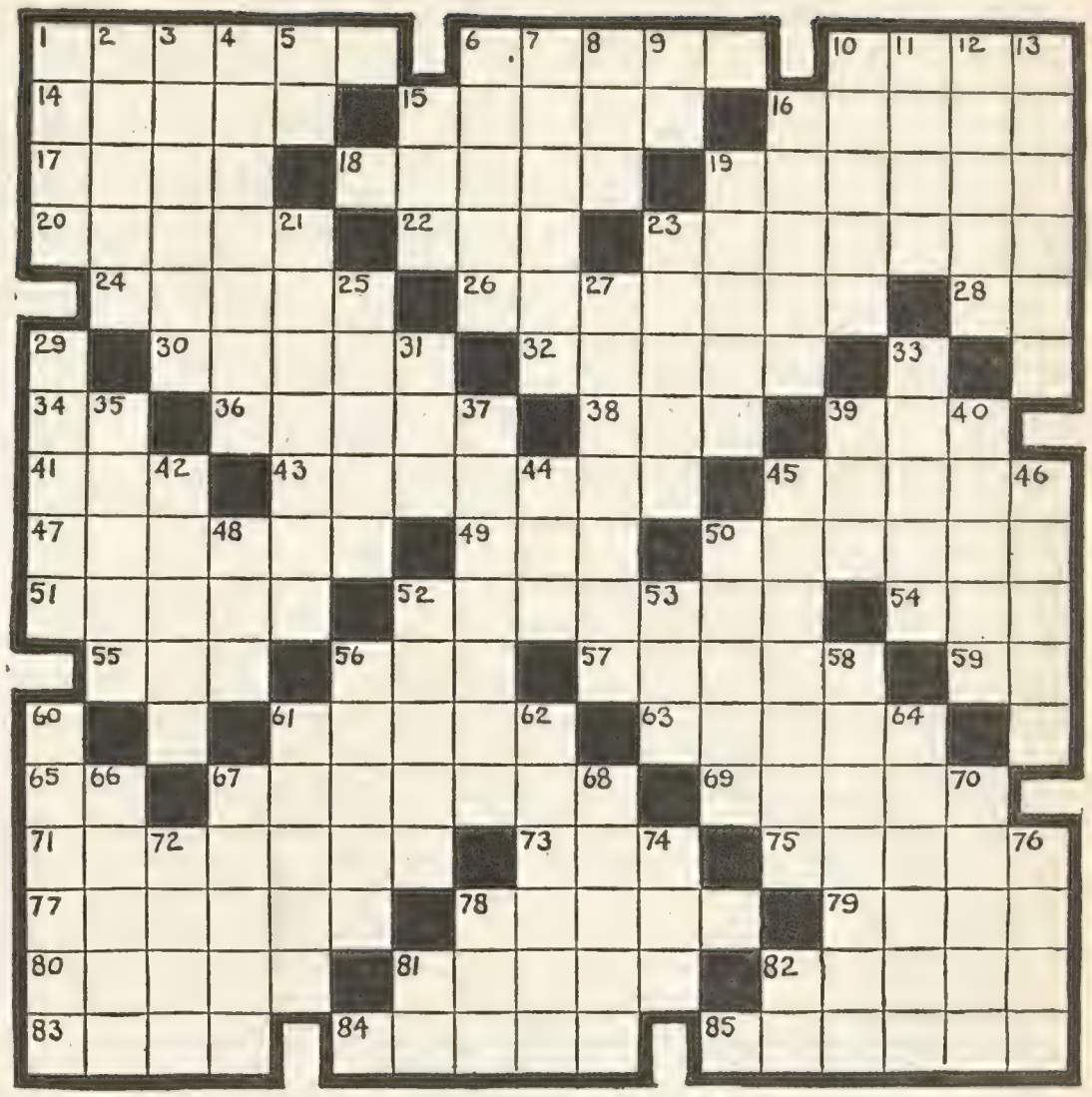
Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 54

LADIES and Gentlemen! We present today a very old friend of all cross-word puzzlers. The ai! Long may he live in the limelight, for he certainly has a good press agent. "Ai," you know, is only his nickname. His real name, we discover, is *Bradypus tridactylus* of South America, and the dictionary has the audacity to say "see *sloth*" after introducing him. We "saw" sloth and found that among other things it means indolence and laziness. Anyone who is born with a name like *Bradypus tridactylus* and has the energy and wisdom to change it to "ai" should never be accused of laziness or indolence. We object!

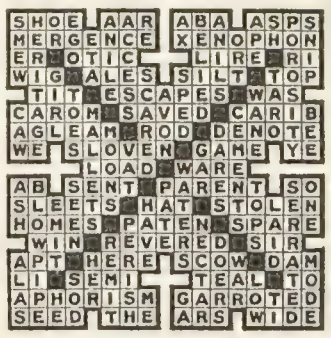


HORIZONTAL

1 Genus of trees and shrubs producing valuable gum
6 Scandinavian legends
10 A sovereign
14 A breed of beef cattle
15 Bundle of sticks or twigs used as fuel
16 Spurious
17 Notion
18 Moved one way and the other
19 To daze or stupefy
20 Portable lodgings
22 A Japanese coin
23 Matched together, as two pieces of molding
24 Accords
26 Formed with lines of different colors
28 Japanese measure of area
30 To establish by authoritative act
32 Painful or diseased places
34 Egyptian god, the son of Nut
36 An old English silver coin
38 Espouse
39 A container
41 To trouble
43 Taught
45 Tubes that produce musical sounds
47 A size of printing type
49 Intimate associate (Colloq.)
50 Evident
51 To disjoin
52 Liquid used as a condiment or a preservative
54 Female of the red deer
55 Moisture condensed upon the surface of cool bodies
56 One hundred thousand rupees
57 Ventures
59 A syllable sounded in solmization
61 A tooth
63 Situations
65 A sloth
67 Took intense delight in
69 A cavity in the skull
71 Instigates
73 Fine soft hair on an animal
75 Vehicles
77 Reproached
78 A nut
79 A water fowl
80 Initiate
81 Unit of weight for precious stones
82 Italian composer (1847-1916)
83 Anything that is done
84 Most pernicious
85 Arranged according to classes

VERTICAL

1 Passage in a mine
2 Yields
3 A broad thoroughfare
4 Covering
5 A preposition
6 Preserves
7 Active beings or qualities
8 A deity
9 By
10 Domesticated
11 To slight
12 Equine quadrupeds
13 Thatched
15 A fairy
16 Festivals
19 Two-footed animal
21 That which gives an initial impulse
23 Stuck fast in mud
25 To make clean and bright by friction
27 Spurred
29 Enfolds
31 To work at making knotted lace
33 Inebriate
35 Displayed ostentatiously, as an opinion
37 Of or pertaining to a place
39 Cavity
40 General import
42 An organ of an animal body
44 Made haste
45 One afflicted with a particular form of paralysis
46 Precipitous
48 The cry of a cat
50 Capital of an important European country
52 Valleys
53 An aeriform fluid
56 Held dear
58 A Legislator
60 Coupled
61 Measuring device
62 Alludes
64 Most confident
66 Characterless
67 Irritated
68 Ancient Italian coin
70 Condition
72 Refer to
74 Contemptuous name for a non-union workman
76 Slipped
78 Nominal value
81 Prefix signifying "with"
82 In the direction of



Answer to Puzzle No. 53

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Paris Models Put Within Reach *of* All

By PATRICIA

THERE is a definite saving by making frocks at home—a saving not to be overlooked. Not only a saving of money, but of time. Think of the hours you have wasted shopping for a dress to suit you when you might have made it at home in a single afternoon.

Pictured on this page are Paris-inspired models, which smartly dressed women will want, so don't miss this opportunity.

Merely a suggestion of flared lines is introduced in model No. 2577, developed in a large patterned tan and brown woolen plaid, in the inverted side plaits. The boyish turnover collar, cuffs, and pockets are made of plain green flannel. Navy blue Poiret twill, with white linen collar and cuffs, pencil-blue jersey, or bright red wool rep, is excellent to choose for school. Cuts in sizes 8 to 16 years. The 8-year size takes 1⅞ yards of 32-inch material with ⅜ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

A smart frock of maize crepe de chine affects striking color contrast in its collar and cuffs of ecru batiste, and tie strings and hem border of blue silk crepe. For school or playtime, select flannel, wool rep, printed cotton broadcloth with silky finish, or novelty gingham. Design No. 2502 cuts in sizes 6, 8, and 10 years. The 8-year size takes 2 yards of 36-inch material, 1½ yards of trimming for collar and cuffs, and 4¾ yards of binding or ribbon for tie strings and hem border.

Crepe in modernistic pattern is used to fashion the frock in design No. 2641, which emphasizes scalloped treatment at the waistline. The skirt flares in a most unusual manner, and when not in motion is slenderness itself. Tweed, kasha, flat crepe or crepe satin are also appropriate. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material with 1 yard of 18-inch contrasting.

A straightline model fashioned of bordered kasha, in slender, youthful lines, is exploited in design No. 2570. The collar is convertible. Imported tweed, wool jersey, novelty sports fabrics, bordered crepe de chine or crepe satin are also practical for its development. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2¾ yards of 54-inch bordered material.

A distinctive woolen plaid frock in hydrangea blue as shown in Design No. 2547 is the correct style for sports wear. It buttons down the front in coat effect and will be lovely to wear all through the spring season without a coat. Cuts in sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2½ yards of 54-inch balbriggan.

A simulation of the jumper mode affects inverted plaits to add ease to the straight skirt of the navy blue Poiret twill frock in design No. 2461. It predicts the newest spring fashion. Cuts in sizes 36 to 46 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material with ⅞ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

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Smart Frocks *for the* Mature Have Lure *of* Youth

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

I SEEM to see the present model on an "older woman." We call them that now, don't we, instead of middle-aged? That is to say, while these latter are playing round with the youngsters, a new set with a new technique has moved into their place. As for this new group, it consists, I believe, of all those past fifty up until such time as they wish to throw up their hands in the losing fight against time and age.

As for their personality it is very attractive, with a look of genuineness and understanding about it that shines out youthfully from an ensemble which is frankly mature. It seems to say "I'm not trying to disguise the facts. You won't care anything about me. I'm older. I'm forty-two." The correct age of course is fifty.

I suppose the way this camouflage is accomplished is to estimate the age recorded in the eyes, and then dress everything else in the picture to look older, always paying attention to keep the silhouette young.

A girlish silhouette, maintained through abnegation of the flesh, with a face that looks about ninety-seven is a catastrophe indeed. The sad part of it is that the face need not look a day over forty-five. Only, with these present two-piece styles, it is more difficult than formerly to maintain an illusion of youth. They seem to point an accusing finger at lined skins and colored locks.

This present dress, however, with its delicate, straight silhouette, has an extra dignity which the middy blouse does not contribute and it carries a soft graciousness as well. I see it worn with white hair, the soft coiffure and the flattering velvet subduing those little potential wrinkles and fastening attention on the eyes with their sweet, young, mild and sympathetic glow.

This is especially becoming to blue eyes because that perpendicular band going up the side seams is of royal blue embroidered over in silver. A long tassel in blue, suspended from that band, hangs down each side of the skirt, and although the effect is rather like a bell cord, it is very pretty. The fullness goes across the front of the skirt and this, too, is a style more for "the older woman." It takes a pretty young girl, as well as a slim one at that, to get away with the back fullness. Even if you are slim but are past girlhood, you run the risk of looking a little Victorian with that back fullness silhouette. Still, you must have slim hips to wear this dress. But you do anyway, don't you? For your self-respect, if nothing else.

I am sure you must think the woman using her lipstick has her dress on wrong side before. The costume is shown in the back view because that is where most of the interesting things happen on it. The dress, of wine-colored crepe de chine, is cut up high in the neck so that it crushes across the front of the throat the way the soft fichus of olden times used to lie folded under grandmother's knot in the rear. We of today haven't got any knot for our wide dress to lie under, and that line of our grandmothers doesn't look very pretty under short, straight, shiny hair.

Indeed the entire treatment of the head today, from the hair arrangement and the tight little hats, to even the straight, trim line of the earrings and the audacious boldness of the make-up, is too modern, too tailored, too sure of itself to go with that soft, modest throat dress of our grandmothers.

And so the ever resourceful French have simply turned the line of it round the other way, with the back in front, and thus produced a totally different effect. It is one of modernism and independence, sureness and audacity. By Germaine.

The third is of black satin done in brilliant peasant embroidery, and it dares espouse the present fashion for putting its apron in the back. Yteb made it and she is the lady who was jestingly said to have turned all of her former models round with the back to the front. This one has a band of the embroidery going round the boat-shaped neck and flowing down the outside of the flat sleeves almost to the elbow. It also goes down the middle of the front.

The last also is by Yteb and represents a dark gray woolen coat trimmed in fox the color of platinum.

A GOWN of black velvet with a band on each side of the blouse in royal blue. A long tassel of blue hangs at the end of each of these bands. The skirt is circular in front and straight in the back. This dress has an extra touch of dignity that so many two-piece things have not.

A STRAIGHT lined dress of wine-colored crepe de chine with a neckline that crushes up rather high under the chin. Germaine.

A BLACK satin dress having its fullness in the back—where it is supposed to center, this season. Trimmed with peasant embroidery. Yteb.

A COAT of dark gray wool trimmed in fox the color of platinum. Yteb.

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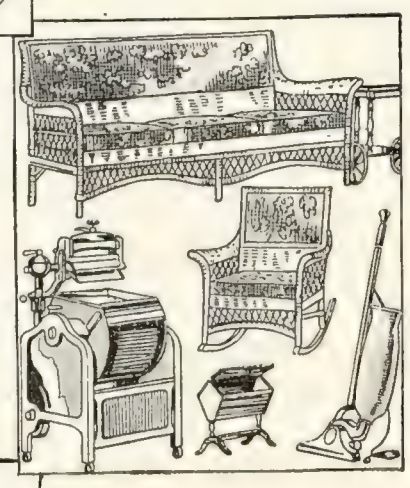

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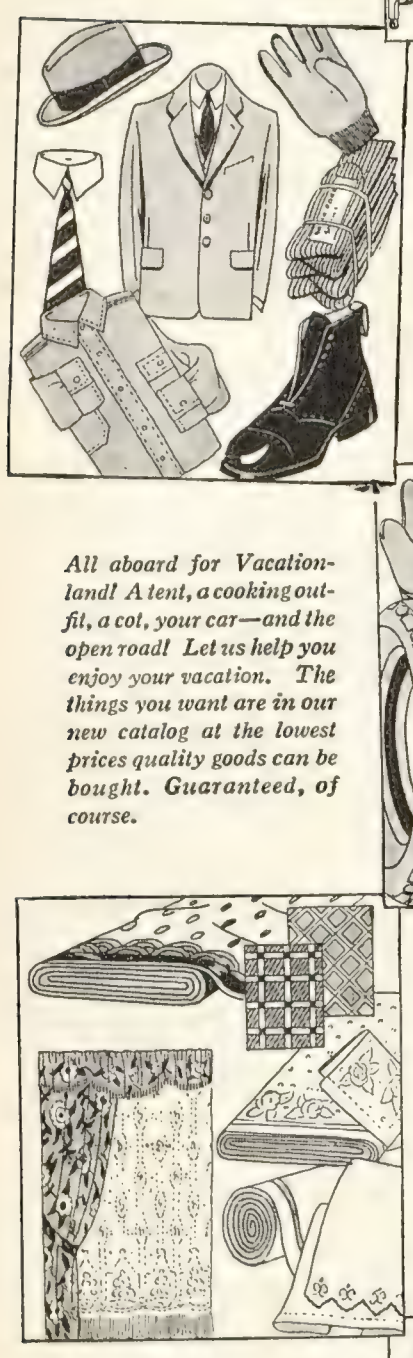

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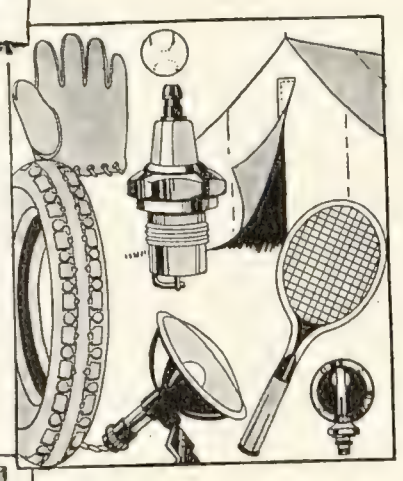

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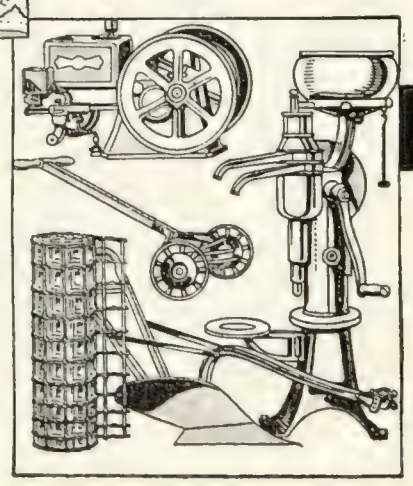

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You'll *Have to* Fight Her *for* Your Job

Judge Gary Sees Women Crowding Men Out of Business by Superior Keenness and Honesty

By Latrobe Carroll

WILL the business man of the future take orders from the flapper of today? Is he going to be beaten at his own game by sharper-minded, shingled-headed girl competitors?

These questions are raised by Judge Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation. He holds that the you-can't-do-it-because-you're-a-woman attitude often springs from nothing more complicated than fear; fear on the part of men that women, with what he declares to be their greater honesty and keenness, will race on ahead.

"Business," the Judge told me—we were sitting in his big, bright, corner office that looks down on half of lower Manhattan—"is no longer a game for men only. Women will play an increasing share in it and will qualify more and more as the heads of big firms. They're more honest than men; often they are keener witted. Yes, I believe firmly that a great many women are inherently 'business minded,' just as I've believed for a very long time that they ought to have equal rights.

"I remember the first time I spoke out in defense of women. They were still the 'weaker sex,' and it wasn't so fashionable then to champion their freedom. The occasion was a big social gathering, and at that long-ago party I insisted women ought to have equal suffrage.

"At once a certain man took exception to what I'd said, and arguments flew back and forth between us.

"If I do say so, those present thought I won. I based my contentions on what I'd actually seen women do, while he was arguing from blind prejudice. I knew just why he was so bitter against women. His wife was getting along better in business than he was! Precisely that same motive is animating a lot of present day anti-feminists. At the bottom of their professed low opinion of women lies the fact that they've seen themselves outclassed.

"I've heard men claim that women can't do so well in business because they're frailer physically. That argument isn't conclusive. A lot of men who don't seem strong outwork and outlive some of the husky-looking giants."

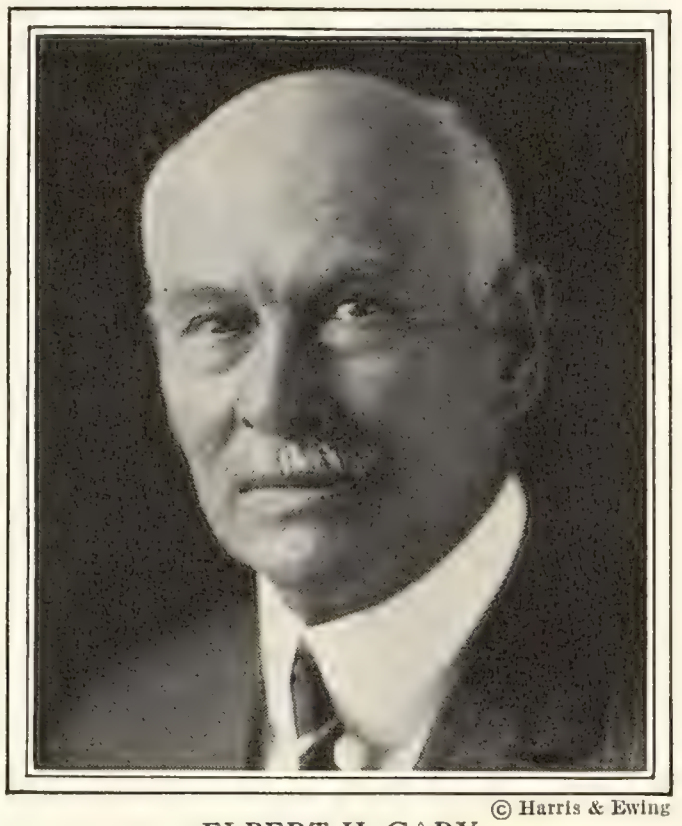
How is the man with a mortgage and a three-hundred-dollar radio on the installment plan going to make headway now that he's faced with the growing competition of women? By following certain well defined paths that lead straight to business success, says Judge Gary.

"One of these rules,"—it's the Judge speaking—"is to let the other man do at least half the talking.

"Too many words often cost a man money. The other fellow is trying to size you up. Why give him the advantage? Why say more than is necessary? Present your views succinctly—and discreetly. Don't misrepresent facts, but don't commit yourself.

"You'll generally find the big-salaried men patient and cautious. If they are wise they make every word tell—and leave a lot of words unsaid."

When he and J. Pierpont Morgan arranged



© Harris & Ewing

ELBERT H. GARY

the great steel combine back in 1901 one billion four hundred million dollars worth of property was put under him; the greatest amount of capital ever brought together in the forming of one corporation.

It was with these staggering figures in my head that I asked Judge Gary how a young man starting out should visualize his career.

"IT isn't necessary," he said, "to have a kind of schedule or blue print of one's whole future plans in life. Do the *next* thing. But do it well. I, myself, when I was young, never saw myself the chairman of such a corporation as the United States Steel. No, I just imagined myself a good lawyer. Then I liked to think, too, of myself as running a bank, a dream that came true when I got to be president of the Gary-Wheaton Bank.

"Beyond that my ambitions were vague. Methodical, step-by-step work was the key that opened more doors for me than any visionary plans for the far future could have done."

As he talked on, clear, calm, and powerful at seventy-nine, I recalled that Elbert Henry Gary was born on an Illinois farm. As a boy he did a man's work. Fresh air. No self-coddling. An iron physique. His people back in Massachusetts were stern old Puritan stock.

"When a man comes to you to apply for a position," I asked, "what's the first thing you look for in him?"

"Honesty," said the Judge. "Honesty with a big capital 'H.' Then, next, I put courage; then persistence; then energy.

"The foundation of business success is character. If you have it your word will be as good as a United States government bond. J. Pierpont Morgan had character. He valued it in others above anything else. When a man wanted to borrow money from him he paid more attention to that man's character and reputation than to any collateral offered as security. Marshall Field, 'The Merchant Prince of Chicago,' had character. Abraham Lincoln had it to a supreme degree, and from it came the reputation for honesty that lifted him above every unjust accusation his enemies could make."

I was interested to see the high place the Judge gave courage. A number of years ago a cashier employed in the United States Steel Corporation, together with a colored workman, was entrusted with the pay roll for one of the coal districts. As the two men were driving along together three highwaymen sprang out at them. The cashier fell at their first shot. Then the thugs proceeded to bag the loot. The colored man pulled a gun, killed one robber, fatally wounded the second, and winged the third, who was caught and hanged. It was a big day for the colored workman. He was presented with a gold watch and they fixed things up so he'd never have a money worry the rest of his life.

"That worker staked his life," said Judge Gary. "Maybe it was foolhardy, but it was fine!"

"Was there anything in you, any character obstacle, that you had to fight to overcome?" I asked.

"Yes, there was indolence. In plain English, I was inclined to be lazy. I had to fight it with ambition."

There is one thing Judge Gary believes that partially explains his success as a steel master. It is this:

"The working man has more brains than he is given credit for."

It is this faith that has enabled the men under him to become profit sharers and stockholders. He believes that contented employees are good employees and will make a good product. A man who believes that does not need to fear competitors. His policy toward them is: produce a good article at a fair price, and competition will take care of itself.

I wanted the Judge to make some comparison of business methods, past and present. He said:

"I'm glad to say that I have seen a steady improvement in the moral tone of American business during the last twenty-five years. I attribute this chiefly to the lessons of actual experience. The honest men have got on better. So, it's been shown by a kind of laboratory method, honesty *pays*."

THE END

AMONG THE YOUNGER GENERATION

By RICHARD HALLIDAY

Florence Vandamm Photo

LOIS MORAN, who made her first American appearance in the screen version of Stella Dallas, lives with her mother in an apartment house on East 40th Street, New York.

In addition to her aptitude for dramatics, Miss Moran dances divinely. She can step through a charleston and invest even that erratic dance with grace and charm—which is saying about everything that can be said for a dancer.

Samuel Goldwyn discovered her in Paris and she made her American debut in his production, Stella Dallas.

Now the German producers want her to go over there and play Marguerite in Faust with Emil Jannings, which Murnua will direct. A musical comedy producer wishes to star her, a dramatic producer wants her to play in a new show, movie companies want her for pictures.

But she waits at home, studies voice, dancing, languages, until she sees how the public like her in Richard Barthelmess' next picture, Just Suppose, and in The Reckless Lady with Belle Bennett.

BEN LYON, at right, some time ago said he would like to play the parts John Gilbert has been so successful in doing. But the public won't let him. They write and say he looks like their brother, or a mother says he is like her son. Mr. Lyon has finished two pictures he thinks are about the best work he has done up to this time. Bluebeard's Seven Wives, with Lois Wilson and Blanche Sweet, is a Robert Kane production made for First National. The Reckless Lady, with Belle Bennett and Lois Moran, will follow the Bluebeard picture, in which he has scored the biggest hit.

G. Maillard Kesslere Photo

CLARA BOW, above, has been making pictures for the last year or so for the independent producers. Only lately has she been signed by Famous Players-Lasky. She will play the part of Kittens, the flapper daughter of Alice Joyce, in Herbert Brenon's production, Dancing Mothers, taken from the popular play of the same name which was written by Edward Selwyn and Edmund Goulding—the latter one of the best scenario writers in the movies and lately director of Sun-Up, and Sally, Irene, and Mary, the amusing musical comedy of many successes in and out of New York.

AMID the lonesome hills of the Navajo country of Arizona, a nine-year-old Indian boy is tending the two hundred sheep of his father's flock.

Meanwhile in cities far distant this little Indian's picture is being thrown upon motion picture screens and is arousing the interest of all who see The Vanishing American.

His home is near the remote trading post of Kaibito, one hundred and thirty miles from the white civilization of Flagstaff. His father, Manhammer, was crippled a year ago, and was unable to work. So the boy assumed the burden by riding the government mails a distance of fifty miles each day. During this ride, carrying a sack larger than himself, the boy passes only one house and it is an event when he sees more than a handful of Indians.

The boy's opportunity to attract the attention of motion picture audiences came by chance. Lucien Hubbard, who supervises for Paramount the production of Zane Grey's stories, was at Kaibito making scenes for Wild Horse Mesa. Suddenly a horse dashed away. A small boy, coiling a lariat like Will Rogers, brought the wayward animal to an abrupt halt.

Mr. Hubbard looked twice at the child. He twirled his wand and presto! Nasja had a modest part in Wild Horse Mesa.

A few months passed and Hubbard was getting ready the screen version of Zane Grey's The Vanishing American. Remembering Manhammer's boy, he wrote into the story an important role for him, and when the motion picture company reached Arizona Mr. Hubbard himself rode for a day and a night and brought Nasja back with him, now a full fledged actor.

During the making of The Vanishing American, Hubbard had been very close to Nasja. When he and the rest of the company said "Good-by," however, Nasja showed absolutely no emotion. He said "Good-by" in a casual manner, and went back to tending his sheep.

Let us hope we shall see him in another film.

Free! A trip to the land of ROMANCE

A trip to Hollywood free!

Read these easy conditions.
They may enable you to visit the Mecca of Movieland—*free!*

Conditions of Contest

1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
2. Send each solution under separate cover, addressed to "Romance-Hollywood Contest," care of Cox Confectionery Company, No. 150 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty;" Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine;" and Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner—and a friend—receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today—it gives all the details.

As you have watched the thrilling scenes of the Silent Drama sweep across the motion picture screen, have you ever wished that you could see the great movie masterpieces filmed; that you could stand beside the famous directors and watch them at work; that you could actually *meet* the stars of filmdom?

Then *here is your chance,* in the great Romance-Hollywood Contest. For you may win the grand prize: A Free Trip to Hollywood *with a companion of your own choosing,* as the guests of the great Moving Picture Corporations, with all expenses paid by the makers of the famous ROMANCE CHOCOLATES.

The conditions are easy. The makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, *one* of which is packed with every pound box of ROMANCE "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get *your* copy now!

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
150 ORLEANS STREET, BOSTON 28, MASS.

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

A PAGE ABOUT THE MOVIES

LIGHTS! *ACTION!* CAMERA!

BY ALVA TAYLOR

HIS SECRETARY

Directed by Hobart Henley A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Ruth Lawrence.....*Norma Shearer*
David Coleman.....*Lew Cody*
John Sloden.....*Willard Louis*
Janitor.....*Karl Dane*
Clara Bayne.....*Gwen Lee*
Mrs. Sloden.....*Mabel Van Buren*
Minnie.....*Estelle Clark*
Head Clerk.....*Ernest Gillen*

DO you like stories about ugly ducklings who turn out beautiful? Ah, yes, then you will love His Secretary.

For Ruth Lawrence (Norma Shearer) was just a very plain stenographer. Hair plastered down with a hair net which went out of date when the shingle bob came in, high mannish collars, but not like the high collars which bedeck the three-hundred-dollar gowns; long skirts, much longer than one sees on milady these days, cotton stockings, common-sense shoes, eyeglasses on the end of a long pullout chain, and a face as unattractive as the make-up box of Norma Shearer, the beautiful, could fashion—this was the ugly duckling.

But something made that ugly duckling perk up its feathers and show its true face to the world. And how she did blossom out!

Norma Shearer

An afternoon in a Beauty Shoppe, an hour or so in a gown salon, sheer silk stockings and plenty of them on view, these made our little stenographer, whose face the junior partner "wouldn't have kissed for a thousand dollars"—and she overheard him say it—become the secretary battled over by junior and senior partners. But the junior partner didn't have a wife. And so he got the secretary.

He had a hard time getting her, for the ugly duckling had an enormous pride. However, she had loved him from the first, and so after she had subjected him to a little amatory discipline she consented to fall into his arms. And then the audience goes home.

Lew Cody

It is a relief to see Lew Cody play a part other than that of a philanderer. He is as good a hero type as any of them, and for a change he is allowed to be the faithful lover, one who likes a pretty ankle it is true, and one who could not see under the nose shine and the hair net of a plain stenographer. But then, it would have taken a superman to see the beauty beneath Norma Shearer's make-up. I could hardly believe that one of the most beautiful faces on the screen today and one of the most charming personalities was concealed beneath that plain face, the cotton stockings, and that ugly suit.

But when she emerges from that chrysalis of ugliness and becomes the gorgeous butterfly of beauty that her face and beautiful clothes make her, one wants to cheer.

His Secretary is an entertaining picture.

TUMBLEWEEDS

Directed by King Baggot A United Artists Picture

THE CAST:

Don Carver.....*William S. Hart*
Molly Lassiter.....*Barbara Bedford*
Kentucky Rose.....*Lucien Littlefield*
Nell Lassiter.....*Gordon Russell*
Bill Freel.....*Richard R. Neill*
Bart Lassiter.....*Jack Murphy*
Mrs. Riley.....*Lillian Leighton*
Old Woman.....*Gertrude Claire*
Old Man.....*George Marion*

William Hart and Barbara Bedford

TUMBLEWEEDS gives us old Bill Hart himself, two guns, big hat, stern face, and everything. Bill Hart can be counted on to give us a picture of the West when the West was West, and the cowboys were tumbleweeds, and men were most certainly men.

This picture has as an historical setting a certain occasion in the history of the United States when the Cherokee strip, which until then was solely the domain of Indians and cattle, was to be settled by homesteaders, who at the sound of a cannon at high noon raced their covered wagons, or saddle horses, or buggies over the plains until they found a piece of land upon which they wanted to plant their claim flag.

Bill Hart is his usual movie self: woman-hater until the sweet person of the heroine presents herself (this time it is Barbara Bedford). Then this manly and undomesticated cowboy becomes the bashful lover with a bunch of prairie flowers and a sudden desire to settle down and stake out a claim.

Outside of the historical setting, there is nothing especially new in the technique of the story. There is the usual quota of villains to be downed. One of them is the half brother of the heroine, the other the would-be lover of the same, pals in villainy. Their trouble is that they want to get the best bit of land in the rush for the strip. To do this, they commit the sin of being "sooners," which aptly expresses the crime of going on the government land before the cannon is fired. These two go there the night before and cover their horses with soapsuds to make them look as though they were foaming from a long and hard ride the day of the rush.

But, fear not; the astute Bill Hart knows soapsuds from genuine foam, and thus, thanks to his horse, which is able to get him to the ranch even after a late start, he brings the villains to justice, and wins the ranch and—later—the girl.

STEEL PREFERRED

Directed by James Hogan A Metropolitan Picture

THE CAST:

Amy Creeth.....*Vera Reynolds*
Wally Gay.....*William Boyd*
James Creeth.....*Hobart Bosworth*
Red Face.....*Walter Long*
Nicker.....*William V. Mong*
Dicker.....*Charles Murray*
Waldron.....*Nigel Barrie*
Bartender.....*Ben Turpin*

NO, no, you've got the wrong idea: this is not a picture of the stock market. There isn't one inch of paper shown coming out of a funny little machine in some millionaire's private office. This is a picture not even meant to be an epic of the steel industry but just one of those intimate glimpses behind the scenes, to see how one young man who has some marvelous plans for improving the steel factories is thwarted by the villain, and how finally heroism wins over villainy.

Did you ever see a movie in which it didn't? Well, don't think that Steel Preferred is going to show you anything drastically original in that line, because it isn't.

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that you have seen similar scenarios and similar situations many a time and oft, this picture will entertain you. It keeps up the traditions of the old factory tale, where the president's daughter falls in love with the lowly furnace attendant, who is really a genius at engineering. There is the usual thrill when the heroine is in danger of her life, and the humble, dirty-handed hero rescues her while the villain rushes to safety, as the molten steel pours down from the overturned hot metal train.

Vera Reynolds

You see, it was this way. William Boyd, playing Wally, the hero, had been relegated to furnace stoking by the villain, Nigel Barrie, whom we haven't seen since he was playing heroes. We're not sure what crime Wally had committed, but it was mostly in the villainous mind of Mr. Barrie, alias Mr. Waldron, villain.

William Boyd

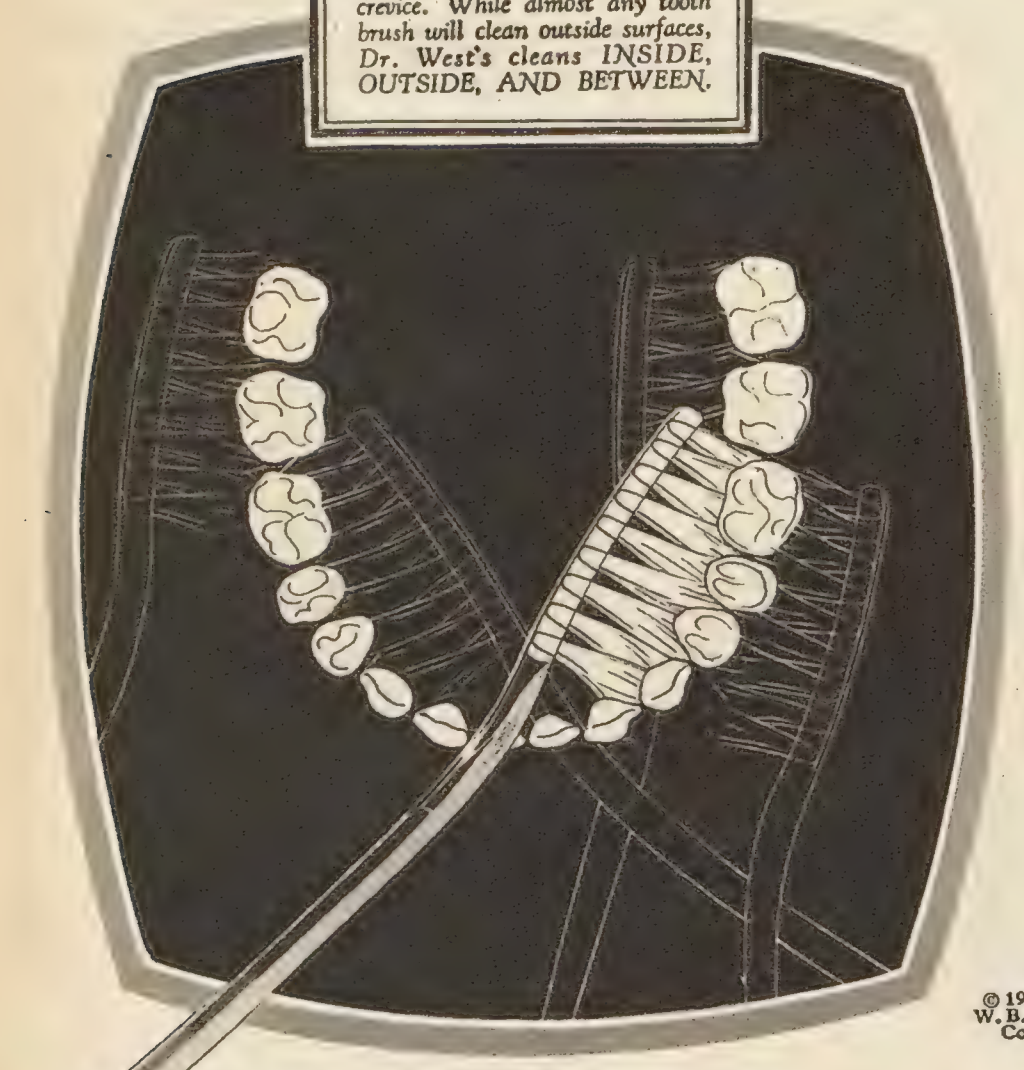
Wally had plans for new furnaces which friend villain, for reasons very much his own, did not wish the president to have. But thanks to Vera Reynolds, playing the president's daughter, beloved by both hero and villain, the president is allowed to see the plans of Wally's furnaces on Mrs. President's best damask table cloth the evening when Wally comes to dinner, after he has saved Miss President's life (mentioned above).

The rest of the picture is taken up with the efforts of the villain to prevent the most excellent plans of the hero from being brought to a grand and glorious finish. But virtue will triumph, don't you know.

There are comedy parts dealing with the great art of whisky drinking furnished by Charlie Murray and Charles Mong.

It fits!

Built to the pattern of the human mouth, Dr. West's Tooth Brush contacts every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush will clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE, AND BETWEEN.



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Cleans *Clean*

Inside— Outside and Between

This Brush is as *correct* as modern dentistry. Dr. West's is a successful improvement based on present-day teaching. It is a small brush that is arch-conforming and crevice-fitting. Every pointed bristle tuft does its work with every brushing. The true diagram above shows clearly the *fitness* of Dr. West's. Its use and effect in your own mouth is self-demonstrated proof that this one brush cleans every part of all your teeth—and cleans them *clean* inside —outside—and between.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH WECO Product

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage, 75c. At all good dealers.

LIBERTY'S NUT-CRACKER CONTEST!

HERE are the winning solutions of the Nut-Crackers which appeared in the January 2 issue of Liberty.

The final four winners will be announced in our next number.

The Winners!

$100 Coupon No. 1

Mister Jones, we *are* sorry to state,
From his club *came* home terribly late,
And his wife, who *was* sore,
Met him at the *front* door,
"*You're the man for a club,*" *said his mate.*

DON ROBERTSON
General Delivery, Hebron, Maine.

$100 Coupon No. 2

As the ship ploughed her *way* through the foam
And the orchestra *played* Home, Sweet Home,
Said a girl, "If *this* ocean
Don't behave *with* less motion,
"*I'll lose all my poise and aplomb.*"

WILLIAM A. APPLEBY
874 N. Orkney St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$100 Coupon No. 3

Though he knew *that* to steal was not right,
A tramp, cold and hungry, *one* night
Swiped a pie made *of* beef,
But a dog caught *the* thief,
So this tramp did not relish the bite.

O. HUBER
Augusta, Michigan.

$100 Coupon No. 4

A lawyer was oft *heard* to say
That a bachelor gay he *would* stay,
But a girl's *big* brown eyes
Made *him* think otherwise,
Now he's promised to love and obey.

MRS. L. B. CAMPBELL
2 Brown St., Salem, Mass.

NEXT WEEK: Nut-Cracker Winners of January 9 Issue

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Delilah to Date

Little Sara had received a story book for Christmas, and she was relating one of the stories to her little playmates. "Samson," she told them, "was a very, very strong man; but his wife didn't like it, so she bobbed his hair for him!"—M. M. C., Anderson, Ind.

* * *

A Warning to the Guests

My cousin was entertaining her club at a luncheon. Her six-year-old daughter, together with two of the other club children, had been seated at a small table. When the punch was served, she immediately fished for a cherry. Not finding it to her liking, she called out in a voice meant to be heard, "Be careful of the cherries—I got a rotten one!"—L. W., Laclede, Mo.

Make this quick test!

Maybelline

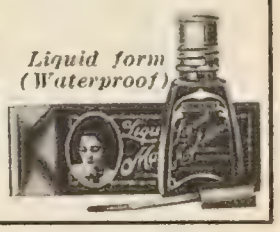
Sit before your mirror. Now, apply a brush stroke of Solid Maybelline or a touch of the marvelous new waterproof Liquid Maybelline to your lashes. Behold, what an amazing transformation takes place the instant your lashes are made to appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant. Perfectly harmless.

Buy Maybelline at all Toilet Goods Counters. 75c for Solid or Liquid, in either black or brown.

MAYBELLINE CO.
4750-10 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Solid form

Liquid form (Waterproof)



WE TEACH COMMERCIAL ART

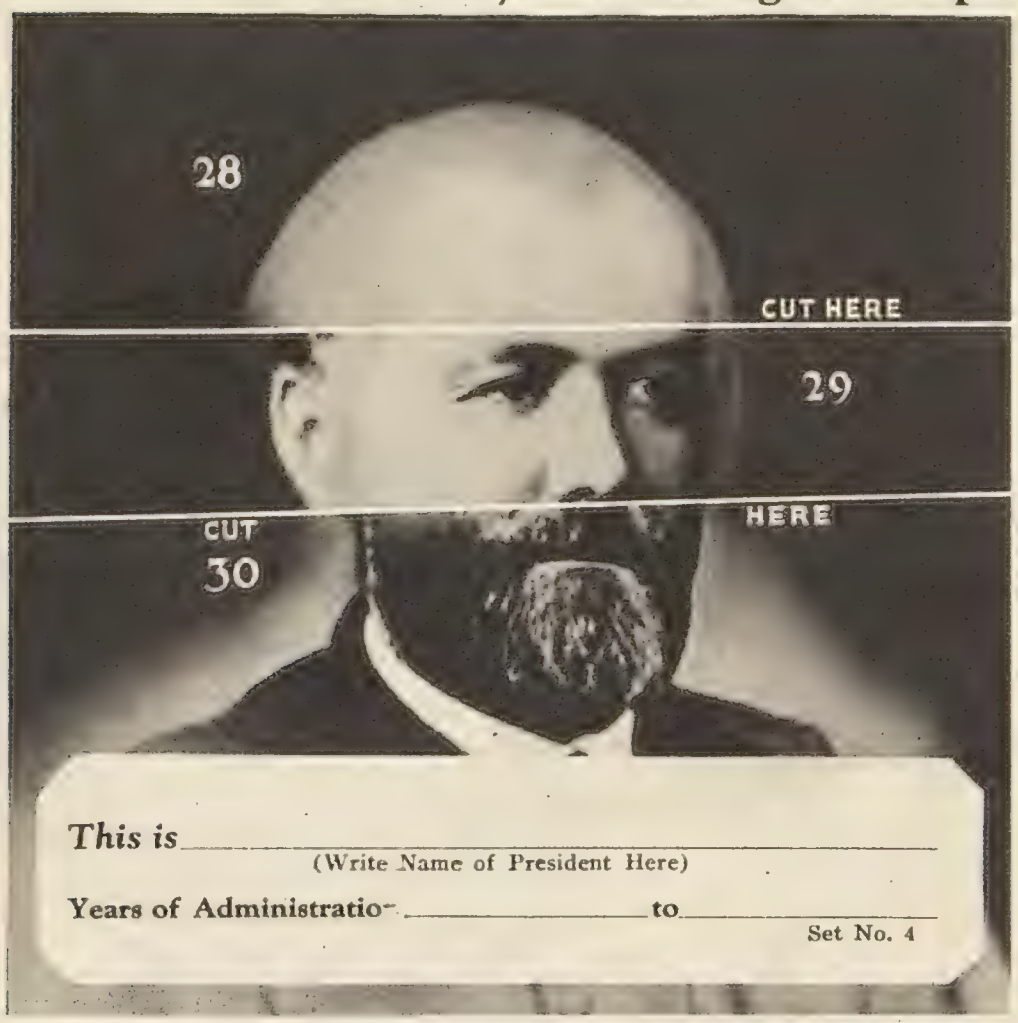
Meyer Both Company, maintaining the most widely known Commercial Art Studios in the World, offers you a practical training based upon 25 years' successful experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Many of the full page illustrations appearing in leading national magazines are drawn by Meyer Both artists. Our graduates are filling attractive positions in every section of the country. This well paid profession equally open to men and women. Home study instruction.

Get Facts Before You Enroll in Any School
Ask the Advertising Manager of the leading newspaper in your locality about us. Send 4c in stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students and the unusual opportunity in this attractive and well paid profession.

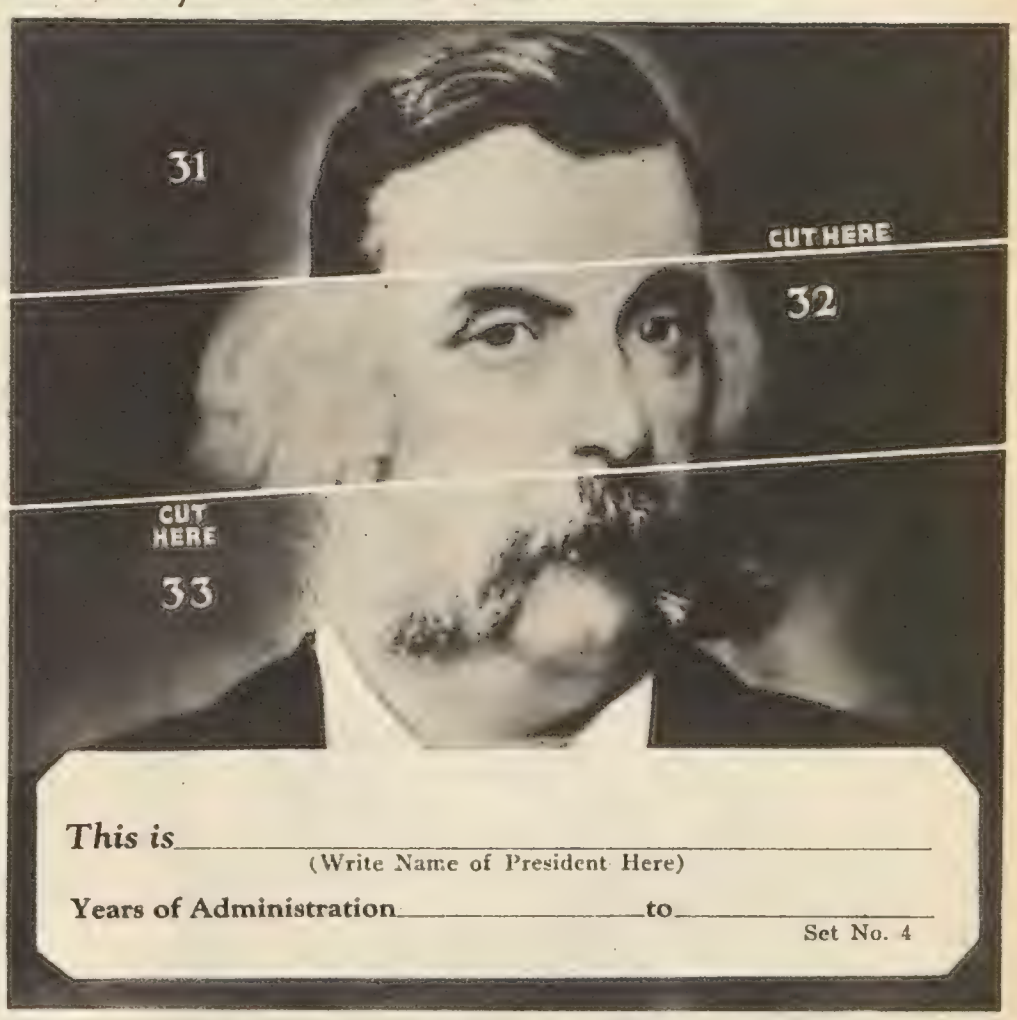
MEYER BOTH COMPANY
Michigan Ave. at 20th St., Dept. 82
CHICAGO, ILL.

WHO ARE THESE PRESIDENTS?

Can you rearrange these pictures correctly and name them?



The forehead is of a President during whose term five Northern States hinted at secession; the eyes and nose are of a United States President who had no Vice-President; the mouth and chin are those of a West Pointer well known to his countrymen.



The forehead belongs to one who was called from civil life to army command; the eyes and nose are of one who defeated a candidate for Presidency and Vice-Presidency; the mouth and chin of one whose Secretary of War was son of a former President.

The forehead belongs to one the death of whose predecessor effected passage of Civil Service laws; the eyes and nose are of a princess' grandfather; the mouth and chin of one who defeated a Governor of New York.

CAN you cut apart the three Pictures of Presidents of the United States printed here and put them together right? Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes for best answers to the Patriotic Game of Presidents.

Try it! It's easy. Just an entertaining and educational patriotic game to familiarize everyone with all the Presidents in American history.

RULES

1. Every week for 10 weeks a Set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States is being printed in Liberty.

2. Each Set of Pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the Pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in Cash Prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete Sets of Pictures.

3. This contest is open to everybody, everywhere — men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. The Composite Pictures must be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture must be written the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Warren G. Harding, 1921-1923.)

5. In all, 29 Pictures will be printed —one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of 29. Then send them to "Presidents," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York City. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Pictures must be in by midnight, 21 days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6. *Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by Post Office Department.* Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

The Prizes

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd "	1,000
3rd "	500
4th "	250
5th "	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250 . . .	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000

7. Accuracy and neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Pictures from the originals and assemble the Pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its Offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

9. The Judges will be a Committee appointed by Liberty. The Judges' decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

To Teachers

One of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult their parents and teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private and parochial schools, so when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

The 3 Presidents in Set No. 4 Are Among These:

Washington	Wilson	Grant
Polk	Madison	Johnson
Adams	Arthur	Cleveland
	McKinley	

A Set of Presidents' Pictures in Each Issue of

Liberty

for the Next Six Weeks

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

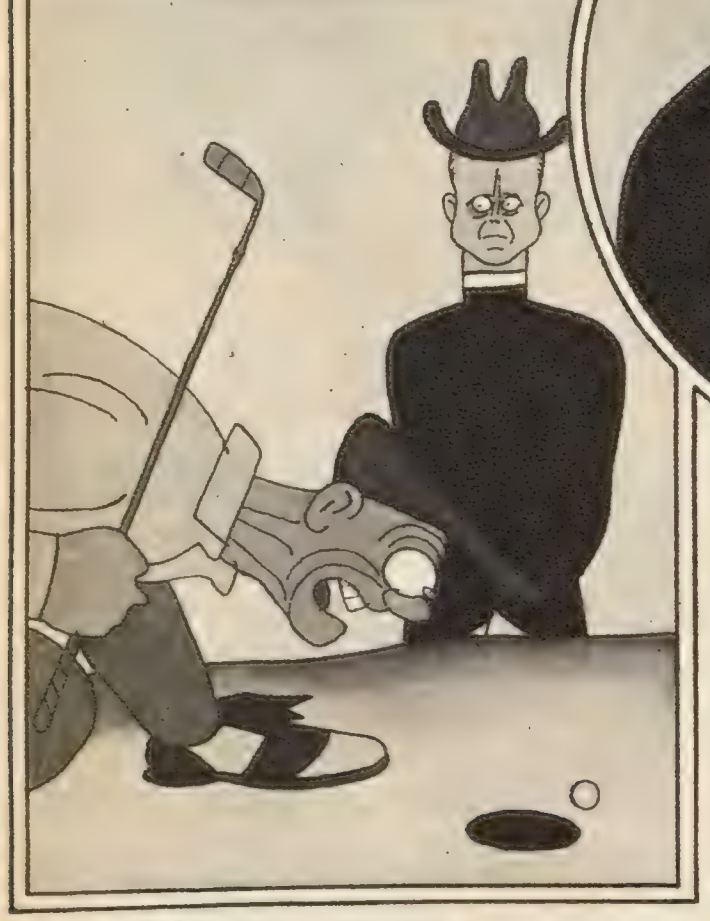
By RALPH BARTON

ENGLAND'S BACHELOR PRINCE STILL AT LARGE: the Prince of Wales makes his escape from Buckingham Palace through the spring rush of visiting eligible princesses in the flapper costume he wore at the famous party aboard H. M. S. Repulse.

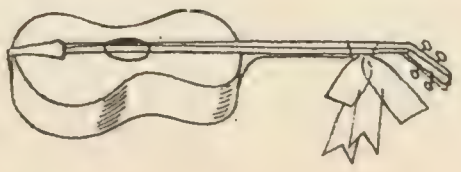
BETTER THAN THE MOVIES. St. Louis jurors overcome with emotion as the attorney for "East St. Louis Edgar," one of the most prolific and romantic of recent murderers, dwells upon the kindness with which Edgar always treated his mother.

GOVERNOR JOHN W. MARTIN OF FLORIDA officially opens one of the Free Shirt Stands which the State has recently installed along the motor highways to supply visitors who have lost theirs in real estate deals with new ones.

DELEGATES FROM THE NO TOBACCO LEAGUE in Indianapolis call upon Vice-President Charles G. Dawes to urge him to give up smoking his nasty old pipe. Mr. Dawes was warned that if he insisted upon drugging his brain with nicotine he could never hope to be a vigorous and quick-thinking Vice-President of the United States.



BISHOP MANNING REVISES his statement that sports are as important as prayer. The Bishop, on a golf course on Long Island, overhears an invocation which, though biblical in terminology, is not prayer in the best sense of the word.



The One-Piece or So-Called Boiled Dinner

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE one-piece dinner, like the one-piece dress, will ever be popular, for it is a means of great saving in preparation, service, and dish-washing; almost the easiest dinner possible and yet it is well balanced, sufficient, and delicious. Supplemented with milk as a beverage or dessert, the boiled dinner supplies every one of the body needs—an ideal winter menu involving very little of the cook's time.

Unfortunately for the reputation of the New England type of one-piece dinner, it has been called the boiled dinner. I say unfortunately, because too many cooks take it to mean that the dinner is boiled and through boiling produces a shoe-leather effect in the finished meat, the unpalatable toughness of which has done much to discredit the boiled dinner.

In cookery, though in effect it is quite different, the boiled dinner is much like a stewed one. The corned beef, whether it be a rump, brisket, plate, or shoulder cut, is nevertheless a tough cut of meat—being built up of strong muscular fibers bound together firmly by tough connective tissue. The cook, by boiling,

The boiled-dinner array of fresh vegetables and a rolled piece of corned beef ready for the pot.

may further toughen these binding tissues, or, by gentle simmering, may steam them to a tender, gelatinous mass. Rightly cooked corned beef will be so tender that the fibers will actually fall apart. After the beef has been put on and toughened at the start by boiling no amount of gentle steaming can bring it to be the tender, palatable product it should be.

The oven and double-boiler methods safely cook the dinner without watching, though they require preparation hours before service.

Cream of Celery Soup

2½ cups milk
2 slices onion
½ cup cooked, strained celery
2 tablespoons butter
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt

USE the tough outer stalks of celery. Cook the celery in very little water in a covered kettle until it is tender enough to sieve. Boil the liquid away at the end of the cooking process and rub the celery through a sieve. Heat the milk and onion over water so that the milk will not boil or burn. When thoroughly hot, remove the onion slices, add the other ingredients, and continue to cook over water twenty to thirty minutes. The soup may be further enhanced by pouring it over two beaten egg yolks or one whole egg. The egg will flake the soup as well as thicken it. Serve hot with croutons or crackers. This soup may be prepared ahead and reheated.

Corned Beef and Savory Vegetables

(Double-Boiler Method)

2 to 4 lbs. corned beef (rump, brisket, plate, or shoulder cut)
4 large beets, washed
1 cabbage, quartered
1 or 2 small yellow turnips, sliced one inch thick
4 medium carrots, peeled
2 parsnips, peeled
6 potatoes (peeled sweet potatoes or Irish)

PUT the whole piece of corned beef on to cook (1:30 P. M.) in enough water to cover, placing it in a pan over water or, if available, in a large double boiler that insures tenderness of the meat. When the whole is heated through pour off the water and recover the meat with fresh water. This process eliminates any danger of an oversalted product. (2:30 P. M.) Add the washed beets unpeeled, leaving two inches of the stems so that the beets will not lose their desirable color. (5:00 P. M.) Add the turnips cut in one-inch slices and the carrots left whole. Add the parsnips left whole, and the potatoes if they are medium sized. Many prefer to peel only one strip around the Irish potatoes, as this helps to hold them together during the cooking. (5:30 P. M.) Add the quartered cabbage. (6:00 P. M.) Serve the dinner hot from the kettle. The beets will have to be immersed in cold water and peeled.

The one-piece dinner ready to serve with the sliced corned beef atop the vegetables.

The double boiler that insures against toughening the meat.

Cornbread

1 cup cornmeal
1 cup flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 1-3 cups milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons butter

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg. Add the melted fat to the milk and add the egg. Add these liquids to the dry ingredients, mixing lightly with a stroking motion until the whole is well mixed. Bake in a greased sheet or muffin pan in a hot oven (400° F.) for fifteen to twenty minutes, or until well browned and shrunken from the edge. Serve the muffins hot with generous portions of butter.

MENU

Cream of Celery Soup
Corned Beef *Savory Vegetables*
Cornbread *Quince Jelly*
Escalloped Apples
Orange Sauce

Escalloped Apples

3 tablespoons butter
3 cups soft bread crumbs
4 cups chopped apple
½ cup water
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground nutmeg

MELT the butter, stir the crumbs into the butter and mix well. Mix the apples, sugar, spices and water. Alternate these two mixtures in layers in a buttered baking dish, putting crumbs on the bottom and top layers to facilitate the baking of the apples. Bake uncovered in a moderate oven (375° F.) for forty-five minutes. Serve with whipped cream or if preferred with an orange sauce.

Orange Sauce

1 tablespoon cornstarch
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 orange (juice and grated rind)
½ cup cold water
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg
1 tablespoon lemon juice

PUT the cornstarch, water, salt, and grated rind together in a pan and after mixing well, stir and cook it on a surface burner for five minutes to extract the orange flavor from the rind. Beat the butter, sugar, and egg yolk together well and add these to the hot orange mixture, stirring well to avoid lumps. Cook over water until the egg yolk thickens, about three minutes. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Add the orange and lemon juice, mix well and cool before serving. The pudding is best served slightly warmed.

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Liberty's Radio Station

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THE NATION'S BEST

AS the radio is one of the most amazing inventions of all time it is surely important that it be put to the best use. Liberty's new Radio Station, WLIB, therefore, asks your co-operation in its endeavors to work out programs that will appeal to the majority of enthusiasts.

Here is your opportunity, if you are interested, to make yourself heard. We want to "hear from our listeners."

Any suggestion for the betterment of broadcasting will be welcomed. Tell us what you like or what you don't like to hear over the air.

Broadcasting is only in its infancy, and by gathering outside opinions Liberty hopes eventually to put on the ideal program.

And for each letter published we will pay the writer thereof $10. A collection of prize-winning letters is printed on this page.

WLIB Station is one of the most powerful in the country and is equipped with its own orchestras and technical experts. It operates on a wave length of 302.8 meters.

Help to direct our station. Write us a long or a short letter—just as you wish. Address it to *Radio Editor*, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$10 *for* Each Letter Published *on* This Page

A NOVEL IDEA

WLIB: I've been thinking over this radio business conducted by Liberty for several weeks and I've come to the conclusion that one of the biggest hits you could make would be to give the readers of your magazine a formal introduction to the regular contributors to your magazine. How about holding a "get acquainted night" at your station? You know whether or not it is practical, but if there is a chance—get in touch with your authors, and then let them have a few words with your readers.

JACK WOOTEN
2401 Divine St., Columbia, S. C.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Dear WLIB: I am a radio fan with a grievance, and am glad you are allowing us to tell you our troubles.

As you know, the "younger generation" owns most of the radios and most of the younger generation is in school or college. Naturally, when we tune in we want reports on football, baseball, boxing, dance orchestras, comedians, college songs, etc., and not boresome lectures and inspirational talks that fail to inspire. When we have listened to Professor Jones lecture on economics for the day we do not care to have it resumed by Professor Smith over the radio that night.

W. D. MCKENZIE
695 Edgewood Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.

PATRIOTIC PAT

Dear Sir: Since you have so appropriately named your station Liberty Station, why not occasionally broadcast a program of a patriotic nature? I am certain that your vast audience of red-blooded Americans would appreciate it. Our national anthem, The Battle Hymn of the Republic, and others of a like nature are very near and dear to the hearts of Americans.

We may not be quite as temperamental as, say, the French, with their Marseillaise. But, nevertheless, deep down in every true Yankee heart there is a tender and an ardent love for these old patriotic songs. A patriotic program occasionally, I believe, would be quite in line with WLIB's name and wholesome policy.

PATRICK BRADY
Kimball, So. Dak.

FROM A SMALL TOWN

Gentlemen: In my small town of 1,000, we have seven radios scattered among families of my High School pupils. We have no lectures or entertainments of any kind billed for this winter. I should like to see a series of *short* talks given by competent instructors on educational subjects.

Give from twenty minutes to a half hour one night each week; announce the subject and the speaker in advance, and I, for one, will see that we have a radio party at that time. We High School teachers (and pupils) of small towns get tired of the eternal textbook grind and have limited library facilities and very little chance to keep in touch with new movements along educational lines.

J. W. ANDERSON
Bruin Public Schools, Bruin, Pa.

PRODUCE THE PRODIGIES

Dear Sir: Almost all entertainers broadcasting from the different stations are grown-ups. Why not have one hour one night a week set aside for juveniles?

I am sure you would be able to gather enough young musicians, singers, and elocutionists in and around your city to make this hour a delightful one to most of the WLIB fans.

MRS. B. N. ARRISON
Meadow Grove, Neb.

SONGS OF OTHER YEARS

Gentlemen: For something like twenty years I have observed the efforts of the uninitiated to endeavor to improve the policies and conduct of newspapers. Often, as may prove in the present case, criticism has been of a helpful, constructive nature, but usually the man who knows nothing about someone else's business is certain he knows just how to run it.

For a person to say: "no jazz"; "no classics," or no this, no that, no the other, is to reflect his own narrow view and a confession that he has no regard for the desires of the public generally.

I should hesitate to offer any suggestion. But, as it is open season, then here's just one: How about a program of familiar songs of other years, with a brief announcement accompanying each, giving the date of its popularity, something about the composer, the singer who popularized the number, and other data of that sort?

Finally, accept my grateful thanks for many an hour of enjoyable radio from WLIB, Liberty Station, Chicago.

CHARLES H. ADAMS
Box 389, St. Joseph, Mo.

STAY AT HOME AND TRAVEL

Dear WLIB: Give us a few short travel talks with a vein of humor running through them, if possible. There's something of fascination and romance surrounding faraway places and peoples, and the stranger they are the more keenly interested the listener becomes. The dangers, the hardships, and the ultimate goal of explorers—these are the things of which dreams are often made after a day of our over-civilized brand of civilization. A long exploring trip can easily be "serialized" and extended over a period of many days or weeks.

LE ROY LAISON
1442 2nd Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

VARIETY WANTED

Dear Sir: I like variety of program. People usually "listen in" during their spare time and for relaxation; so give something to cheer us up.

Occasionally give a short talk on courtesies between fellow workmen—duty to employer, and duty of employer to an employee.

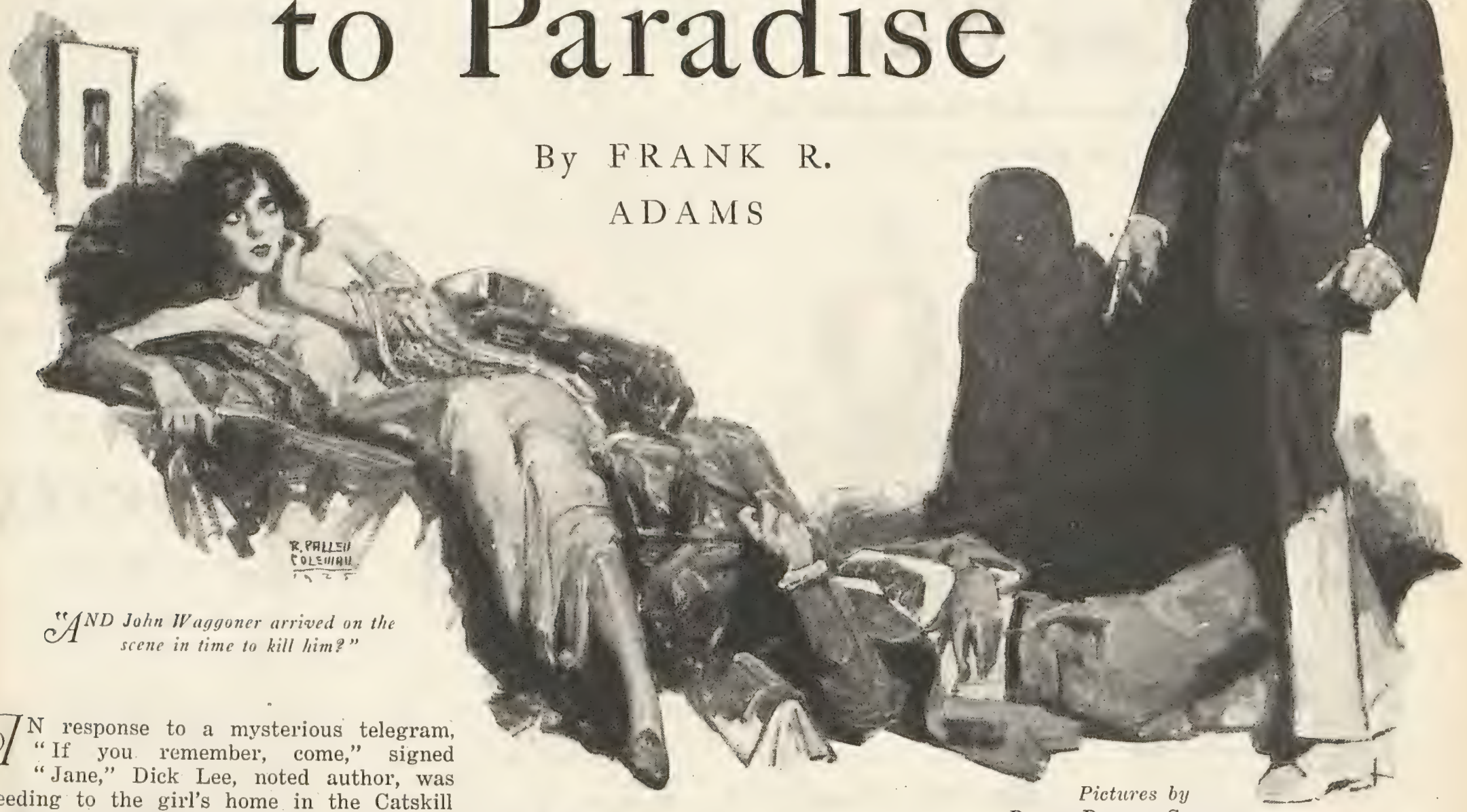
Also for a short time, say about ten minutes each evening, spread a little practical knowledge—something interesting and so worded that it can be understood by everyone. People are eager to learn.

M. C. RYAN
Care of Bowles Livestock Commission Co., Stockyards, Chicago, Ill.

WRITE TODAY to RADIO EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Downward to Paradise

By FRANK R. ADAMS



"AND John Waggoner arrived on the scene in time to kill him?"

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

How a Girl Turned Woman at the Flash of a Gun and Gave Her Utmost of Love, Loyalty, and Courage

IN response to a mysterious telegram, "If you remember, come," signed "Jane," Dick Lee, noted author, was speeding to the girl's home in the Catskill Mountains. Dick recalled how he had met Janie MacLeish, daughter of the owner of a mountain resort where, with his brother Carl, he had found shelter several years before. Jane, stately and dignified, puzzled the sophisticated writer. Her strange reserve led Dick to conclude that Jane shielded some great secret.

Never mingling with the residents of the near-by village, Jane did not enjoy the social gayeties of girls of her age. Finally Dick persuaded her to attend a dance on the other side of the lake. At the dance young Derek Van Vrieland entered with a party. The wealthy youth ordered Dick to take Janie off the dance floor, without making any explanation for his insolent conduct. Dick refused and Derek knocked him down. Carl took up the fight and was giving Derek a beating when the young man drew a revolver and fired point blank at his opponent. Carl dropped, although unhurt. Dick was choking Derek when Janie begged Dick to stop. Quickly Janie extricated her escorts from the crowd and guided them out of doors where she said, "Take me home, please."

PART TWO

BACK at the MacLeish cottage the household experienced some difficulty in settling down for the night. Janie excused herself without explanation and went to her room.

"I only ask," she said in parting, "that all mention of what happened shall be kept from my father. He is too old to——"

"Of course," they both assured her, not being quite sure what it was to which they were assenting.

Two pipes on the porch in speculative silence and Carl went to bed.

"I'm nursing a kind of an idea," Dick explained, staying where he was.

The idea was one which he could not have told to any one and certainly something that could never be set on paper. The gist of it, although he did not acknowledge it to himself, was that his heart, forever closed to all further feminine intrusion, was vaguely disturbed by the pale picture of the woman who, tonight, had prevented him from killing another man. Dick wanted to sit quietly and patiently erase her likeness from his thoughts.

Finally he went halfway down the steps to the bench on the landing where he often worked in the daytime. The isolation was better there. One was cut off completely from human contact. It seemed, even if you knew it was not so, that there was no habitation for miles—as if benevolent Mother Nature laid cool, impersonal hands on fevered man-made troubles and made them vanish like river mist before a June-day sun.

In Dick's mind the tangle drifted away. He did not forget about Janie. On the contrary her image clarified itself to his mental vision, but the doubts and questions ceased to be.

And then, quite naturally, she was there. In that dress she seemed more like a stray moonbeam which had slid down through a breach in the leafy roof overhead.

"You're not surprised?" she questioned.

"No, I believe I expected you without knowing it."

"Of course. I promised that I would explain, didn't I?"

"Did you? I had forgotten."

"Forgotten? Then why were you expecting me, Dick?"

"I don't know exactly. I rather guess that since I have known you, Janie, I have expected to find you wherever I see beauty or wherever I hear melodious sounds."

Janie sat very still at that.

"What's the matter, Janie? Don't you like to have me think musical thoughts about you?"

"Yes. But when I tell you the reasons back of what happened tonight you are going to stop thinking them."

"Then don't explain. I'd rather think them. And you?"

"If God doesn't mind too much I'd rather have you."

Janie smiled for the first time. It was a glorious smile and Dick was glad that he had seen it first by moonlight. And that no one had witnessed it but himself. It had all the quality of a trusting caress.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[DOWNWARD TO PARADISE Continued from Page Seventy-five]

It was almost an hour later that they went in. And neither had said much. Nor had they even touched finger tips.

It was Carl who crystallized Dick's thoughts for him.

The next day, after a stroll down to the village, he came in with a hatful of gossip about the happenings of the night before.

"I've got a pretty fair line on the situation here," he told Dick. "It seems that Janie——"

"Wait a minute, Carlo. I don't want to know about it until *she* tells me herself."

"Oh! Is that it? Have you stepped in and cut me out with the only woman I ever loved?"

"No."

"Don't lie to your aged uncle, Dickie. I can see by the guilty look in your left eye that I have hit the nail upon the correct end. If that's the case you'd better hear all the news before you leap.

"You know the old proverb about an ounce of prevention is the mother of necessity."

"She'll tell me."

"Oh, all right."

And later in the day she did.

DICK was sitting in the late afternoon sundown on the bench when she descended the steps. In her hand was a packet of letters and she, apparently, was deliberately seeking him. He had to listen.

"Probably you can guess why I have to tell you," she began. "It isn't so much on account of what happened at the dance as because of what might have happened here later."

Dick nodded. He understood.

"Five years ago two young men of the village were in the habit of calling at our home and of taking me to whatever entertainments were given hereabouts.

"One of them was Hugo Van Vrieland, the brother of the man you had the trouble with last night.

"The other was John Waggoner, a young inventor, who also ran the principal garage in town.

"We had all grown up together and I liked them both. I suppose I had not actually realized that we were gradually getting out of our childhood relationships onto a man and woman footing where boyish rivalry might become bitter animosity.

"Apparently the two men realized it before I did.

"They both proposed the same week. I was in a rather difficult position.

"I don't think I really loved either of them and yet I didn't know because I was not sure just what love meant, anyway.

"I suppose thousands of girls face the same quandary of having

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

to decide questions affecting their entire after lives without having any experience to guide them.

"What I actually did was to put them both off on the plea that I had to take care of my father, who was even then failing considerably.

"John took my reply in good faith. I think that perhaps he suspected that I was temporizing, but he seemed content to put his fortunes to the test of time. Hugo was not so patient. He was the elder son of the Van Vrieland family and had been spoiled by almost worship on the part of his family. Whatever Hugo wanted he usually was accustomed to getting.

"One night——" Janie faltered.

"ONE night," Dick took up the narrative, "he decided to force the issue. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"And John Waggoner arrived on the scene in time to kill him?"

"Someone has told you?"

"No, Janie, dear. With the situation you outlined it either had to work out that way or else you would not be here to tell me about it. I understand."

"But what you don't understand is what happened afterward. The Van Vrielands are very rich and very powerful hereabouts. Their influence politically is tremendous. They would have railroaded poor John Waggoner to the chair if I had not testified that he was my fiance and that I had appealed to him for help. By doing that the verdict was manslaughter and John was sent to the penitentiary.

"The hate of the Van Vrielands fell on me. They seemed to feel some way that I was really responsible for the death of Hugo. Perhaps I was. I don't know. God puts us in difficult places sometimes.

"As I have said, the Van Vrielands are very powerful. Half the farms and resorts here are conducted on their money.

"They managed to divert all the business which we once had to other channels.

"They forced the country people to deny us supplies and help, and socially they made it impossible for me to go anywhere.

"For five years I have practically stayed at home all the time. That dance last night was the first function of any kind I have attended since the trial. I thought that perhaps the old animosity would have spent itself, that at least I could go to a dance at the Taveraak Inn, which is not controlled by local capital at all.

"But I was wrong." She shrugged her shoulders and spread her hands hopelessly. "It doesn't really matter. But you can see why I could not let you harm that bully last night. There must be no more blood shed on my account, ever."

So that was where her smile had gone. No wonder. Her smile and her youth, everything except her patient charm, laid on the altar of a man's wicked, passionate selfishness.

That, of course, is the altar on which women ordinarily lay their supreme gifts, but usually in return they get protection from other men at least.

"No, I suppose it does not so much matter now," Dick conceded. "Because I am going to take you out of all this."

Janie sat perfectly still, her usual reaction to a surprise. Her imitation of a frightened mouse was perfect.

Dick started to say more but she stopped him.

"I dreamed that you would say that to me some time," she told him. "I wanted you to. And I wanted to answer you like this."

She held up her grave, lovely lips to be kissed there in the kindly twilight.

Dick touched them gently as in a ritual which he, with his super-understanding, sensed it to be.

"BECAUSE," she continued after a pause, "you are the only man I have ever wanted to answer that way. But——" she motioned away his further advance. "That was also to say 'Good-by.'"

"Good-by?" Dick had known it was that all the time, but the word shocked him.

Janie handed him a letter from the slim packet she had brought with her and signified that he was to read it.

Dear:

I go to the peculiar reward which the State grants to man for protecting its womenfolk, not as a prisoner but as a conqueror who has won his fight.

Beloved, I did not dream that you really cared.

What you said on the witness stand was the first intimation that I have had that you had made any choice.

Knowing myself for the first time that which you have told all the world for my sake, I would willingly die.

Since that is unnecessary I shall go through this paltry punishment with a singing heart because I shall know that when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[DOWNWARD TO PARADISE Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

the prison gates open for me it will be the entrance to my paradise. I shall keep your faith. I have no other religion.

JACK.

Dick laid the letter on his knee and looked inquiringly at the girl who had given it to him.

"YOU see what my faith means to him. I can't fail him. I had not told him that I loved him. I didn't love him. I know that now. But what I had said on the witness stand under the advice of his counsel in order to save his life had seemed to him a belated confession.

And how could I tell him? I couldn't. It would have been another murder. There are other letters of much the same import, but this one came today." She gave Dick another envelope.

Glory:

It has been a harder fight than I thought it would be, five years ago when I started. Even with you to steady me it has sometimes been difficult not to be tainted with the prison mold. There is something about the air that poisons.

But I have come through still respecting myself and now, thank God, it is over. My pardon has been granted!

Can you conceive of such a thing? I can't even yet and I've been pinching myself for two days trying to realize that it's true.

And really the best part of it is that recently I've thought out a way to cheapen the cost of that oil saver I was working on when the trouble happened, and with your love and faith to back me up I can market it soon and take you away from that hole of torment where I was obliged to leave you.

Thanks to you, dear, the sun can still shine. There is a ray of it resting on this paper right now.

It reminds me of the way you used to smile. Get your smile in working order, because I shall be with you the day after you receive this, ready to take care of you all the rest of your life—or mine. If you knew how willingly I'd put my soul in your path——

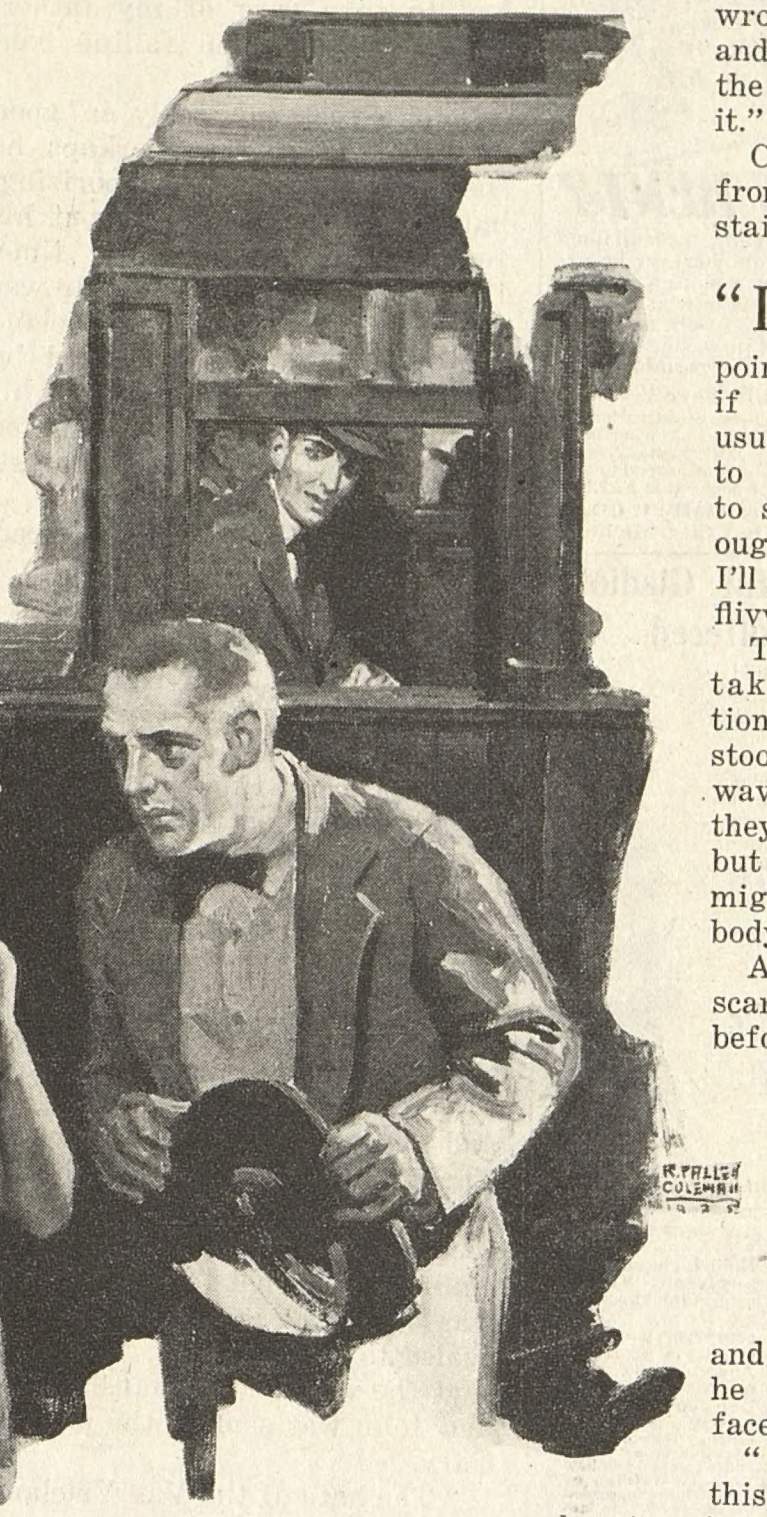
I love you. *J.*

Janie had read the last words with him or she knew them by heart, because she repeated, "I do know how willingly he would put his soul in my path——"

There were tears in her eyes, just two misty ones, and she tried to smile. "You see."

"I see."

Carl was rather surprised when



"Gee, there's a man just off the train who knows Janie. He acts old and sick, but the way he looks into her face——"

Dick told him, later on, that they were leaving by the morning train.

"Gee, I thought you had taken root here. I was thinking of marrying and settling down myself. After we had cleaned out the Van Vrielands and a few other weeds, of course."

But he made the arrangements without asking any further questions.

Dick did not make any effort to see Janie during the afternoon or evening.

SHE did not appear at dinner and he supposed that she was putting her affairs in order for the narrow-tracked future that stretched indefinitely ahead.

He himself rejected Carl's invitation for a stroll and instead kept a lonely tryst on the stairway that "leads downward to paradise," as he afterward referred to it in a solitary letter to her.

At midnight Janie joined him there and without a word slipped into his circling arm.

He had known instinctively that she would come.

"It can't be very wrong," she told Dick and God, "if I give all the rest of my life for it."

Carl called to them from the top of the stairway.

"IT'S not long till train time," he pointed out casually as if it were quite the usual thing for people to stay up all night to say farewell. "We ought to be starting. I'll go and water the flivver."

There were no leave-takings at the station. That was understood. Dick and Carl waved their hats as they climbed on board, but the breezy salute might have been to anybody.

And they were scarcely in their seats before the train began to move.

Dick did not look out of the window, but Carl did.

"Gee, there's a man just off the train who knows Janie. He acts old and sick, but the way he looks into her face——

"You ought to see this, Dick. You could almost write a story about it—just that one expression.

"And Janie is smiling. There is something about her smile that would break your heart. I wonder——"

The train was beginning to rattle across the bridge; it was gathering speed.

AGAIN the train was beginning to rattle across the bridge; it was slowing down.

Dick swung off the step and peered into the station shadows of the gathering dusk.

She was not there.

He was half disappointed, although he had been almost sure that no one would meet him.

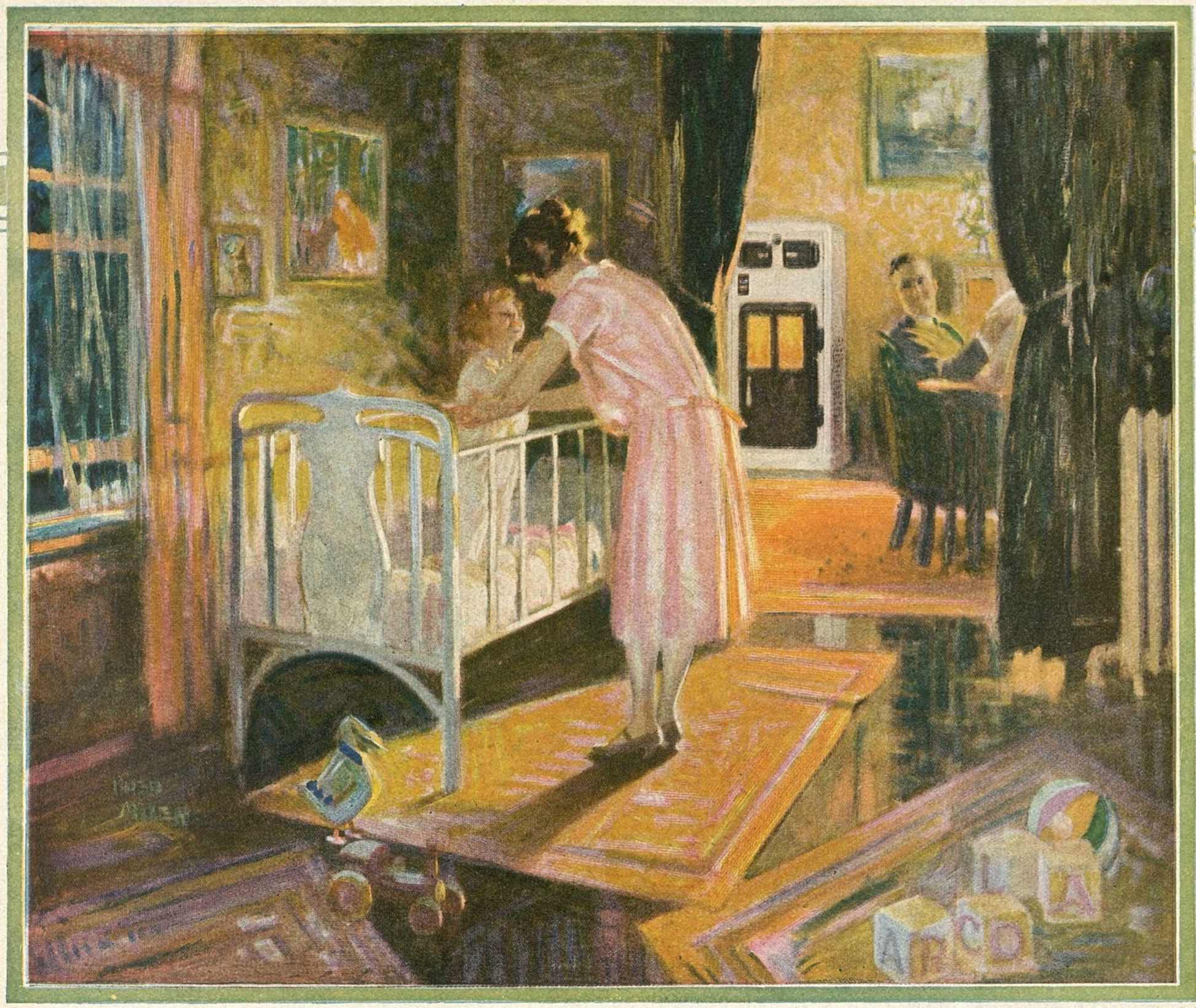
Lew Pendleton, the ancient liveryman, was parked hopefully by the unused hitching rack.

He recognized Dick even after five years and took the road that led to the lake.

Dick did not stop at the house. He knew she would not be waiting for him there.

At the top of the stairs he stood a second, almost afraid to descend downward to paradise.

THE END



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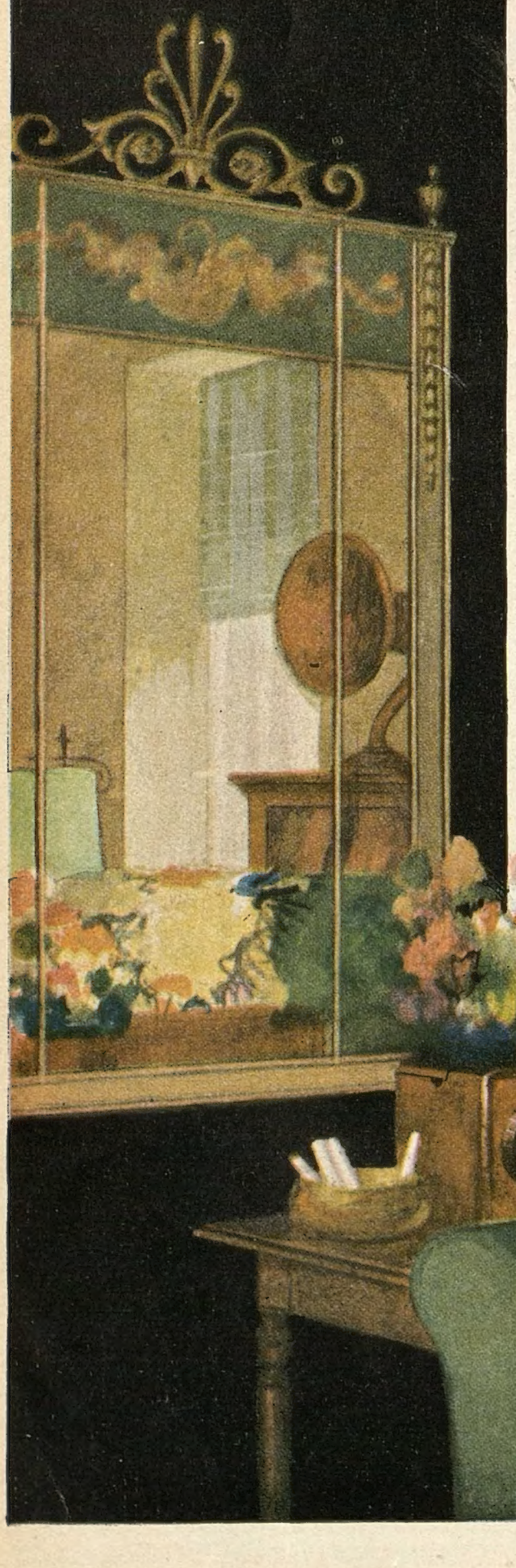

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